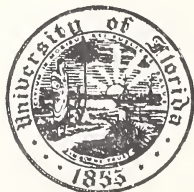


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TO MARK THE 125TH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE FOUNDING OF
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Fruit Among the Leaves

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY

1825-1933



THE CENTURY COMPANY

1870-1933



F. S. CROFTS, INC.

1924-1947



D. APPLETON-CENTURY COMPANY, INC.

1933-1947



APPLETON-CENTURY-CROFTS, INC.

1948

FRUIT

AMONG THE LEAVES

An Anniversary Anthology



EDITED WITH AN HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION

B Y

Samuel C. Chew

1 9 5 0

New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts, Inc.

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Preface

THIS VOLUME is issued to celebrate the one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the foundation of D. Appleton and Company, and The Century Company's eightieth anniversary. When the invitation came to me to prepare it, I was at first of two minds, whether to accept or not. I had no special knowledge of the publishing business. But a brief, preliminary investigation brought the realization that the history was not merely of two commercial enterprises but of two great institutions which have made a substantial contribution to culture in the United States. The subject was of concern to me as a literary historian, and I accepted the invitation. The preparation of the introduction has proved to be an even more interesting task than I expected it would be, and the compilation of the anthology has acquainted me with books which otherwise I might never have read as well as bringing back to remembrance others read long ago. The passages have been chosen to suggest a wide range of publishing activities and to illustrate the changes in literary fashions and tastes over many years. A few have been included for their special topical interest today. It is my hope that the selections will recall old pleasures to my readers or bring to them new enjoyment which hitherto they have missed.

There are interesting points of contrast in the history of the two houses. The activity of the House of Appleton as publishers of books developed from the bookstore from which it started and which it maintained till the end of the nineteenth century. Retail book-selling was never a part of The Century Company's business. The publication of magazines was always a peripheral, subsidiary part of the Appleton enterprise. The Century Company (under its original name of Scribner and Company) began as the publishers of a magazine, and its history must center in the story of the *Century* and *St. Nicholas* from which were drawn many, though by no means all, of its books. D. Appleton and Company, from its beginning till the year

PREFACE

1900, was to a very large degree a family affair. Important editorial responsibilities were taken by other men, but the principal offices were held by Appletons of three generations. The men who organized and managed The Century Company were related not by blood but by congenial tastes and their devotion to the enterprise. In the publications of the two companies there were few overlappings and various fairly definite lines of contrast, so that when in 1933 they were consolidated their respective "lists" dovetailed neatly. The history of F. S. Crofts and Company covers so short a period that it may be briefly told. The reputation of this house has been based upon one specialized line of business, whereas the two older houses were always engaged in the general trade as well as in many departmentalized fields of book-production.

The early records of the House of Appleton were almost all destroyed in a fire in 1867, and many other records were lost in a second fire of later date. A large number of authors' contracts are, however, extant, and I have drawn on some of them for material. No member of the Appleton family wrote his reminiscences. Grant Overton's *Portrait of a Publisher* (1925), a memorial tribute to William Worthen Appleton, provided some valuable information, as did the brief synopsis of "the first hundred years of the House of Appleton" appended to it. Information has also been obtained from John Fiske's biography of Edward L. Youmans (1894), from James C. Derby's *Fifty Years among Authors, Books, and Publishers* (1884), and from other sources. I am indebted to Frederic Melcher, editor of the *Publishers' Weekly*, for access to his most useful library of "books about books" and to his files of pertinent clippings.

In this respect The Century Company offers yet another contrast to the older house. There are early biographical sketches of Roswell Smith and Josiah Holland (mentioned in my introduction), and several members of the organization wrote their memoirs. Robert Underwood Johnson recorded many interesting personal contacts and other experiences incident to his profession in *Remembered Yesterdays* (1923). L. Frank Tooker told his story in *The Joys and*

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Tribulations of an Editor (1924). William Webster Ellsworth wrote *The Golden Age of Authors* (1919). Richard Watson Gilder's *Letters* have been edited by his daughter (1916). The Grolier Club's memorial tribute to Theodore Low de Vinne (1929) contributed some information. Mr. Melcher's library and files have been as useful for The Century Company as for the House of Appleton. I have examined many of the Company's authors' contracts. The "Century Collection" in the manuscript department of the New York Public Library, deposited there about thirty years ago and now owned by the Library, consists of more than two hundred cases of original letters, transcripts, memoranda, and other documents, amounting altogether to several thousand items. The charred and water-stained condition of some of these is a reminder of the fire in the Company's offices in July, 1888, when some files of documents were destroyed—how many is not now known. A more serious loss came from the dispersal at auction of hundreds of letters.*

F. L. Mott's *History of American Magazines, 1865-1885* (1938) has provided some information about both Appleton and Century periodicals.

A few words now about the arrangement of the anthology. Passages illustrative of the writing of American history and memoirs are placed in the chronological order of events, not of the date of publication of the books from which they are drawn. Following these are a few selections from biographies and autobiographies, where piquant contrasts will be noted in the pages devoted to—for example—St. Francis, Peter the Great, and George Moore. The section devoted to travel and adventure begins with Europe, goes on to experiences at sea and in Siberia and other exotic countries, and reaches a climax with several celebrated descriptions of the "Great West." After gentler experiences among birds and insects it closes with the Wright brothers' account of one of their early flights. The section illustrating

* See Dodd, Livingston and Company's Catalogue No. 12 (January, 1914), Robert H. Dodd's Catalogue No. 18 (October, 1915), and the Anderson Gallery's Catalogue No. 2298 (December 3 and 4, 1928).

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what I have loosely called "modern thought" is in arrangement a compromise between a logical and a chronological order. Fiction and the juveniles are arranged chronologically. There are hardly any poems, for the poets of the declining decades of what has been called the "genteel tradition" have little to say to us, and poets of later date are easily accessible elsewhere. At the very end come three dialect poems.

The illustrations have been chosen either for their enduring beauty and charm or because they represent changing fashions and tastes.

S. C. C.

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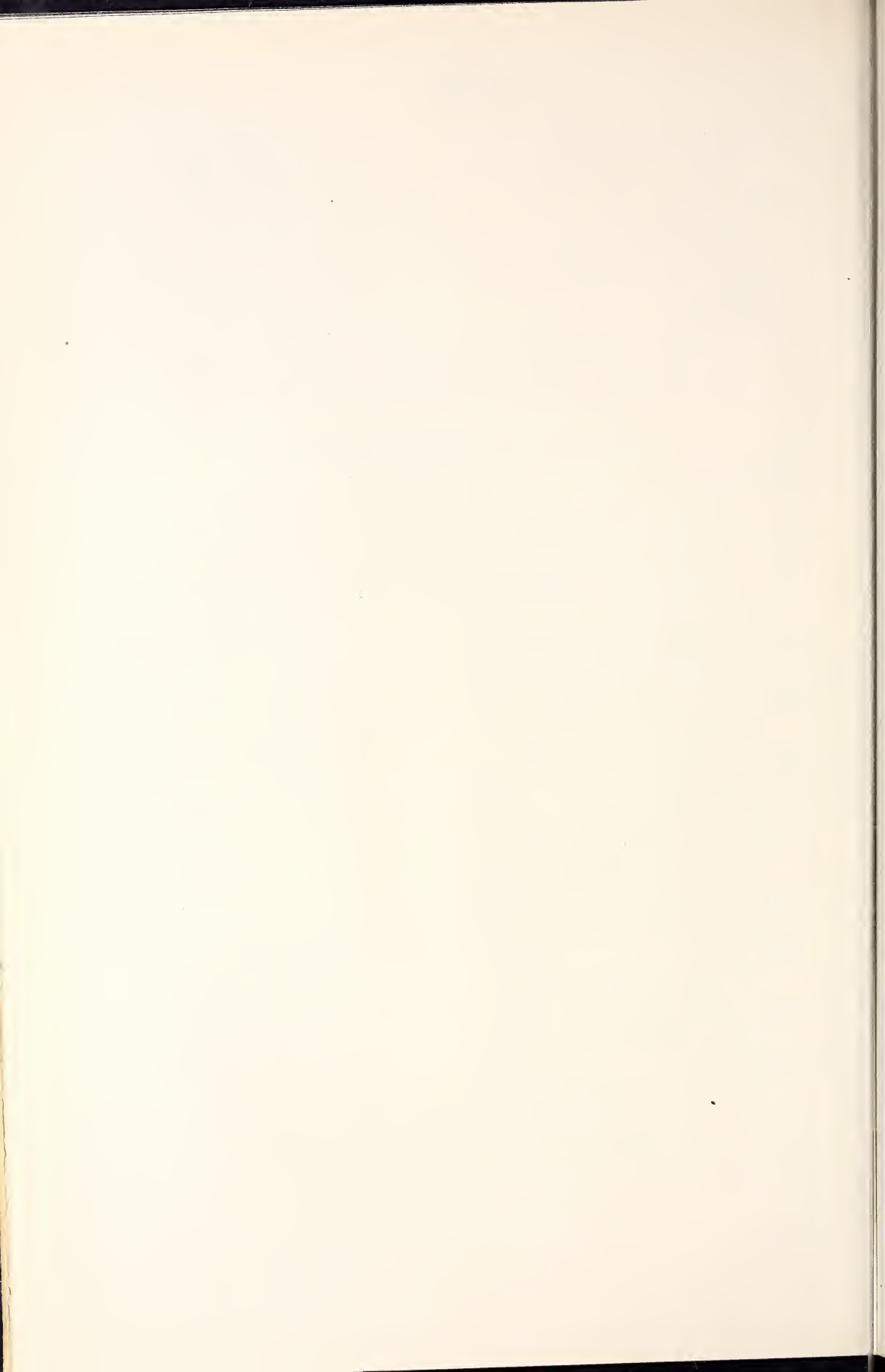
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The History



The House of

A P P L E T O N

1. *The Early Years*

THE HISTORY of the House of Appleton begins in the drygoods store which Daniel Appleton (1785-1849) opened in Haverhill, Massachusetts, about 1813. The proprietor belonged to the fifth American generation of a family tracing its descent unbrokenly from a John Appulton of Waldingfield Magna in England, who died in 1414. Behind this ancestor is an Anglo-Norman family whose name is found in the early years of the thirteenth century. The fruity name suggested the pleasant motto "Inter Folia Fructus" which was attached to the apple-tree device of the publishing house.

Daniel Appleton is pictured for us as a gentleman wearing a blue coat with bright buttons, a light buff waistcoat, and blue pantaloons. That his bearing was marked by courtesy and dignity may be deduced from the character of his descendants. That he possessed initiative, energy, and acumen is evident from the fact that his business prospered. It prospered sufficiently to justify moving from the limited market afforded by a small town, and in 1817 he opened a store in Boston. But the opportunities offered by that city did not satisfy the ambitions of one who could be content with nothing short of an establishment in the largest and fastest-growing community in the United States; and in 1825 he moved to New York.

A man of less courage and vision might have hesitated to take this step, for this was the year of a great financial depression; but as it turned out the risk was justified. In Exchange Place near the Post Office, then a fashionable shopping center, he opened a store selling general merchandise in which the largest section, occupying nearly half the floor space, was devoted to the sale of books. Such a degree of specialization argues some previous experience in this line of trade, though it does not appear in the record whether Appleton had sold books in Haverhill or Boston. It indicates, at any rate, a particular taste and aptitude. Not only were the latest American publications displayed but there were also frequent importations of

books from Great Britain and from the Continent of Europe. There also developed a trade in scarce second-hand books, a branch of the business which met with so much encouragement that within ten years a large catalogue of rarities was issued.

The gentry of New York browsed along the shelves and counters, and Daniel Appleton waited upon them himself. He had the help of his brother-in-law, Jonathan Leavitt, a bookbinder; but in 1830 the two men separated, and Appleton came to rely more and more upon his eldest son, William Henry Appleton (1814-1899), then but a boy of sixteen. In this same year the business was moved a little farther uptown to a building called Clinton Hall in Beekman Street. By now the trade in books, from the beginning a specialty, had crowded out the other departments; and ceasing to sell general merchandise, Appleton devoted himself wholly to books. The retail trade had expanded, but he was doing a large wholesale and jobbing business as well.

What consideration impelled him to enter the publishing world on his own account we do not know. A more modest first venture could scarcely be imagined than *Crumbs from the Master's Table; or, Select Sentences, Doctrinal, Practical, and Experimental* by W. Mason, published in 1831 and the first book to bear the imprint "D. Appleton." Mason was simply the compiler; he chose and arranged the texts from the Bible of which it is composed. In size less than three inches square, the volume is as tiny as it is edifying. For such unpretentious works of religious and moral edification there was a demand, and in the same year a second volume, planned along similar lines and called *Gospel Seeds*, was brought out. In 1832 there was a terrible visitation of the cholera, and as his third publication Appleton brought out yet another little devotional treatise, entitled *A Refuge in Time of Plague and Pestilence*, which contained two commentaries on the 91st Psalm and a narrative of the Black Death. The combination of piety and commercial astuteness which prompted this publication is suggestive of Defoe. The *Refuge* passed promptly through several editions; there were many readers who turned to it for consolation. With a market thus established among churchgoers, Appleton issued in the next few years various devotional and theological books, notably a one-volume edition of the complete works of Jonathan Edwards (1834).

Meanwhile the import trade in books from England had been growing, and Appleton had begun to reprint such books, many

standard authors being carried on his list. To strengthen old connections and establish new ones he sent his son abroad in 1835. William Henry Appleton was then but twenty-one; but such great London publishers as Murray and Longman were as much impressed with his sound business sense as they were astonished by his youth. They gave him a warm welcome and introduced him to various literary celebrities with one of whom, Thomas Moore, wit, poet, and diner-out, young Appleton struck up an enduring friendship. But social engagements did not distract him from the business for which he had come, and he made large purchases for the American market.

One of these purchases has an almost legendary place in the annals of the House of Appleton. The "Annuals" were then at the height of their short-lived vogue as "gift-books" for the Christmas trade. For the most part flimsy and trivial in their letter-press (though famous authors contributed to them, for the fees were high), ostentatious in their silk, velvet, or tooled leather bindings, and dripping with sentimentality in their illustrations (though in sheer technique the steel engravings were often admirable), these publications are examples of the Early Victorian love of prettiness. One of the most lavishly elegant of the "Annuals" was an expensive de luxe volume called *The Book of Beauty* which added to the other attractions of the genre a snob-appeal, for Noble Authors wrote for it and the fascinating Countess of Blessington—not only fascinating but a genuine Countess—edited it. William Henry Appleton purchased a thousand copies of *The Book of Beauty* and shipped them to New York. So large an investment in such a book was a shock to the old-fashioned father who had built up a trade in works of a very different character. But the son had correctly estimated American taste, which was as "Victorian" and as snobbish as England's. The shipment sold out quickly and at a profit which so much pleased Daniel Appleton that he directed his son to remain abroad three months longer and to go to the Continent to broaden his business connections. This incident was the first of many in which the younger Appleton's intuition resulted in profits to the firm.

In Leipzig he was received by the great publisher Baron Tauchnitz, and arrangements were made for translations of certain German works to be published in New York. It was also settled that Tauchnitz should act as an agent for Appleton in Germany. But a more interesting meeting took place in Paris with William Makepeace

Thackeray, then a young art-student. The two men found each other congenial and went about together, Thackeray making the American acquainted with his favorite restaurants and introducing him to interesting people. Since the friendship lasted we may glance ahead to note that when Thackeray visited the United States in 1852 it was William Henry Appleton who introduced him to the Century Association, the club which was the novelist's favorite in New York. At that time the firm was issuing a series of reprints of all Thackeray's writings, and a memorial of the friendship is the preface specially written for the Appleton edition of *The Yellowplush Papers* (1853), a preface which is of some biographical importance because in it Thackeray makes an *amende* to Bulwer-Lytton for a lampoon he had written in his reckless youth.

If young Appleton could take a bold plunge, as he did in the case of *The Book of Beauty*, he could also exercise caution when discretion was the better part of business. Upon his arrival in London on a second visit in 1837 he learnt that a financial panic had struck the United States. His sound judgment forbade him to commit the House to any additional expenditures at such a critical time, and he returned home without purchasing any books. It may well have been this evidence of reliability that determined his father to admit him in 1838, at the age of twenty-four, to a junior partnership. Henceforth in its imprints the House was styled D. Appleton and Company and in its legal contracts Daniel Appleton and Company. In the next year, 1839, the firm, following the unceasing march northward of retail businesses, moved to new quarters at 200 Broadway. There followed in 1840 an international expansion of their affairs when the Appletons opened an office in London at 16 Little Britain. This branch, at one address or another and finally at 25 Bedford Street, was maintained for over a century.

Daniel Appleton's visit to England to effect this important arrangement came at a time when the Tractarian or Oxford Movement within the Church of England under the leadership of Newman, Keble, and Pusey was attracting wide attention, exerting great influence, and rousing bitter controversy. From the character of Appleton's earliest publications one infers that he followed with interest the doctrinal questions mooted by the Tractarians. It took courage to undertake the publication of Newman's *Tract XC* and other issues of the *Tracts for the Times* in America in 1840, for prejudice against the "Catholicizing" tendencies of the Movement was great among

ardent Protestants and there was the risk of alienating a considerable portion of the serious-minded reading public. The House of Appleton was made to suffer from hostile criticism. It was the first time, but by no means the last, that the Appletons went against the current of popular religious opinion.

During the eighteen-forties the business developed in various directions. Publishing did not absorb all the energy of the firm, for a great retail book-store was an important part of the enterprise, and foreign importations and the wares of other publishers were sold as well as the Appletons' own books. In 1842 they started to issue *Appleton's Literary Bulletin*, a "record of new books." At first a quarterly and presently a monthly, this earliest of their periodicals ran till 1846 when it was allowed to lapse.

The first of the Appleton juveniles of which there is any record seems to have been Harriet Martineau's *The Crofton Boys* (1841). It was followed during this decade by many similar books, selling at the curious price of thirty-eight cents each. How unlovely were these children's books of a century ago! The steel engravings, though generally smug or sentimental or both, are not hopelessly unattractive, but the typography appears to have been chosen on the principle that for small readers print should be small. The custom of setting children's books in large, clear type did not prevail till later. The Appletons quickly developed a thriving juvenile department which was destined to include in later years several books that are classics of enduring reputation, still much loved today.

About the beginnings of another enterprise information is meager and vague. It is not known at precisely what date (but it was some time in the 'forties) the House of Appleton decided to invade a new field by publishing books in the Spanish language for the South American trade; nor is it known what considerations led them to seek this very foreign market. The time was a propitious one, for it was one of those rare halcyon intervals when most of the South American countries were free from internal disorder, and in many countries, notably the Argentine, there was an active movement for better education. Textbooks were needed. The first undertaking was a series of readers for schools, being translations of some successful English readers which the firm had recently put out. The problem of distribution was a difficult one, as was the problem of establishing a clientèle. No list of South American booksellers was available, and no list of educators. There were not even regular sailings of ships.

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According to a tradition handed down in the House, the Appletons learnt that a vessel was about to sail for the Argentine carrying a miscellaneous cargo consigned to a commission merchant. Several boxes of books were shipped to this total stranger with a memorandum suggesting methods of marketing them. The risk brought an abundant reward. The agent proved to be both honest and efficient; the first consignment sold out quickly; and before long regular commercial relations were secured. For some years, however, in order to keep some of their customers, the Appletons were obliged to carry on something of a general export trade, on one occasion having to fill an order for an ornate hearse, while on another they had to accept a shipment of birds' plumage in liquidation of a bill. The feathers were disposed of on the New York market. Such irregularities were gradually adjusted; the South American trade developed largely and profitably and was extended not only to Brazil (for which Portuguese books were supplied) but to Mexico and the Central American countries. Soon the Appleton publications came to be familiar to children all over Latin America. But though books on the elementary and secondary school levels formed the majority, there were scientific and technical works of an advanced character and also some fiction. This trade seems to have reached its height shortly after the Civil War; in 1867 nearly fifty books in Spanish were brought out. As a natural complement to this branch of the business, there were textbooks for the study of Spanish and Portuguese in the schools and colleges of the United States. The most widely used of these was De Tornos's *Combined Spanish Method* (1867) which has been reprinted about a hundred times.

Anyone interested in "the manners and customs of the Americans" may whet, if not satisfy, his curiosity by turning to the early editions of the Appleton guide-books. These began, modestly enough, with *Appleton's Railroad and Steamboat Companion* (1847), a little volume crammed with information about routes and junctions and distances and rates. It is adorned with crude woodcuts, and there are maps in color engraved by Wellington Williams. It was revised several times. A more ambitious work of reference was *Appleton's United States Guide Book* (1861), which was so successful that repeated revisions and modernizations were called for. This developed into *Appleton's Illustrated Hand-Book of American Travel*, a useful and popular manual which went through many editions. Readers with antiquarian tastes will find it still amusing, and we may indulge

such readers by pausing over it for a moment. Admitting that foreign tourists "may not like the table d'hôte system of our hotels—the uniform fare and the universal price," the anonymous writer nevertheless boasts that "the hotels of the United States are famous all over the world for their extent, convenience, comfort and elegance . . . often truly palatial in their sumptuousness and the means and appliances for the prompt gratification of every want and whim." It may come as a surprise to those who dream of the low cost of living in the good old days to learn that "in traveling about the settled parts of the country by railways and steamboats and at the best hotels daily expenses should be estimated at not less than five or six dollars for each person." But in compensation "it is not the universal custom in the United States as it is in Europe to fee the waiters at hotels." Times have changed! If space permitted, a pretty little anthology might be made from the descriptive passages in this *Hand-Book*. A single specimen must suffice. At Saratoga, "the most famous place of summer resort," "a let-up in the gay life of the big hotels with their ball-room and dance music on the wide piazzas may be got on the lawns and walks of the pretty rural cemetery close by." Could any counsel be more quaintly Victorian? Other useful guides were *Appleton's Hand-Book of Summer Resorts* and *Appleton's Dictionary of New York and Vicinity*. To have done at once with this branch of the business, we may look ahead to note that *Appleton's European Guide-Book* was for long widely used and ran through twenty-nine editions between 1870 and 1896.

At the time of the Gold Rush to California the Appletons published *The Gold Seeker's Manual* (1849), J. T. Brooks's *Four Months Among the Gold Fields* (1849), and other similar things.

In 1848 Daniel Appleton retired from business. He was only sixty-three years old, but his health was failing rapidly, probably because of the strenuous efforts with which from small beginnings he had built up his large affairs. It was by his wish that the initial "D" was for so long retained in the imprint of the company—actually till the beginning of 1948.

The second generation now took charge. William Henry Appleton became President. Two of his brothers, John Adams Appleton (1817-1881) and Daniel Sidney Appleton (who died in 1890), were at once admitted as partners. A third brother, Samuel Francis Appleton, became a partner later. A fourth brother, George S. Appleton (1821-1878), was an independent bookseller and publisher in Phila-

delphia till 1865, when he became a partner in the family's firm. J. A. Appleton devoted himself in the main to the business affairs of the House and seems to have had little to say regarding the choice of books. G. S. Appleton took a special interest in books of artistic appeal.

In 1849 Daniel Appleton the Founder died.

2. *Years of Expansion*

WITHIN A FEW years of their reorganization the Appletons, who had hitherto depended upon independent printers for the manufacture of their books, set up a printing and binding plant of their own. This was originally (1853) housed on Franklin Street. Fifteen years later, when the volume of business had become too great to be accommodated in these quarters, a plot of ground covering most of a city block was purchased in Williamsburg, Brooklyn, and great buildings were erected there in which the most modern equipment was installed. In this plant more than six hundred people were employed. Here the Appleton books and magazines were printed and bound during the next forty years or so. With the changes in the methods of book publishing in the present century and after the sale of their various periodicals, it was no longer desirable to maintain their own plant. Part of the Appleton "factory," as it was called, was then sold, but the remainder was kept as a warehouse and shipping headquarters. Greatly enlarged about thirty years ago, it served this purpose till recently.

There was a fourth move northward in 1854 when D. Appleton and Company purchased the building at 346 Broadway which had been occupied by the Society Library. The upper stories were well suited to the business of editing and publishing, and the ground floor became a magnificent retail book-store. "You will find no such brilliant establishment for books," says a writer in *Gleason's Drawing-Room Companion* for June 24, 1854, "among the famous houses in Oxford Street, Regent Street, or the Boulevards. The ceilings are supported by fourteen Corinthian columns and the ceilings and walls are painted in fresco from designs by Nowland and Kearney. The book cases are of oak and artistic effect has been studied in the interior decorations throughout." A contemporary woodcut gives us a notion of all this splendor. How up-to-date was this establishment

is evinced by the fact that the entire building was heated by steam pipes supplied from a boiler in a vault under the street. In 1867 this fine building was totally destroyed by fire. The calamity necessitated a fifth move, this time to 443-5 Broadway. Subsequent moves were to 94 Grand Street, 549-51 Broadway, 1-5 Bond Street, and in 1894 to 72 Fifth Avenue.

Hitherto the Appletons had made no particular effort to build up a substantial list of fiction. The exact year in which they brought out their first novel (apart from importations or reprints of foreign authors) is not known, but their first venture into this field is believed to have been *The Adventures of Margaret Catchpole*, the manuscript of which had been read and accepted by Daniel Appleton himself some time in the 'forties. In the following decade novels began to multiply, a batch being issued each season. A few specimens of this now mostly forgotten fiction may be cursorily described to indicate the range of Appleton fiction and the tastes to which publishers catered in the years before the Civil War.

Eliza Ann Dupuy's *The Conspirator* (1850) is an historical novel on the life of Aaron Burr. Emily Edson Briggs, who wrote under the pen-name of "Olivia," is the author of *Ellen Parry; or, The Trials of the Heart* (1850), a tale as sentimental as its title. Of more merit is Therese Robinson's *Heloise; or, The Unveiled Secret* (1850), which won a wide popularity and has been commended even in the present century for its depth and truth in the portrayal of characters and situations. The enormously popular English novelist George Payne Rainsford James was in the United States at this time and collaborated with an American writer, Maunsell B. Field, on a romance of American life called *Adrian; or, The Clouds of the Mind* which was an Appleton offering in 1852. The requirements of a public which expected their novels to be edifying is amusingly suggested in the title *The Lofty and the Lowly; or, Good in All and None All-Good* (1853) by a Georgia writer, Maria Jane McIntosh. This coincided in date of publication with the first novel by a writer who was destined to win a truly stupendous popularity. The writer was Mrs. Mary Jane Holmes and the book *Tempest and Sunshine*. Her second novel, *The English Orphans*, followed in the next year. Representative of her tone and talent is *Lena Rivers* (1856), her best-known book. Altogether she wrote nearly forty sentimental novels. They have to do for the most part with life in smaller American towns. In the later nineteenth century she was ranked as the country's fore-

most woman novelist, and it has been reckoned that with the exception of Harriet Beecher Stowe no other woman writer of the century reaped such large profits from her work. More than two million copies of her books had been sold by the time of her death in 1907. The profits to her publishers were correspondingly large. With the changes in taste all these novels have sunk below the horizon and not one of Mrs. Holmes's books is now on their list.

One early Appleton novel has a modest but enduring place in the history of American literature. This is John Esten Cooke's *The Virginia Comedians; or, Old Days in the Old Dominion* (1854) which Carl Van Doren has commended "for reality as well as for color and spirit" as perhaps "the best Virginia novel of the old régime," displaying as it does "the vision which in the days immediately before the Civil War Virginians cherished of their greater days on the eve of the Revolution." A book—not really a novel but a series of episodes—that is still readable is *The Hive of "The Bee-Hunter": A Repository of Sketches including Peculiar American Scenery and Rural Sport* (1854) by Thomas Bangs Thorpe of Louisiana. The setting of these sketches is generally somewhere in the deep South, and the rural sports include alligator-shooting, bear-hunting, and fishing with the bow-and-arrow. There is a racy humor in the best of these "tall stories" and some of them are truly imaginative. Among the illustrations by F. O. C. Darley are nine "sporting prints."

Poetry never occupied a conspicuous place on the Appleton list. The New England poets naturally gravitated to Boston publishers. Personal friendship and proximity in New York made William Cullen Bryant the principal poet of the House of Appleton. Bryant seems to have taken the first steps to make this connection when he suggested to the firm that they bring out two new and complete editions of his poems (1854). One of these was at Bryant's particular insistence without illustrations. It was quickly followed by the other, which was illustrated by several British artists. This edition Bryant never liked; the illustrators, he complained, were not acquainted with the American landscape and their pictures seldom caught the spirit of the text. Subsequently, dainty little "gift-book" editions were made of *The Song of the Sower* and *The Story of the Fountain*, each adorned with forty-two woodcuts from designs by Winslow Homer, Harry Fenn, and other artists. The soft and ineffectual sentiment of these illustrations, so characteristic of the taste of the period, is well shown in Fenn's drawing of the poet reclining on the grassy slope

from which the fountain springs. In honor of Bryant's seventieth birthday in 1864 the House of Appleton gathered his later work into a volume entitled *Thirty Poems*. Ten years later William Henry Appleton was a member of the committee which presented to the poet on his eightieth birthday the "Bryant Testimonial Vase" designed by Tiffany. This object of art, with the competing, rejected designs, is illustrated in *The Art Journal* (an Appleton publication) in 1875. Meanwhile there had been many editions of the poet's works in different types and formats, culminating in the handsome "Roslyn Edition" of 1876, named for Bryant's home on Long Island. After his death (1878) Appleton published the biography by Parke Godwin, *The Life and Works of William Cullen Bryant* (1883), and a definitive edition of the poetical and prose works in four volumes (1884).

The "standard" British poets carried by Appleton do not require notice here, but something must be said of *The Household Book of Poetry*, a comprehensive anthology published in 1857. The selections were made by Charles A. Dana, editor of the *New York Sun*, who was in close relations with the House of Appleton. Dana revised and greatly enlarged this anthology in the edition of 1866. Warmly commended even by such rival anthologists as Whittier and Bryant, it remained on the Appleton list till our own day, was to be found in thousands of households, and was widely used in colleges and schools. Later on, Dana edited *The Household Book of Songs* (1871) with arrangements for four voices. The first musical publications of the firm had appeared in 1847, when James F. Warner's *First Steps in Singing* and *Rudimental Lessons in Music* were published, but it was not till many years later that a regularly organized Music Department was added to the business.

In the educational field the Appletons had been active from a very early date. Elementary textbooks, such as the Mandeville Readers, the Perkins Arithmetics, the Cornell Geographies, and the very influential Quackenbos Histories, were conned and dog-eared in countless little red schoolhouses all over the land. By far the most widely used of all these school-books was Noah Webster's *Elementary Spelling Book*. Since its first publication in 1783, *The American Spelling Book* (as it had been called in earlier editions) had been incalculably influential in fixing American usage and had already sold by millions of copies before the Appletons acquired the rights to it in 1855. How excellently it had served its purpose is shown by the fact that at that time, seventy-two years after its first appearance, the

demand for it rather than for any substitute continued. Altogether about seventy million copies have been sold, and of this phenomenal total—unrivalled by any other book except the Bible—over one-half, or rather more than thirty-five million copies, were distributed by D. Appleton and Company between 1855 and 1890. One of the largest presses in the Brooklyn “factory” was engaged for many years in turning out this one book alone, and, it is said, was so employed till it wore out. The highest figure for any one year came in 1866, when at the close of the Civil War, with an immense enlargement of the program of elementary education, and a fresh market opening among the newly enfranchised Negroes, the sales totaled 1,596,000 copies. In the entire history of printing and publishing in the English-speaking world there is no phenomenon quite like Webster’s old “Blue-Back.” For some years from 1859 the Appletons were the distributors of Webster’s *Unabridged English Dictionary*, their sales force being used by the publishers, G. and C. Merriam of Springfield, Massachusetts; and for a time the same service was performed for the Mason Brothers of New York, publishers of the Webster School Dictionaries.

There were other works of reference of which the Appletons were not merely the distributors but printers and publishers. *Appleton’s Cyclopaedia of Biography*, based on an English work of which Elihu Rich was the editor, was issued in 1856 and reappeared with revisions in 1865 and 1873. Even today it has not quite lost its usefulness, for it includes names which have been banished from similar works of more recent date. It was, however, a small enterprise compared with the *New American Cyclopaedia* which commenced to appear in 1857. The tradition in the House is that a couple of years earlier William Henry Appleton and Charles A. Dana had attended the ceremonial opening of the Chicago and Rock Island Railroad, and the thought had occurred independently to both men that events of this sort ought to be recorded in a standard work of reference. It seems a curiously small germ from which should sprout so monumental an undertaking. Conferences followed, and the upshot was that Dana was appointed editor and George Ripley of the *New York Tribune* assistant editor. The intention was to challenge the supremacy of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, of which the eighth edition was then in course of publication; and there was to be a special orientation towards American interests and affairs. Dana and Ripley enlisted the services of no less than 364 contributors,

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most of them Americans. The time was not precisely favorable for so large a program, for 1857 was a panic year, but the Appletons decided to risk the very large financial outlay involved. The plan was to issue a volume every few months and to complete the work in six years. The outbreak of the Civil War might well have brought the project to a halt or at any rate have caused a temporary suspension, but the original schedule was maintained without interruption and the entire *Cyclopaedia*—in sixteen large volumes with a total of 12,752 pages—was published by 1863. In distributing these sets D. Appleton and Company made use of two methods of marketing of which, it is said, they were the originators—a personal house-to-house canvass by the sales force and subscriptions on the installment plan. Sets were sold by the tens of thousands. Meanwhile in 1861, before the main work was finished, a supplement called the *American Annual Cyclopaedia* began to appear, edited first by W. J. Tenney and after his death in 1883 by Rossiter Johnson; this was issued regularly till 1902. In 1872 Dana and Ripley, with the assistance of four associate editors and thirty-one revisers, began a thoroughgoing revision of the original work. Each article was subjected to the scrutiny of from six to eight revisers. In sixteen volumes, expanded to 13,484 pages and enriched with more than six thousand illustrations, this new edition appeared in 1873-1876. Its cost is said to have been more than half a million dollars. Of the two editions of 1857-1863 and 1873-1876 more than three million volumes were sold. By 1880 the public had paid for them \$5,760,000. At a later date there was a further revision under Rossiter Johnson's editorship with the title changed to *Appleton's Universal Cyclopaedia and Atlas*. This was in turn revised and condensed into the six volumes of the *New Practical Cyclopaedia* (1910), edited by Marcus Benjamin, which was in turn subjected to further revisions before the House gave up this branch of their business.

One of the most notable Appleton authors during the decade before the Civil War was Thomas Hart Benton, United States Senator from Missouri, whose autobiography, *Thirty Years View; or, A History of the Workings of the American Government*, was brought out in two volumes in 1854 and 1856. Benton followed this with the arduous task of editing *The Debates of Congress from 1789 to 1856* of which the first installment appeared in 1857 and which was subsequently completed in fifteen massive tomes. On a like ample scale were the six volumes of the *Works and Speeches* of

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John C. Calhoun. Of more general interest at a time when there was much talk of the opening of Japan to western diplomacy and commerce was the *Narrative of Perry's Expedition to Japan* (1855). This was not written in its final form by Commodore Perry but was authorized by him and based upon his own notes and journals. In these years the two most memorable books by English authors of which the American editions were published by Appleton were Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë* (1857), a biography of enduring merit, and Henry Thomas Buckle's *History of Civilization in England* (1857-1861), a masterpiece interrupted, incomplete, by its author's untimely death. It is represented by an excerpt in our Anthology. Other impressive publications of this period were George Henry Lewes's *History of Philosophy* and François Guizot's *History of France* and *History of Europe*.

It is impossible to do more than suggest here the breadth and variety of subjects covered in the large, cloth-bound, descriptive catalogue called *Own Publications* which D. Appleton and Company distributed *gratis* in 1859. Of Bibles there are editions in nearly two hundred styles of type, size, and binding. There are at least as many school-books. Nearly every important English poet is there, sometimes in as many as five or six different editions, sumptuous or simple. Among the classics of fiction are Cervantes, Defoe, Sterne, Scott, Dumas, and as much of Thackeray as had yet been written. The juvenile department carried the works of Captain Marryat, Charlotte Mary Yonge, Harriet Martineau, Mary Howitt, and many other authors. There are technical books in engineering and other professional and specialized fields, and there are the monographs of the Smithsonian Institution of Washington for which the Appletons were the official publishers. In assembling such an impressive list of serious works in philosophy, science, and other disciplines the House of Appleton was aided by the counsel of the remarkable man to whose activities much of the following chapter will be devoted.

3. *Science and Doctor Youmans*

ONE DAY IN 1846 a young man, so nearly blind that he was guided by his sister, came to the Appletons' book-store in quest of a volume needed for a "History of Progress" which he proposed to write. The incident was afterwards described by John Fiske as "one of the most auspicious events in the annals" of the House of Appleton. The young man was Edward Livingston Youmans (1821-1887), as yet poor and unknown, but burning with zeal for the advanced ideas of natural and social science. By good fortune for both men William Henry Appleton was in the store at the time, met this stranger, became interested in his personality and plans, and offered him the loan of various books. This chance meeting was the beginning of a personal friendship and an association in business which lasted for forty years. Youmans fell into the habit of frequent visits to the Appleton office where the publishers found themselves seeking his counsel on matters pertaining to their scientific publications. Before long the relationship was formalized; he became an adviser to the firm and then a member of the editorial staff.

Youmans was convinced that education should be directed away from the old classical curriculum towards the natural sciences. The sciences should be taught not merely from textbooks but by bringing the young into contact with things; not by memorizing the statements of others but by observations and experiments of their own. He sought also to bring science into relation with everyday life. These principles are the foundation of his *Class-Book of Chemistry*, which Appleton published in 1851, with revised editions in 1863 and again in 1875. It was revolutionary in its day. Supplementing it was his *Chemical Atlas* (1854), an early example of the now familiar method of visual teaching. The practical advantages of some knowledge of chemistry and physics to the ordinary man and woman were set forth in *The Handbook of Household Science* (1857), on nutrition, lighting, heating, ventilation, and other matters. These successful books brought Youmans a great reputation. He found another outlet for the expression of his convictions by lecturing widely on the lyceum circuits, and he came to be known as "Professor" Youmans though he never occupied an academic chair. His life-work was that of an "Interpreter of Science

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for the People," as he is characterized on the title-page of John Fiske's biography of him (Appleton, 1894). Such a man belongs to his own generation. His vivid, energetic personality has long since faded from the general memory, and there are few today, even among men of science, who have any knowledge of his work and influence.*

The ardor with which he embraced the evolutionary ideas which were in the air of the eighteen-fifties prepared Youmans to accept and promulgate the doctrines of Darwin, Spencer, and the other great English evolutionists; and it was largely owing to his counsel that the House of Appleton became the medium through which the writings of these enormously influential thinkers reached the American public. This was one of the most conspicuous cultural services performed by the firm. In developing the branch of the business devoted to science and philosophy Youmans had, needless to say, the enthusiastic support of the Appleton brothers. At a somewhat later date young William Worthen Appleton (1845-1924), the son of William Henry Appleton and grandson of the Founder, was Youmans's close collaborator. From the first years of his partnership W. W. Appleton made it his particular concern to enlarge the line of college textbooks. Making it a practice to visit the leading centers of education twice a year, he was the personal friend of many teachers all over the country and brought an impressive proportion of them into the ranks of Appleton authors. But the guiding spirit in these activities till his death was Youmans.

It is probable that his advice was taken (though this circumstance does not appear in the record) at the time when D. Appleton and Company first came into touch with Charles Darwin. The story is told in Francis Darwin's biography of his father which Appleton published in 1887. In January, 1860, Charles Darwin sent to Asa Gray, the American naturalist, advance sheets of the revised, second edition of the *Origin of Species* of which the first edition had ap-

* It is the more gratifying that there has recently been paid to his memory something of the recognition which is his due. In the issue of *The Journal of the History of Ideas* for April, 1948, there is an interesting and valuable article by Charles M. Haar entitled "E. L. Youmans: A Chapter in the Diffusion of Science in America." To that article with its accompanying bibliography the reader may refer for more details than there is here room for.—Henry Holt, in his *Garrulities of an Octogenarian Editor* (1923), paid a handsome tribute to the memory of Dr. Youmans for his noble disinterestedness of character, adding, however, that he was so fanatically devoted to the subject of evolutionary theory that he was often something of a bore.

peared in London a few weeks earlier and had been sold out on the day of publication. Gray was arranging for an authorized reprint in Boston when he heard that two New York publishing houses—Harper and Appleton—had announced reprints. These were from the first issue, for Darwin's corrections and revisions were inaccessible to them. Gray wrote to both firms, "asking them to give way to the author and his reprint of a revised edition." Harper replied, withdrawing from the undertaking; but D. Appleton and Company had to reply that their book was already out and that "if the work should have any considerable sale, we certainly shall be disposed to pay the author reasonably and liberally." Facing this competitive *fait accompli*, the Boston publishers withdrew. Gray took the Appletons at their word and aided them by supplying alterations and additional material for subsequent editions. It was of course long before the days of international copyright, and Darwin, though, like other British authors, possessing an indisputable moral claim to royalties, was without legal protection; but the House of Appleton was always strongly opposed to piratical practices and invariably paid a fair compensation to foreign authors. That Darwin was perfectly satisfied is shown by the fact that they published a long line of his books as well as the *Life and Letters* which appeared after his death. At one time they planned, as an economy, to stereotype the *Origin of Species*; but this method of printing, as he declares in an undated letter in the Appleton archives, Darwin had never permitted in England because of the need for frequent revisions; and Appleton acceded to his wishes.

The Appletons had to face the strongest expressions of disapproval by the religious press at the time when controversy raged round the *Origin of Species*. By the time that they published Darwin's *Descent of Man* (1871) the religious-minded public were becoming accustomed to the new ideas, and though that book was more radical than its famous predecessor there was not so much general excitement. Nevertheless the publishers and Youmans, their scientific editor, remained in the ill graces of the fundamentalists. Because these two epoch-making volumes are among the most illustrious publications of the House of Appleton selections from both are included in our Anthology.

In the same year, 1860, another name, not yet widely known but destined to become world-famous, was added to the Appleton list. Youmans was one of the first Americans to become acquainted with

Herbert Spencer's *Program* announcing and outlining the *Synthetic Philosophy*. He promptly wrote to the philosopher, offering aid in securing American subscriptions to the fascicules in which it was proposed to issue the work. This was the beginning of a friendship which lasted till Youmans's death. The two men first met in Glasgow in 1862 and thereafter often in England as well as during Spencer's visit to the United States. Youmans's loyalty to his master was un-failing. It is told that when, in 1864, someone remarked to William Henry Appleton that Spencer was an upstart and that his "system" would soon die, Appleton replied: "I can tell you one thing—Spencer won't die as long as Youmans lives!" Spencer reciprocated Youmans's loyalty by expressing as much gratitude as it was in his self-centered nature to bestow. The name of "my American friend" bulks more largely in the index to the *Autobiography* than any other name, English or foreign. A tribute to Youmans is included among the excerpts from Spencer's writings in the *Anthology*.

D. Appleton and Company published an edition of Spencer's small book on *Education* in 1860, following it with the American edition of *First Principles* in 1864. When, in 1866, Spencer was compelled to announce the discontinuance of his great project because funds were lacking for the salaries of research-assistants, Youmans raised \$7,000 among admirers in the United States and went to London to present this handsome testimonial. The hypersensitive philosopher was reluctant to accept this aid, but the gift was made so tactfully and ingeniously (in securities which Spencer would either have to turn into cash or else leave to undeserving heirs) that his reluctance was overcome. When profits began to accrue from the Appleton edition of the *Synthetic Philosophy*, Spencer at first refused to accept any royalties till those who had assisted him financially had been reimbursed, but Youmans convinced him that his supporters had acted on public grounds and neither expected nor desired repayment. (In his *Autobiography* Spencer states that they were repaid, but his memory was at fault.)

The connection with the House of Appleton lasted till Spencer's death—and beyond. Not only was the entire series of the *Synthetic Philosophy* published but also the supplementary studies and statistics and the miscellaneous shorter works. How profitable the association was to both parties is shown by the figures: by the end of 1903 (the year of Spencer's death) the Appletons had sold 368,755 volumes of his writings in America, the royalties paid vary-

ing between 10 and 15 per cent on different books. So long as Youmans lived communications to and from Spencer appear to have been his responsibility. After his death the connection with members of the Appleton family became more intimate—if “intimate” is a word appropriate to the philosopher’s relations with anybody. William Henry Appleton had occasionally met him in England, and it was on a commission from him that Spencer’s portrait was painted by Burgess. In December, 1887, shortly after Youmans’s death, we find Spencer writing to “Mr. Appleton” (either William Henry or William Worthen)—

During my invalid life, which has now lasted in its pronounced form for more than a year and a half, I have been devoting such small energies as I have to the writing, or rather the dictating, of an Autobiography. Strictly speaking indeed it is but the latter half of an autobiography; for doubting whether I should be able to write all of it I thought it best to write first the most important part.

He lived to complete it, and it was published posthumously by Appleton in 1905. From it we reprint in the Anthology the tribute to Youmans and a characteristic passage giving Spencer’s impressions of Saratoga.

William Worthen Appleton visited Spencer in England several times and bore patiently with his hypochondriacal querulousness and grudging hospitality—if it may be called hospitable to invite a friend to call for “five or ten minutes” with the express understanding that he is not to remain for luncheon! Amusing letters survive, addressed to W. W. Appleton, having to do with questions of copyright or royalties, with means of pushing the sale of his books, with misprints that annoy him. There is a constant preoccupation with his own ill health. He is “outraged” on seeing “a coarse or stupid or ferocious” portrait of himself—apparently a cut or half-tone made for the Appletons from a photograph. “I am tired of seeing myself caricatured in the United States,” he exclaims; “pray suppress it as promptly as may be.” Again he writes (after the reorganization of D. Appleton and Company in 1900)—

What about the portrait painted of me by Burgess for your father many years ago? I sat on the distinct understanding that the painting was to be given to a public body—I believe the Century Club. I was surprised some years ago to learn that the portrait was hanging in your store, but I concluded that your father might reply that he was bequeathing it to the said institution. What has become of it now? If it passed over into the hands of the new Company along with other property, it ought,

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on the strength of this original understanding, to be reclaimed from them and given in conformity with your father's bequest, if it had not been already so bequeathed by him.

The imperious tone of this letter suggests what William Worthen Appleton had to bear with; he was sustained by his sense of humor. The portrait in question was presented to the New York Public Library, where it now hangs. The last stage in an association between author and publisher which had endured for nearly half a century was reached in 1908 when D. Appleton and Company published the *Life and Letters of Herbert Spencer* by David Duncan, his secretary.

To be publishing the works of Darwin and Spencer was the best of introductions to other British scientists. In 1863 the Appletons brought out Thomas Henry Huxley's *Man's Place in Nature* and *Lectures to Workingmen*; in 1866 his *Lessons in Elementary Physiology*; in 1870 the famous *Lay Sermons and Addresses*; and at later dates a long line of his books, including the *Collected Essays* in nine volumes (1893). In our Anthology this great scientist who was also a great stylist is represented by several excerpts of impressive dignity and charming lucidity. It was appropriate that the House of Appleton should also be the publishers of the *Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley* by his son Leonard Huxley (1900). John Tyndall, the great physicist, was also on the Appleton list, with many monographs, some technical, others designed for more popular consumption. To the general public he was best known and is still best remembered for his delightful *Hours of Exercise in the Alps* (1871) from which we have chosen a characteristic passage.

A particular service performed by Youmans with the coöperation of members of the firm was to arrange for lecture-tours by various celebrated Englishmen in the United States. Youmans fixed their schedules, often accompanied them on their travels, hired halls, even sold tickets. Tyndall's visit in 1872, when he delivered the *Lectures on Light* which Appleton published in 1873, reached a triumphant climax at a great dinner at Delmonico's given in his honor and arranged by his publishers. It was largely at the instance of W. H. Appleton that Huxley visited the United States in 1876. He lectured widely and delivered the inaugural address at the opening of the Johns Hopkins University. When Spencer came over in 1882 he gave no lectures and made few public appearances

but toured parts of the country, sometimes under Youmans's guidance.

As another means of popularizing scientific knowledge Youmans cherished the idea of editing a magazine. He did not, however, at the first attempt see eye to eye with his publishers; and this divergence of opinion and intention must lead us into a short digression. The House of Appleton designed a periodical intended to be of such business value to them as were *Harper's Weekly* to the House of Harper and *Every Saturday* to Ticknor and Fields, the Boston publishers. In the spring of 1869 there appeared the first number of a new weekly, *Appleton's Journal of Popular Literature, Science, and Art*. Youmans was the editor. Within three weeks we find him writing to Spencer—

The bare announcement that it would give attention to science and valuable thought raised an almost universal condemnation of it in advance as a certain failure. And although we have had no science in it and made it as vacant of ideas as possible, it is voted heavy.

The publishers did not permit many articles on scientific subjects to appear in it, for fear of boring the reader, and in disappointment Youmans resigned after some eighteen months and went off to conduct the scientific department of another magazine, *The Galaxy*. In that editorial chair we may leave him for a while and follow the further fortunes of *Appleton's Journal*.

From the beginning much of the responsibility for the weekly fell upon the associate editor, Oliver Bell Bunce, a journalist better aware of, and more in sympathy with, popular tastes than was the single-minded, not to say fanatical, Youmans. In keeping with contemporary standards of morals and deportment, the tone maintained was proper, prim, and edifying. A concession to the scientific interests of some possible readers was an occasional article on some natural curiosity or "wonder," but the bill-of-fare consisted in the main of short stories, travel-articles, biographical sketches, and critical notices of the drama and the fine arts. The most memorable contributions were some of the earliest stories by "Charles Egbert Craddock" (Mary N. Murfree), afterwards famous for her regional novels of the Great Smoky Mountains. For long fiction the *Journal* depended mainly upon English, French, and German writers, the first serial being a translation of Victor Hugo's *The Man Who Laughs*. Chiefly illustrated with woodcuts, the *Journal* in its early issues included also large, folding, double-page steel engravings of

the sort then called "cartoons." From some of these plates with accompanying letter-press there developed Appleton's enormously successful *Picturesque America*, of which we shall hear later. When Youmans resigned he was succeeded as editor by Robert Carter, who had been James Russell Lowell's partner in the editorship of a short-lived magazine and had afterwards served under Dana and Ripley on the staff of Appleton's *Cyclopaedia*. Carter resigned in 1872 and was succeeded by Bunce. The weekly did not prosper greatly and in 1876 it was changed into *Appleton's Journal: A Monthly Miscellany of Popular Literature*. Three years later the title was altered to *Appleton's Journal: A Magazine of General Literature*. In its last phase it came to depend for both fiction and non-fiction upon reprints from English, and translations from French and German, periodicals. It was discontinued in 1881. By that time part of its program had been absorbed by *The Art Journal*, another Appleton periodical.

Meanwhile the firm had successfully launched another magazine. In 1872 *The Popular Science Monthly* commenced publication, with Youmans as editor. The initiative seems to have come from him, and in his letters he remarks that he now possesses his "own" periodical; but it was his only in the sense that his was the directing mind, the Appletons allowing him free rein. Youmans had failed to persuade the editors of *The Galaxy* to serialize a new short book by Herbert Spencer, the *Study of Sociology*, and requiring another medium he induced the Appletons to make this new experiment. He had now the conduct of the kind of magazine he had dreamed of. Secondary only to his purpose to interest the intelligent portion of the public in the progress of science was the intention to promulgate evolutionary ideas in general and in particular the writings of Spencer. The leading feature of the first year was Spencer's *Sociology*, and thereafter there were very frequent contributions from his pen, almost every number in the early years containing something. In fact, Spencer confessed to Youmans that he had "qualms as to the policy of making the *Monthly* a propagandist organ to so large an extent." The persistent and unqualified championship of the theory of evolution provoked criticism from the religious press and from many devout people; among those who deplored the influence of the magazine was Dr. Josiah Holland, of whom we shall hear much more when we come to the history of The Century Company. D. Appleton and Company, then as

always, took the ground that it was their function to present different sides of great questions and that their imprint was not necessarily to be construed as an endorsement of an author's point of view. They might have reminded their opponents that whereas they had been abused for bringing out the *Origin of Species* in 1860, they had raised another storm of prejudice by the publication of Newman's *Apologia pro Vita Sua* in 1864. And if this evidence of impartiality did not satisfy the Evangelicals, they could have pointed to the Rev. Jabez Burns's *Sketches and Skeletons of Sermons* and the same author's *Pulpit Cyclopaedia* which had been on their list ever since 1846 and were indispensable sources of inspiration to countless Protestant preachers.

In an editorial Youmans vigorously repudiated the current accusation that the *Popular Science Monthly* was "a teacher of atheism"; but he was constrained to tell Spencer that "we have worked up a very deep feeling of hostility, and hear constantly of people who 'won't have it in the house.'" Nevertheless the magazine prospered satisfactorily considering that it was rather high-priced and made no concessions to bigotry and few to untrained intelligence. In an opening statement of policy Youmans had envisaged an audience of "active-minded" people "competent to follow connected thought in untechnical English." As editor his problem was to steer between over-simplification and undue technicality of expression; but if one or the other quality had to be sacrificed, simplification, not accuracy, went by the board. The number of "active-minded" readers proved gratifyingly large. Of the first two issues 5,000 copies were printed; the demand was so great that they were sent to press for 2,000 more; and even so, these issues were soon exhausted. Within a year and a half the circulation had risen to between 11,000 and 12,000; and at the time of Youmans's death it was about 18,000. Considering the nature of the subjects with which it dealt, the small attention paid to the sciences in the general education of the period, and the fact that the *Monthly* contained in each number 158 pages of solid and solemn matter, this circulation is remarkable.

There is not room here for even a bare list of the most distinguished contributors, but mention must be made of Charles S. Pierce, whose *Illustrations of the Logic of Science* appeared in 1877-8, and of the challenging discussions of the conflict of religion and science by John W. Draper and of theology and science by Andrew D. White. A balance was maintained between the natural

and the social sciences and between American and foreign contributors. As frontispieces there were portraits of well-known scientists with accompanying biographical sketches. Some of these were collected in book form as *Pioneers of Science in America*, which Appleton published in 1896.

There is but one unusual incident in the quiet history of the *Popular Science Monthly*. In 1883-5 it was involved in a quarrel between Spencer and Frederick Harrison, the English Positivist. To an essay entitled *Religious Retrospect and Prospect* which Spencer had contributed to *The Nineteenth Century*, an English review, Harrison had replied with an insulting and derisive article entitled *The Ghost of a Religion*, attacking Spencer's concept of reverence for the Unknowable. Spencer's rebuttal was *Retrogressive Religion*. The controversy was followed with much interest in England, and Youmans, intent as ever to keep his following abreast of the latest intellectual problems, reprinted these three documents in the *Monthly*. In May, 1885, they were put out in book form by Appleton with the title *The Nature and Reality of Religion*. Had the House of Appleton not done so some other publisher, in the absence of international copyright, would certainly have reprinted them. The Appletons were more scrupulous in this regard than some of their competitors, but by an unaccountable oversight they had failed to obtain Harrison's permission. He held Spencer responsible and attacked him bitterly in the press, going so far as to imply that his opponent was to receive the profits from the sale of a book of which he, Harrison, was in part the author. Spencer acknowledged that he had been in error and cabled Appleton to suppress the volume. An attempt was made to do this, but the only result was that, taking advantage of the publicity, a Boston publisher put out another edition, unauthorized by anybody. Youmans gave an account of the controversy in the *Monthly*; this is reprinted in John Fiske's biography of him.

Dr. William Jay Youmans assisted his elder brother in the conduct of the magazine, and he succeeded to the editorship in 1887. The general pattern and policy remained unchanged. In 1895 the publisher's name was added to the title, which became *Appleton's Popular Science Monthly*. In 1900 the Appleton interests in it were disposed of to McClure, Phillips and Company. With its later fortunes—a somewhat complicated story—this history is not concerned.

One of the most important enterprises of the House of Appleton was the *International Scientific Series*. This owed its inception to

Youmans, who was its general editor. He was immensely energetic in securing contributors, making journeys for this purpose not only to England but to France and Germany. He made arrangements for the translation of foreign works into English and of English and American works into foreign languages. Publication through agents in foreign countries was carried on simultaneously with the American series. Difficulties and hesitations on the part of some British and European authors because of the notorious laxity—shall we call it?—of many American publishers in their dealings with foreigners were overcome by the reputation for fairness in financial matters which attached to the House of Appleton: “English books,” says Leonard Huxley in the biography of his father, “were usually regarded as fair prey by the mass of American publishers. Among the exceptions to this practical rule were the firm of D. Appleton and Company, who made it a point of honor to treat foreign authors as though they were legally entitled to some equitable right.” In 1871, when the projected series was being planned and Youmans was in England to round up contributors, Spencer wrote to him —

Having . . . benefited so greatly by the arrangements you have made with the Appletons on my behalf, which have put me on a footing as good as that of the American author, I have the best possible reasons for thinking that the interests of English authors will be subserved in a very important degree by the success of the negotiations which you have come over here to carry out. Various of my scientific friends, who have reaped pecuniary and other advantages from the contracts you have made for them, will, I am sure, coincide in this expression of opinion. . . . Standing so high as the Appletons do, alike in respect to the character of the works they publish and in the extent of their business, it appears to me clear that this system which they are adopting needs only to be known and understood by English authors to be at once accepted by them.

With such an endorsement and with introductions from Huxley, Tyndall, and other Appleton authors Youmans had little trouble in persuading many British men of science to contribute. Nor does he seem to have had much trouble in France or Italy. The Germans were inclined to hesitate, not because they were distrustful of the firm but because both publishers and writers were scornful of popularization. In the end, however, Youmans obtained some notable volumes from Germany.

We may digress momentarily to note that the policy of the House regarding the payment of royalties to foreign authors made the Appletons staunch advocates of international copyright. In 1887 W.

H. Appleton was president of the American Publishers' Copyright League, and in 1891 his son W. W. Appleton was one of the representatives of publishers—Gilder and Johnson of The Century Company were among the number—who under the leadership of George P. Putnam helped to bring pressure upon Congress which secured the passage of the copyright act extending protection to foreign authors.

The *International Scientific Series* began to appear in 1873; and the stout duodecimo volumes in their red-and-black cloth bindings were soon to be found in the libraries of many intelligent people. Physicists, chemists, geologists, zoölogists, physiologists, psychologists, anthropologists, sociologists, philologists, and astronomers were among the contributors drawn from the United States, the British Isles, Germany, France, and Italy. At prices ranging from \$1.50 to \$2.00, ultimately more than seventy volumes were published, many of them illustrated. Number 1, Tyndall's *Forms of Water*, which was written expressly for the Series, was announced as "in some measure a guarantee of the excellence of the volumes that will follow, and an indication that the publishers will spare no pains to include in the series the freshest investigations of the best scientific minds." Number 2 was Walter Bagehot's *Physics and Politics*, a reprint of the English edition of 1869; still very readable if not very convincing, it is important in the history of ideas as an early attempt to apply the principles of evolution to the study of communities of men. Number 5 was Spencer's *Study of Sociology*, reprinted from the *Popular Science Monthly*.

The most widely read and controversial volume was Number 12, John W. Draper's *History of the Conflict between Religion and Science*. Parts of this had originally appeared in the *Monthly*. An examination of the various areas of conflict—on the nature of the soul, on creation, on the age of the earth, on the criteria of truth, on the government of the universe—leads to the enunciation of "the reign of law," the grand, all-embracing law of evolution. The tone is austere rationalistic and the point of view assumed is that of dispassionate impartiality. But there is a strong bias against Roman Catholicism; the work had, in fact, been in part prompted by opposition to the recent Vatican Decrees. It was put on the Index Ex-purgatorius. Characteristic of the advanced thought of the time is Draper's strict determinism: "Men do not control events. . . . Events control men." Equally typical of the later nineteenth century is the

closing paean to Science for the blessings it has bestowed upon humanity. Draper's book was reprinted some fifty times, translated into many languages, and so recently as 1928 re-issued in "Appleton's Dollar Library." On a smaller scale, less tolerant, and with a different emphasis, it anticipated Andrew D. White's *History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom*, which Appleton published in 1896. White's nobly written Preface is reprinted in our Anthology as representative of these lines of thought.

Only a few other volumes in the Series can be noticed here, and these inadequately. From the pen of William K. Clifford, brilliant and untimely lost, came the posthumous book on *The Common Sense of the Exact Sciences*. Edward B. Tylor's *Anthropology*, from which we reprint a characteristic passage, had a wide influence upon the developing science of man and civilization. George J. Romanes's *Animal Intelligence* was one of the earliest systematic presentations of the results of observations of the life of animals and was a pioneer contribution in the field of comparative psychology. Darwin and Huxley were represented by technical monographs. James Sully's *Illusions* is a psychological study, and Alfred Sidgwick's *Fallacies* is "a view of logic from the practical side." There were several works on political economy, notably W. Stanley Jevons's *Money and the Mechanism of Exchange*. Astronomy was represented by J. Norman Lockyer, an Englishman, and C. A. Young, an American. William Dwight Whitney of Yale wrote on *The Life and Growth of Language*. Sir John Lubbock was a contributor, but his essay on *The Pleasures of Life*, a long-popular Appleton book, was not part of the Series. We have named but a small fraction of the total number of volumes but perhaps enough to suggest the range and magisterial competence of the *International Scientific Series*. The majority of contributors were British; Continental writers were fairly numerous; Americans were in a small minority.

More popular in appeal than these impressive books was the *Library of Wonders*, which Appleton began to bring out in 1870. Youmans was not the director of this enterprise, but one may assume that his counsel was sought. There were volumes on Electricity, Meteors, Storms and Atmospheric Phenomena, Grottos and Caverns, and similar subjects. The French astronomer Camille Flammarion, afterwards famous and an Appleton author for over half a century, contributed an account of Balloons.

This chapter may be appropriately rounded out with some re-

marks on a branch of the Appleton business for which Youmans was not responsible but which has been the greatest of all their services to science—their books on medicine and surgery. In glancing at them we shall look back to a period before that of Youmans's activities and forward beyond his life-time. A few medical books had been imported from time to time from London before an independent beginning was made in 1852 with a treatise by a distant relative of the Appletons. Possibly the family connection was an incentive. This book was Dr. John Appleton Swett's *Diseases of the Chest*. It was recognized as authoritative and came to be known familiarly to facetious medical students as "Sweat on the Chest." Another early work was Austin Flint's *Physiology of Man*, in five large volumes. It is unnecessary and would be tedious to reproduce from old catalogues the titles of many subsequent medical and surgical works most of which have naturally long since been superseded, but a few outstanding treatises must be named. Felix von Niemeyer's *Textbook of Practical Medicine* and Adolf von Strumpell's *Textbook of Medicine* were both translations from the German. Among several widely used textbooks of surgery A. G. Gerster's *Aseptic and Antiseptic Surgery* (1888) has a special place in the literature of the subject because it was the first book on surgery to be illustrated from actual photographs of operations instead of with the old-fashioned inexact woodcuts.

In 1894 Dr. L. Emmett Holt, who was attracting much attention among physicians as a specialist in pediatrics, published with Appleton a small book that quickly became known in thousands of American homes and was a *vade mecum* for American mothers. This was *The Care and Feeding of Children*. Originally a guide for mothers of small infants, it was extended in repeated revisions to cover the problems of children up to five or six years old. It has been translated into many languages. Holt's is probably the best known of the many Appleton books on child welfare and child training, some written from the physical angle of the problem, others from the moral. Among these others may be mentioned Coolidge's *Home Care for Sick Children*, Baldwin and Stecher's *Psychology of the Preschool Child*, Angelo Patri's *Child Training*, and Felix Adler's *Moral Instruction of Children*.

Most famous and successful of all the Appleton medical books is William Osler's *Principles and Practice of Medicine* (1892). At the time this project was conceived in the Appleton office there was

great need for such a general textbook. Osler, who had recently come from McGill University to the Medical School of the University of Pennsylvania and was winning a widening renown, was selected as the man for the job. But, young and energetic, he had many irons in the fire and was soon to be involved in the great task of organizing the Johns Hopkins Medical School. It took patience on the part of Appleton's medical editor and many interviews to obtain his promise to write the book and more interviews and more patience to get him to turn the promise into performance. But the publishers refused to be discouraged, and at length the book was brought out, shortly after Osler's removal from Philadelphia to Baltimore. The author's contract for royalties of 12½ per cent with a guaranteed sale of 10,000 copies in the first two years indicates that the publisher's expectations were comparatively modest. But from the first the success of the book was phenomenal. Of the sixth edition (1905) the first printing was 105,000 copies. Osler revised it nine times, completely rewriting it each time. The problem of the drastic revision of a book so costly to manufacture was always a serious one, but in no other department of science was progress more rapid than in medicine, and revisions were issued regularly though they necessitated the casting of new plates often for hundreds of pages. Altogether many hundreds of thousands of copies have been sold, and the book has been translated into the principal languages of the world. It is beyond the present writer's competence to offer any estimate of it; but many people who are competent have held it to be the greatest of modern medical works, and generations of physicians have regarded it as a bible of their profession. Osler's *Medicine* is the crowning work of the department of D. Appleton and Company which began unpretentiously in 1852. The fortunes of Osler's great work after his death are narrated in a later chapter of this history.

The Medical Department of D. Appleton and Company was for many years under the editorial direction of Dr. Frank Foster. Supplementing this branch of the business was *The New York Medical Journal* of which Appleton was the publisher from its foundation in 1865 until 1900 when it was sold to the A. R. Elliott Publishing Company.

4. *Books, Grave and Gay*

WHEN THE Civil War ended, William Worthen Appleton, the son of William Henry and grandson of Daniel, was only twenty years old; but already he possessed the intuition and sound judgment in the selection of books for publication which his father had shown at the same age thirty years before. It was this remarkable flair quite as much as the family relationship that obtained for him at the age of twenty-three, in 1868, a junior partnership in the firm.

For five years the cultural links between North and South had been broken; and now, with the termination of hostilities, it seemed advisable to send someone into the states of the former Confederacy in quest of new literary talent. Before the end of 1865 young Appleton was chosen for this mission, not an easy one for he had to travel about as best he could in the difficult conditions prevailing. In the deep South he chanced upon a copy of an historical romance by the German novelist Louisa Mühlbach, *Joseph II and His Court*, translated by an Alabama lady. It had been printed at Mobile during the war. Its appearance testified to the desperate economic situation, for the paper was made of straw and the binding was a garish wallpaper, the only available material stiff enough for the purpose. Appleton found the story so entertaining that he recommended it to his father. Translations of some of Madame Mühlbach's novels had already been offered to other Northern publishers but had been declined. W. H. Appleton, however, agreed with his son's opinion, and not only was *Joseph II* reprinted (1866) but arrangements were made for translations of all the other novels by this author—more than twenty in all. *Frederick the Great* and *The Merchant of Berlin* were soon out, and the series was completed by 1868. The vogue of these stories was enormous; individually and in sets (including in the eighteen-seventies a handsome edition sold by subscription) they circulated in hundreds of thousands of copies. Concurrently there developed the equally widespread popularity of the historical romances (often of ancient Egypt) by George M. Ebers, the German disciple of Sir Walter Scott. James Fenimore Cooper, Scott's American follower, had been dead for twenty years and by now he was to modern tastes somewhat outmoded, yet he was sufficiently popular still to justify Appleton in issuing in 1872 one of their finest subscription sets, a complete edition with illustrations by F. O. C. Darley,

one of the best wood-engravers of the time. Similar de luxe editions of the works of other novelists and romancers were brought out at later dates; in the eighteen-nineties the romances of Arthur Conan Doyle and Anthony Hope (Hawkins) were collected into sets. All these editions were issued in various styles of binding at prices to suit various purses, but all were intended for the affluent. Perhaps Appleton overdid this part of their business; certainly one cause of their financial embarrassment at the time of the reorganization in 1900 was the difficulty of collecting sums due for subscription sets bought on the installment plan. This development of a "luxury trade" really had its beginning when W. W. Appleton "discovered" Madame Mühlbach in 1865.

A year later he made his first business trip to England as an agent for the firm. The visit is memorable in the annals of the House, for by good judgment and good fortune he obtained a book that has achieved literary immortality. In the summer of 1865 Macmillan and Company had published a new book for children called *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* by an Oxford don, the Rev. Charles L. Dodgson, who wrote under the pen-name of "Lewis Carroll." In this original issue the impressions of the illustrations by John Tenniel were unsatisfactory. At the joint insistence of author and artist Macmillan withdrew from circulation the entire edition of two thousand copies. The few people who had already purchased the book were requested to exchange their copies for copies of the second printing. These returned books were distributed by Lewis Carroll to various orphanages and hospitals. Today that original edition of 1865 is of the utmost rarity and worth a fabulous price. A large quantity of unbound sheets remained on the publisher's hands. Forty-eight copies had been given away, and all the remainder, numbering 1952 in sets of sheets, were sold to W. W. Appleton, the author considering them, Charles Morgan tells us,* "quite good enough for Americans of whose taste his opinion was low." With a new title-page bearing the imprint of D. Appleton and Company and with the date 1866 they were shipped to New York. For a considerable time the book hung fire,† but presently word got around and *Alice* caught

* *The House of Macmillan*, a delightful little historical sketch from which the above precise statistics are taken.

† An inscription in a copy given to the present writer's mother is dated Easter, 1868. The personal reference may be pardoned for the sake of the further inscription in a small girl's handwriting: "It is a pretty little story for *children* but for me I think it is intirely too foolish the opinnion of Aggie."

on; children and grownups were charmed with it, and W. W. Appleton, who had had to defend in the office the wisdom of his choice, had the gratification of seeing the edition sold out. The wear and tear on children's books is always very great, and most copies of the original American edition of *Alice* were worn and torn to pieces. Many years later, when D. Appleton and Company were planning to bring out a facsimile of the edition of 1866,* they published a request to owners to report their copies. This census resulted in the location of eleven examples. Doubtless there are others, but the book is very rare. It might have been expected that the Appletons, who had started *Alice* on the road to immortality in this country, would secure the rights to the sequel, but Macmillan and Company were Lewis Carroll's regular publishers and *Through the Looking-Glass* was brought out in its American edition by their New York branch. *Alice in Wonderland* is too well known to everybody to need comment or commendation, but our Anthology would not properly represent the achievement of the House of Appleton without a sample chapter, and we have chosen the Mad Tea-Party.

Disregarding chronology for a moment we pass over fourteen years in order to associate with *Alice* the American stories which rival it in the affections of young and old. Early in 1880 J. C. Derby, a representative of D. Appleton and Company whose business it was to "scout" for promising literary talent, was attracted to a series of legends and poems in Negro dialect which had begun to appear in 1879 in the columns of the *Atlanta Constitution*. One of the poems, the *Revival Hymn* (which we include in the Anthology), had been widely reprinted in the Northern press, and the New York *Post* had been reprinting the stories. The author, Joel Chandler Harris, was on the editorial staff of the *Constitution*. Derby had an interview with him the upshot of which was the publication by Appleton in December, 1880, of one of the most famous and best loved of all American books—*Uncle Remus: His Songs and His Sayings*. The Century Company shared with Appleton pride in an author whose centenary in 1948 was celebrated by the government of the United States, which issued a special three-cent stamp bearing his portrait. Not many men of letters have been honored in this fashion. From

* Appleton's "office copy" of the edition of 1866 has unfortunately lost its frontispiece. Through an oversight it was assumed that there had been no frontispiece. Consequently the first copies of the otherwise so admirable facsimile lack Tenniel's illustration of the trial of the Knave of Hearts.

The Century Company came *Nights with Uncle Remus* (1883) and other volumes at later dates.

Comment upon these books had best be reserved for the introductory note to our selections, but something may be said here about the illustrations. The original edition of the Appleton volume of 1880 was illustrated by F. S. Church and W. Moser. Harris was dissatisfied; the somewhat flimsy sentimentality of the drawings failed to catch the mood of the fables. Later, in Arthur Burdett Frost a perfect collaborator was found. Frost had already illustrated *Uncle Remus and His Friends* (The Century Company, 1892) when in 1895 he supplied the drawings for the new Appleton edition of *Uncle Remus: His Songs and His Sayings*. It may be put on record here that for the dozen full-page drawings and seventy-five drawings in the text Appleton paid Frost twelve hundred and fifty dollars. A lively inventiveness plays inexhaustible variations upon the antics and attitudes of the "amiable brethren of wood and field," with an apprehension of the literally impossible but imaginatively convincing hybridization of animal and human nature. Frost never permits a human being to intrude into the animal world; but in his illustrations of those stories which are not animal fables but of life among the colored folk there is a like understanding. Harris's generously expressed pleasure in Frost's work—he dedicated this new edition to him—is shared by every reader in whose fond recollections of childhood the text and the pictures are so happily wedded that Frost is as intimately associated with Harris as Tenniel is with Lewis Carroll. The *Alice* books, by the way, Harris had not read and, it is said, never read because there had been remarks on resemblances and he feared he might mar his own integrity. He did read the *Jungle Books* and enjoyed them; and Rudyard Kipling paid a handsome reciprocal tribute to the author of *Uncle Remus*.*

The modest self-depreciation and shyness which were attractive features of Harris's character are well illustrated by an episode of his visit to New York in the summer of 1882. The Appletons had taken for granted that he would pay a call upon them, but this he failed to do and they seem to have written to express their regret after his return to Atlanta. In their archives there is preserved his reply—

* The two *Jungle Books* were published by The Century Company. Appleton brought out Kipling's *Many Inventions* (1893), a collection of short stories, and *The Seven Seas* (1896), a volume of poems.

THE HOUSE OF APPLETON

I hasten to say . . . that my failure to call on you was due simply and solely to the fact that I was afraid my visit to you might be construed as in some sort an intrusion. I do not conceive that I have any right to bore people simply because of the accident that "Uncle Remus" is a passably successful book. One reason of my leaving New York so hurriedly was the fact that I couldn't escape people I didn't know and dinner parties at which my awkwardness and embarrassment would have been the most pronounced features.

Not all authors have been so considerate of their publishers!

The connection of D. Appleton and Company, The Century Company, and (after the consolidation) the D. Appleton-Century Company with "Uncle Remus" did not cease with the death of Harris. This was a very valuable literary property and considerable vigilance was required to guard against infringements of copyright. The problem was complicated by the fact that neither Appleton nor The Century Company owned the rights to all the "Uncle Remus" stories. In the archives there is much correspondence with Lucien Harris, the author's son, who as his family's representative had organized a "Management" of "Uncle Remus Stories and Material." The name was registered as a trade-mark in order to protect such by-products as radio scripts, marionettes, moving-pictures, dramatizations, comic strips, doll figures, games, and so forth. As recently as 1926 there was some heated correspondence with a gentleman of Virginia who had turned some of the stories into rimes which he desired to publish. Appleton and the Harris estate refused permission. On the other hand, permissions were sometimes granted. Thus, a company manufacturing crayons obtained consent to the use of some of the Frost illustrations for outline drawings accompanying boxes of crayons. The owners of the copyright consented doubtless because they calculated that children who colored the outlines would be attracted to the stories themselves. Again, a satisfactory arrangement was made with Walt Disney, who desired to use "Uncle Remus" as the subject of an animated cartoon, but it was understood that this should be with his own rearrangement of the stories and dialogue and of course with his own drawings—thus protecting both the text and illustrations of the books. So recently as December, 1947, an agreement was reached with the *Atlanta Constitution* for the use of some of the Frost illustrations in advertisements of programs on the newspaper's radio station. Seventy years after his first appearance "Uncle Remus" is still very much alive.

Thinly disguised as the story of "Joe Maxwell," Harris wrote *On*

the Plantation, recollections of his own early life, which Appleton published in 1892.

Alice and *Uncle Remus* top the list of Appleton juveniles, but many others have won hosts of friends. The eighteen-nineties welcomed Molly Elliott Seawell's *Little Jarvis*, W. O. Stoddard's *Little Smoke* (a "Western"), Octave Thanet's *We All*, and the many historical stories by Hezekiah Butterworth. At the end of that decade the very popular books for boys by Ralph Henry Barbour began to appear, *The Halfback* being the first; and about ten years later came the first of a series of school stories by William Heyliger.

Having followed a train of association that led from the White Rabbit to Brer Rabbit we have now to revert to the years just after the Civil War and direct our attention to some of the volumes of reminiscences written by leaders in the struggle and to one or two other books of similar kind. There was much competition among publishers for these works, and D. Appleton and Company brought out a large number of them.

One of the earliest of importance was General Adam Badeau's *Military History of General Grant* (1868) which occupies three large volumes. Badeau had been a member of Grant's staff before he assumed command, and remained in that capacity thereafter. The survey (which we reprint in the Anthology) of the situation at the moment of the assumption of command is typical of Badeau's precise style. He was on terms of close friendship with Grant, and the *History* is based on private as well as official correspondence and on almost daily conversations extending over several years. The House of Appleton was one of several firms which attempted to secure Grant's *Memoirs*, but this prize was won by Mark Twain's firm. Of this episode there will be more to say when we come to the history of The Century Company.

In 1874 William Henry Appleton read a newspaper dispatch from St. Louis stating that General William Tecumseh Sherman had completed his autobiography. William Worthen Appleton was hurried to St. Louis to attempt to procure the manuscript. He went with skeptical reluctance because he assumed that Sherman must have already signed a contract with some other publisher. This turned out not to be the case; the General had signed no contract. The reputation of the Appletons as publishers of books on the Civil War had preceded their emissary, and Sherman's greeting was most cordial. A contract was arranged in which there was one stipulation

which did honor to the General's fine feeling: he absolutely refused to permit the sale of his book by subscriptions obtained through house-to-house canvassing, declaring that he would not run the risk of having even one of his old soldiers cajoled or bullied into the purchase of a book for the profit of his old commander. J. C. Derby told him that probably four times as many copies could be sold if a sales force were employed; but he remained adamant. One is the more pleased to recall the success of the *Memoirs of General William T. Sherman*, published in two volumes in 1875. Not that it did not meet with criticism; in fact it roused a good deal of controversy. Sherman was compared unfavorably with other Union leaders on the score of judgment, courage, steadiness, and resolution. Particularly severe were two articles by General J. H. Wilson in *The Galaxy*. Concerning these Sherman wrote to W. W. Appleton (September 23, 1875) that they were "the severest criticism thus far—ingenious and dangerous," adding: "I know the writer and *motive* and am not the least disturbed." He goes on:

I designed these as "My Memoirs" and not some body else's, but some of my officers think I ought to have recorded more of their services. Had I been drawn into these there would have been no end.

But he expressed himself as "willing and anxious to satisfy them" where he could, and he enclosed corrections for later issues. In a revised edition of 1885 Sherman carried the story down to his retirement from the army in 1884. A subsequent revision of 1903 has a chapter from another hand on Sherman's last years and death and a memorial tribute which had been pronounced by James G. Blaine. In this form the *Memoirs* were again re-issued in 1913.

Sectional prejudice being still rife in the eighteen-seventies, the Appletons had to risk adverse criticism when they published books by Confederate leaders, but as in the case of the "warfare" between religion and science, they conceived it to be their function to present both sides of the Civil War. In 1874 they brought out General Joseph E. Johnston's *Narrative of Military Operations*, and in the following year they entered into a contract with Jefferson Davis, ex-President of the Confederacy, to publish his reminiscences. The mass of material was very large and the assistant engaged by Davis was dilatory and incompetent. The Appletons had advanced a considerable amount of money to Davis, and at length, acting through J. C. Derby, they were compelled to insist that either the manuscript be promptly forthcoming or the money returned, preferably the former

alternative. In a letter written long afterwards to D. Appleton and Company (January 31, 1889) Davis recalled that it "would have been to [his] pecuniary advantage to accept the terms of another publisher" but that he recognized the rights which the Appletons "were not disposed to waive" and therefore agreed to an arrangement "by which greater activity was assured." By this arrangement Davis accepted Judge W. J. Tenney of Appleton's editorial staff as an assistant. Tenney went to "Beauvoir," Davis's home midway between Mobile and New Orleans, and there the work was satisfactorily completed. *The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government* was brought out in two thick octavos in June, 1881. The price was necessarily high, but there was a large sale. This work and Johnston's reminiscences were the principal, but by no means the only, Southern narratives published by Appleton; there were, for example, no less than four books about General Lee.

Among other war books were the biography of Admiral Farragut written by his son Lovall Farragut (1878), biographies of Lee and "Stonewall" Jackson by the novelist John Esten Cooke, and the *Personal Memoirs of P. H. Sheridan*, published by Charles L. Webster and Company in 1888 and afterwards taken over by Appleton, in which is the vivid account of the surrender at Appomattox which we reprint in our Anthology. These memoirs continue beyond the close of the war to include narratives of expeditions against the Indians in the Southwest. An *Autobiography* by William H. Seward, Lincoln's Secretary of State, brought his story down only to the year 1834 and was completed with a memoir by Seward's son. It was published in 1891.

In 1870-1, when seventy years old and in failing health, Seward made the journey which is narrated in *William H. Seward's Travels Around the World*, which Appleton issued in 1873, after the author's death. It is in the form of a journal but written in the third person. An adopted daughter, Olive Risley Seward, who was a member of the party and whose name appears on the title-page as editor, was an amanuensis and perhaps in part the actual author. Seward's great reputation and the lively style of the narrative won for the book a great success; to his estate more than \$50,000 was paid in royalties. The text is enlivened with two hundred woodcut illustrations. The episodes we have reprinted from it are amusing and interesting specimens of the old man's powers of observation.

At this time, when Americans were looking back to the tragic

struggle through which a divided country had recently passed, they were also looking out upon the expanding greatness of a re-united country. Impressions of different parts of the United States were staple articles in the magazines, and books on the subject were popular. The House of Appleton performed its part in supplying this demand. The first of a long series of "art books" brought out under the guiding initiative of George S. Appleton, a younger son of the Founder, was *Picturesque America; or, The Land We Live In*, which began to appear in fascicules in 1872. This was an outgrowth from articles and illustrations published in *Appleton's Journal* but on a vastly larger scale and covering far more aspects of the American scene. William Cullen Bryant was editor and though nearly eighty years of age took his duties very seriously, reading and correcting, it is said, every word of the proofs. Most of the actual planning was done, however, by Oliver B. Bunce of the *Journal's* staff. Writers were chosen not for their eminence but on the score of their intimate knowledge of the localities described. The articles differ greatly in length, from, say, the page and a half devoted to the Mammoth Cave to the eighteen pages on the Yosemite. No logical sequence is adhered to, and in successive parts readers might pass from the Green Mountains to the High Sierras or from Boston to New Orleans. The text is historico-descriptive with an abundance of sentiment and regional pride. The great appeal, however, lay not in the letter-press but in the lavish illustrations "on steel and wood by eminent American artists," upon which a fortune was expended. The full-page steel engravings are comparatively few in number, but the woodcuts in the text run to hundreds upon hundreds. Of the artists employed the most memorable was Thomas Moran (after whom Mount Moran in the Tetons is named). The plates by him of "The Falls of the Yellowstone," "The Cañons of the Colorado," and "The Plains and the Sierras" are among the finest in the series. Other noteworthy and prolific artists were Harry Fenn, F. O. C. Darley, and J. D. Smillie. The work was issued to subscribers in forty-eight monthly parts at fifty cents a part, and afterwards bound into two stately volumes (1872 and 1874). The success of the undertaking justified the enormous expense, for nearly a million sets were sold. Twenty years later (1894) a revised edition was called for.

Thus encouraged, the Appletons proceeded, with an initial outlay of a quarter of a million dollars, to prepare a companion series, *Picturesque Europe*, which after publication in parts was assembled in

three handsome volumes in 1875. Bayard Taylor, poet and man of letters, was the editor. The articles were unsigned, those dealing with the British Isles being, it was stated, by British authors. The entire first volume and part of the second are devoted to Great Britain and Ireland. Thereafter the work ranges in desultory fashion over Europe. The "literary" flavor is, as would be expected, more pronounced than in *Picturesque America*. Thus, in the section on Rome *Childe Harold* sets the tone, and the influence of Ruskin is apparent in the comparative neglect of the Renaissance. There is a constant search for the "picturesque"—in fact, "Dr. Syntax" is referred to by one writer. Natural objects and buildings—particularly ruins—are commended if they "group well." There is more emphasis upon natural scenery than upon architecture, though buildings are appreciated if they are sufficiently picturesque. In the abundant illustrations, on steel and on wood, there is a Turner-esque tendency to heighten romantic effects. Often the artist compensates for distance so that large objects in the background—Monte Rosa as seen from the roof of the cathedral in Milan, for example, or Etna as seen from the theatre in Taormina—are brought nearer than in nature, as though a telescopic camera had been employed. One remarks also a vertical exaggeration of buildings, as of the aqueduct at Segovia, and of natural objects, especially Alpine crags and gorges. The temptation seems to have been irresistible to portray scenes at sunset or by moonlight. Today this impressive work is of interest almost solely as a memorial to the taste of the period, but as examples of the style in which it is written we have chosen for the Anthology the description of Stromboli and the narrative of the famous, tragic first ascent of the Matterhorn.

The third and last publication in this series is *Picturesque Palestine, Sinai, and Egypt* which took a long time to prepare and was not completed in two volumes till 1881. The Appletons sent artists to the Holy Land to prepare the illustrations. A Colonel Wilson, who, according to the title-page, had been "Engineer to the Palestine Exploration Society," was the editor, and the advice of Henry Codman Potter, afterwards Bishop of New York, was also sought. Dean Arthur P. Stanley supplied an introduction, and the articles, all signed, were by "the most eminent Palestine explorers," mostly divines. Stanley Lane-Poole, a great authority, contributed the sections on Egypt. With a Bible-reading public to rely on, it was appropriate to furnish more substantial and serious information than

in the companion series on America and Europe; and there is a good deal of digression from the merely descriptive to discuss such topics as the tenets of Islam or the customs of the Samaritans. The emphasis is less upon the merely picturesque than upon biblical archaeology, and there are excellent maps of Palestine and Egypt. Many of the illustrations—for example, the view of Palmyra—are very fine, if one has any sympathy with their old-fashioned romanticism.

The very large lists of subscribers to these three publications were put to good service in securing subscribers to other "art books" which now followed in rapid succession. Most of these were issued in monthly parts and afterwards assembled in portfolios or bound volumes. Their steel engravings familiarized thousands of Americans with the treasures of the great European galleries, with the works of Turner, with *The Streets and Canals of Venice*, with *Oriental Ceramic Art* (the most magnificent and costly of all these sets), *Artistic Interiors* (at \$300 a copy), *Artistic Country Seats* (at \$125), and other similar subjects. Four of these works, chosen as representative of contemporary taste, may be noted more particularly. What is described in a prospectus as a "splendid and imperial work" is the series of *Selections in Modern Art, Consisting of One Hundred and Twenty-five Specimens of Etchings, Sculpture and Line Steel Engravings from the Works of the Best Artists* (1886). This was issued in twenty-five parts at a dollar each; a stout buckram portfolio was supplied for the set. The descriptive text, adapted to the interests and sensibilities of a large public, is by George W. Sheldon. Among the artists represented are Meissonier, Gérôme, Doré, Bouguereau, Landseer, Leslie, and Alma-Tadema. There is a plethora of anecdotic and costume pictures. So revolutionary has been the change in taste since the eighteen-eighties that today practically everything in this great portfolio is forgotten; Ward's statue of Shakespeare in Central Park and Gérôme's picture of Cleopatra before Caesar are still familiar to us, but they are sadly dated. A similar publication, in forty parts at fifty cents each, is the *New Gallery of British Art* which begins with Sir Peter Lely and comes down to Luke Fields, Leighton, and Poynter. In 1894 Appleton published in magnificent quarto *The Art of the World Illustrated in the Paintings, Statuary, and Architecture of the World's Columbian Exposition*. Ripley Hitchcock was the editor, and the text was supplied by a staff of eight experts, European and American. The illustrations are in color or half-tone, George Frederick Watts is, of the painters, the one still remembered

today, and among the sculptors—and on a higher level—there is Daniel Chester French. There are landscapes and genre pictures, subjects from history and literature, and anecdotic pictures such as “The First Tooth,” which, since the reader can imagine it for himself, fortunately need not be described. There is not even a single example of the new school of painting which had risen in France during the preceding decades and was beginning to attract the attention of “advanced” critics in England. The House of Appleton also published the authorized *History of the World's Columbian Exposition*, in four volumes, illustrated (1894). Rossiter Johnson was the editor.

To smile at or deplore these memorials of outmoded fashions in the fine arts is not to reflect upon the editorial policy of the House of Appleton. These were large and costly enterprises, and the publishers were giving the public what it wanted. It was not their obligation to lead taste in new directions. Nevertheless there is a striking contrast between the courageous and advanced position assumed by the firm in their scientific and philosophical publications and the conservatism and conventionality of their books on the fine arts. Of more serious moment was the financial risk involved. In trusting so largely to subscribers who paid on the installment plan they overreached themselves, as has already been suggested, and prepared the way for the crisis which came at the turn of the century. For we are far from exhausting the list of subscription editions. *The World's Great Books* was in forty volumes; *A Century of French Romance* in twenty; *Masterpieces of American History* in eighteen. These titles must serve as specimens. Also sold by subscription but in a different category was the English translation of Sir Gaston Maspero's *History of the Ancient Peoples of the East*, in three quarto volumes with more than a thousand illustrations.

In the middle eighteen-eighties representatives of an older and younger generation of American historians met, figuratively speaking, in the office of D. Appleton and Company. These were George Bancroft and John Bach McMaster. Half a century earlier there had appeared in Boston the first volume of Bancroft's *History of the United States from the Discovery of the Continent*. The original intention was to carry the story down to 1830, but the distractions of high public office and the historian's exacting standards were impediments to research and by 1874 ten volumes of the *History* had covered the ground only to the beginnings of the Revolution. Bancroft then decided to conclude at that point. He spent another decade at

work upon the revised edition which Appleton published in six volumes in 1884. Concurrently was issued the *History of the Formation of the Constitution of the United States* which Bancroft originally intended to be a further installment of the larger work. It is difficult for us to recapture today any sense of the esteem which this historian enjoyed during his lifetime. The lofty detachment with which he pronounces his sonorous generalizations on the advantages of life in an organized democracy are wearisome to us and platitudinous; but though it seems insincere there was no affectation in a manner which was characteristic of the man and his time. Bancroft's *History* has found a place among those "classics" to which deference is due but of which readers are few. We have not thought it necessary to include any excerpts from it in the Anthology.

In 1881 there came to the Appleton office a bulky manuscript entirely in longhand. With it was a letter from the author, John Bach McMaster, an instructor in civil engineering at Princeton University. He explained that the unsolicited manuscript was the first volume of a proposed *History of the People of the United States from the Revolution to the Civil War* which he hoped to complete in six volumes. The unfavorable reports of Appleton's readers were probably not so much due to dislike of the historian's not very distinguished style as to hesitations over committing the firm to so large a project which must extend over many years. William Henry Appleton took the manuscript home with him to decide for himself. As he read he became fascinated, and his family afterwards liked to recall how he summoned them around him to hear it read aloud and how, though they came reluctantly, they remained "spellbound" throughout the evening. The attention paid to the activities of ordinary people—a feature less usual in histories seventy years ago than it is today—probably roused their interest and enthusiasm; and the defects in style are not so apparent at the beginning of the work as they become later. At all events, on the following day McMaster was invited to come to the office and sign a contract. The first volume of the *History* was published in 1883; the eighth and last in 1913. Long before that date McMaster had abandoned the career of an engineer and had become Professor of History in the University of Pennsylvania. A supplementary work, *A History of the United States during Lincoln's Administration* (1927), carries the narrative beyond the terminal point of the original *History*.

At the time when McMaster's first volume was published prepara-



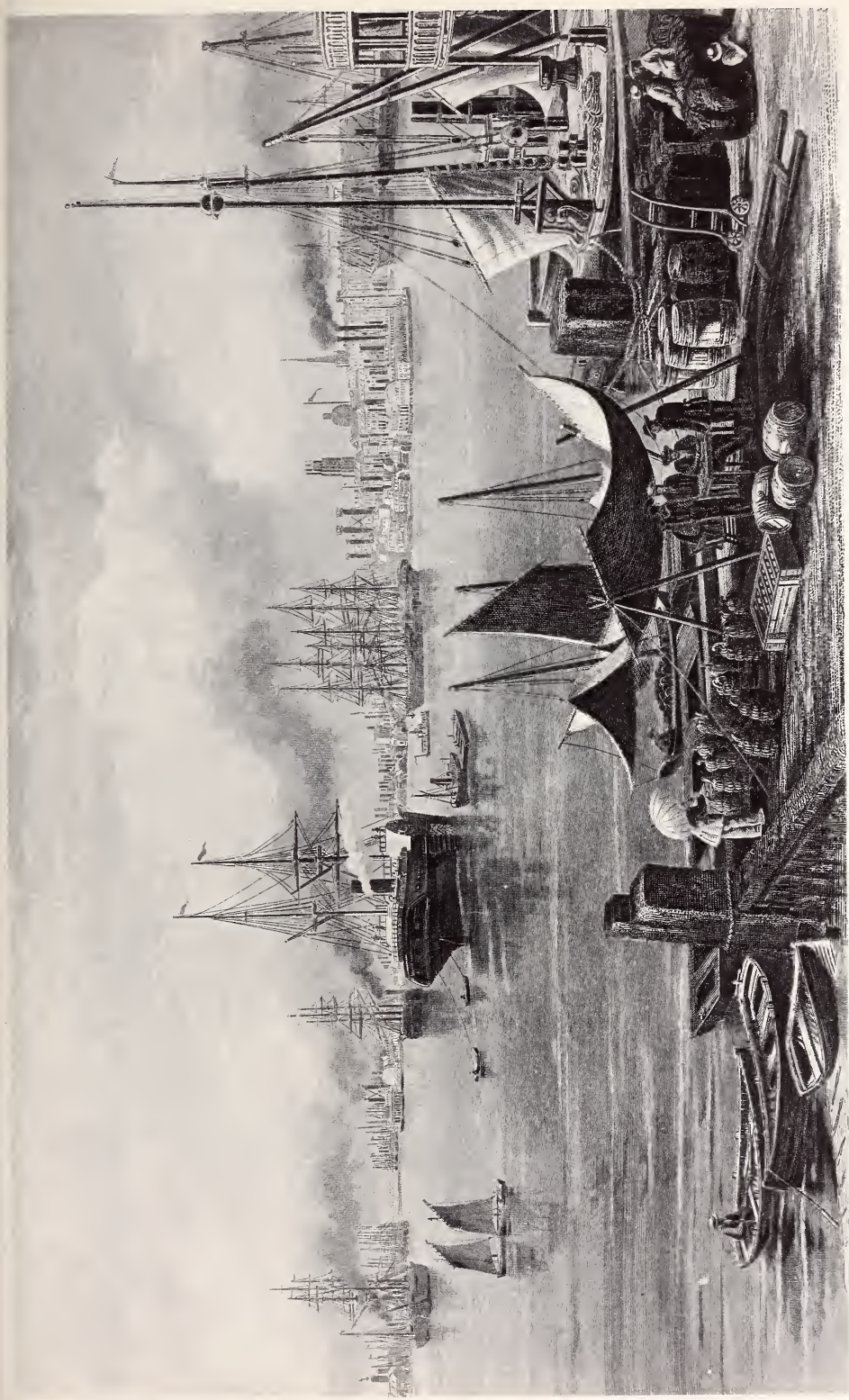
MOUNT SHASTA

From a drawing by J. D. Smillie, engraved by E. P. Brandard (Picturesque America)



THE HOUSATONIC

From a painting by A. F. Bellows, engraved by S. V. Hunt (Picturesque America)



NEW ORLEANS

From a painting by A. R. Waud, engraved by D. G. Thompson (Picturesque America)



HUNTING BUFFALOES

From a drawing by F. O. C. Darley, engraved by Francis Holl (Picturesque America)



THE BOSPHORUS, CONSTANTINOPLE

From a painting by J. D. Woodward, engraved by J. Godfrey (Picturesque Europe)



VERONA

From a painting by Birket Foster, engraved by J. Godfrey (Picturesque Europe)



PALMYRA

From a painting by J. D. Woodward, engraved by W. French (Picturesque Palestine)



"HARK, HARK, THE DOGS DO BARK!"

Painted for St. Nicholas by Arthur Rackham

tions were in progress for the *Cyclopaedia of American Biography*. Rossiter Johnson (of the *Annual Cyclopaedia*) assembled the staff, the two principal editors being General James Grant Wilson, President of the New York Genealogical and Biographical Society, and John Fiske, historian and philosopher. The work was issued in six volumes between 1887 and 1889, and there were supplementary volumes as well as revisions. The latest edition appeared in 1910. Since then it has been allowed to go out of print, and though for a long while there was talk of a new revision it is unlikely that this will ever be undertaken, the major part of the ground being now covered by the *Dictionary of American Biography*, which is not an Appleton publication. In one respect the old *Cyclopaedia* has not been superseded, for, unlike the *D. A. B.*, its range includes South and Central as well as North America. It was but one of the long line of reference books for which the Appletons were particularly esteemed and which included, among others, Louis Heilprin's *Historical Reference Book*, Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible*, Benjamin's *Cyclopaedia of Applied Mechanics*, a *Classical Dictionary*, an *Art Dictionary*, and a *Dictionary of Terms and Quotations*. There were many dictionaries of foreign languages.

Another massive enterprise initiated in the middle 'eighties was the *International Education Series* under the editorship of William Torrey Harris, superintendent of public schools in St. Louis, afterwards for many years United States Commissioner of Education, and one of the chief intellectual leaders of his time. William Worthen Appleton took a specially active part in planning this series and securing contributors. Begun in 1886, it extended to more than sixty volumes, containing monographs by most of the great authorities on education, American and foreign. For many years it was the standard professional library for teachers, and many of its volumes are still consulted. It is impossible to represent so vast a series adequately in our Anthology, but we have chosen passages on Horace Mann and on Herbert Spencer from F. V. N. Painter's *History of Education* (1886) and Felix Adler's charming discussion of "The Use of Fairy Tales" from *The Moral Instruction of Children* (1892).

It should be noted that, over the years, Appleton's interests in educational book publishing continued. So many successful elementary and high-school texts had been added to its list that the firm was generally considered as in the front rank of publishers in this field. In 1890, however, it joined with three other firms, i.e.,

A. S. Barnes and Company of New York, Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor and Company of New York, and Van Antwerp, Bragg and Company of Cincinnati, in organizing The American Book Company. Three of the Appleton family, William H. Appleton, Daniel Appleton, and William W. Appleton, were members of the first board of directors. Each founding company assigned all its plates, copyrights, and good-will of all its elementary and high-school textbooks to the newly established American Book Company, and accepted in payment shares of capital stock. Each company also agreed not to publish competing textbooks for at least five years. Shortly after this period expired, Appleton returned to active educational book publishing, and in a few years developed a substantial list. A series of secondary school texts of major educational significance, known as the Twentieth Century Textbooks, was started during this period. Among the important authors contributing to the Series were Andrew C. McLaughlin and Dana C. Munro in the field of history, David Starr Jordan, Vernon Kellogg, and J. M. Coulter in the field of biology, and Andrew Fleming West, in the field of Latin. When in 1900 the firm, which had been a partnership, was, as will be reported in the next chapter, reorganized and incorporated, the stock of The American Book Company held by the Appleton people was not assigned to the corporation but retained by the individual partners. At that time, therefore, all ties between D. Appleton and Company, Incorporated, and The American Book Company were severed.

Let us turn to lighter fare. A few words will suffice for a couple of Appleton "lines" appealing to special groups of readers. The first of many books on fishing was John J. Browne's *American Angler's Guide* which appeared in the mid-century and was very popular and often revised. It was the precursor of more sumptuous books such as James A. Henshall's *Book of the Black Bass*, Parker Holden's *Streamcraft*, David Starr Jordan's *Fishes* (which is concerned with the science rather than the sport), and books by Dixie Carroll, O. W. Smith, Emerson Hough, and Leonard Hult—names familiar to fishermen. From these and similar works developed an important department of the Appleton business devoted to books for sportsmen. The first of many works, useful and charming, by the foremost ornithologist of his day, Frank M. Chapman, was the *Handbook of Birds of Eastern North America* (1895). It was followed in 1897 by *Bird Life* which became a *vade mecum* for every bird-lover. In re-

vised editions both these books had plates in color, some of them by Ernest Thompson Seton. Among Chapman's later volumes may be mentioned *Bird Studies with a Camera* and *Camps and Cruises of an Ornithologist*.

In the department of fiction the activities of the firm expanded enormously in the last decades of the century. The success of Disraeli's *Lothair* (1870) must be explained on the ground of its author's fame, appearing as it did just after the close of his first ministry; for the characters, situations, and satiric and ironic comments are so quintessentially English that one would have expected it to miss fire in this country. Appleton's cautious reader did, in fact, advise the printing of a small edition; but more than eighty thousand copies were sold. "I rejoice to hear that your enterprise has been so successful," the gratified author wrote to the Appletons, "and that 'Lothair' has gained the sympathies of your countrymen, whose public courtesy I have often experienced, and whose esteem and regard I value highly." Appleton proceeded to publish reprints of Disraeli's earlier novels, and in 1880 they published his last novel, *Endymion*.

Coinciding with the appearance of Disraeli on their list was the first novel by "Christian Reid" (Frances C. Tiernan), a Southern writer who achieved vast popularity but who is today almost completely forgotten, though there are still elderly people living who remember *Land of the Sky*, the most popular of all her books.

The Appletons, while never specializing in cheap books, had issued in the 'fifties a *Popular Library of Best Authors*, bound in cloth at fifty cents a volume, and in the 'seventies the *New Handy Volume Series* in paper covers for only thirty cents. The volumes of Appleton's *Town and Country Library* began to appear monthly in 1888. They were in two bindings—in paper at fifty cents and in cloth at one dollar. Many readers subscribed annually. Before the series terminated it embraced no less than 312 titles. It was limited to fiction. Some of the novels were written especially for the series but most were reprinted from more expensive editions. The list of authors is an impressive one. There are not only many older novelists who were famous in their day, though some of them are half-forgotten in ours, but also younger men. Some writers who afterwards won great renown were first introduced to the American public through this medium. To glance through the list is enough to make a publisher's mouth water, for here (among others scarcely less well known) are Hall Caine, S. Baring Gould, Justin McCarthy,

Grant Allen, Edna Lyall (whose *Donavan* scored a huge success), George Gissing, Gilbert Parker, Egerton Castle, Anthony Hope, Leonard Merrick, William J. Locke, E. F. Benson (*Dodo*), and the great Joseph Conrad, then at the outset of his career. Of course the *Library* did not maintain uninterruptedly the standard suggested by some of these names, but the general level was remarkably high.

Whether in this series or brought out independently, the Appletons published more fiction in the eighteen-nineties than during any other decade in their history. Comment here must be limited to a few books. Hall Caine was the foremost best-seller of the day. *The Manxman* (1894) was outdistanced in popularity by *The Christian* (1897), one of the most widely read of novels, and its success was repeated by *The Eternal City* (1901) and *The Prodigal Son* (1904). To modern taste these novels are quite unreadable, and the literary historian does not condescend to notice them. Even at the time they appeared the intellectuals raised their eyebrows and looked down their noses; but the public bought, read, and discussed these books. Our readers may be curious to sample in brief excerpts these stories which half a century ago were thought to be "bold" and "powerful."

In these years Appleton was publishing some of the earlier novels of Hamlin Garland. In 1896 they published Joseph Conrad's *Outcast of the Islands*, the second book of a genius who had to wait long for full appreciation. Another novel of the same season was Arthur Conan Doyle's swashbuckling *Exploits of Brigadier Gerard*. But the sensational success of 1896 was Gilbert Parker's historical romance of the taking of Quebec, *The Seats of the Mighty*. The House of Appleton was not so close to the center of the vogue of romance which swept over England and America in the closing years of the nineteenth century as was The Century Company; but Gilbert Parker's book is very characteristic and an episode from it has a place in our Anthology. Before the close of the decade the House of Appleton had established relations with George Moore, but the story of their difficulties with him had best be postponed to our next chapter.

Through Hamlin Garland the Appletons made their connection with Stephen Crane. When, poverty-stricken and emaciated from hunger, Crane appeared at the office one day in 1894, he presented a letter of introduction from Garland. Crane had already sold a few stories to a newspaper syndicate and had had printed at his own

expense, after repeated rejections by publishers, his grim book, *Maggie, A Girl of the Streets* (1893), the first American novel of the naturalistic school. For all its crudities, Garland had been impressed with the power and promise evinced in it. To the Appleton staff Crane submitted two short stories as samples of his work. The response was a query as to whether the young author—Crane was only twenty-three—had anything in hand of book length. He told them of a longer story then appearing serially in a Philadelphia newspaper and on their invitation he brought clippings from its columns. The story was conditionally accepted, and after revision and the restoration of a good many pages omitted from the newspaper version, *The Red Badge of Courage* was published in the autumn of 1895. Crane's royalties were only 10 per cent, an indication that the publishers did not expect great things of the novel. But it created an immediate sensation; reviewers in this country and in England were enthusiastic; and sales were very large. We reserve some appreciative comments upon it for our introductory note to the episodes reprinted in the Anthology. The famous story has remained one of Appleton's most valuable literary properties. The Company's files contain much correspondence relative to the danger of infringements of copyright. In 1917 they made "no claim whatever from motion picture rights"; and in the case of this book, as of all others, they required no payment for permission to put the book into Braille for the benefit of the blind. But permission to reprint in anthologies or separate editions issued by other publishers has been granted only on payment of a substantial fee. After the success of *The Red Badge of Courage* the Appletons published *The Little Regiment and Other Episodes of the American Civil War* (1896), which is supplementary to the famous book. They also brought out a new edition of *Maggie* and published *The Third Violet* (1897), a mere novelette.

Crane, dying at the age of twenty-nine, lived long enough to win recognition and enjoy success. Edward Noyes Westcott, the author of *David Harum*, died too soon to experience the resounding triumph of his book. Westcott, an up-state New York business man, had for years compensated for the drudgery of his life by exercising his talents in painting and music and by writing for his and his friends' amusement. Not until after his retirement from business did he write the book for which he is remembered. He drew the characters from types he had observed in and around Syracuse.

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The manuscript went the rounds of various New York publishers only to be rejected till in December, 1897, it came to the Appleton office. The editorial staff thought it overlong and in places tedious, but they recognized its merits, suggested revisions, and in particular urged Westcott to give his horse-trading banker, Harum, a more prominent place in the story and to introduce him at the very beginning. Westcott was by this time very ill, but he bravely followed this advice, revised the book, and wrote the two opening chapters in which Harum tells how he got the better of "Deakin" Perkins in the horse-trade—an episode which struck just the right opening note and undoubtedly helped to secure the novel's success. This is the part we reprint in the Anthology. Early in 1898 Westcott wrote to William Worthen Appleton: "If *David Harum* were to be published even without much delay, it would, in all probability, be posthumous. I have had the fun of writing it, anyway, and nobody will ever laugh over it more than I have." A gallant spirit! His death of tuberculosis followed in the spring, depriving him of the fun of hearing thousands of readers laugh over the book. *David Harum* was published in September, 1898. How dubious of its success were the Appletons is shown by the fact that royalties had been fixed at only 10 per cent and only fifteen hundred copies of the original edition were printed. There was little advertising and the reviews were not very encouraging. But gradually the demand for it rose. By the end of the year 12,788 copies had been sold; thereafter sales increased rapidly. It appears that some prominent business men who came from North-Central New York were attracted to it by reminders of local types they had known in youth. They recommended it to their friends. As word of it spread, the ripple of interest rose to a tidal wave of popularity. Between January, 1899, and March, 1900, 383,665 copies were sold. By 1923, when Appleton brought out the attractively illustrated "Twenty-fifth Anniversary Edition," the sales had passed a million, and by the middle of 1929 the figures stood at 1,190,774. Many years after the original publication the serial rights were sold to various journals circulating in different farming regions of the United States. Radio rights have also been sold at different times and for different episodes, especially for "David Harum's Christmas Gift," which has been broadcast several times during Christmas seasons. Intellectuals have been supercilious about *David Harum*, and literary historians tend either to ignore it or to dismiss it as belonging to the "B'gosh

School" of fiction. But a novel that is one of the most famous of best-sellers—one of the "golden books," as they have been called—and that has made millions of people laugh is worthy of remembrance.

Those who remember how "Bellamy Clubs" sprang up all over the United States during the nineteen-thirties will agree that Edward Bellamy's *Equality* (1897) is probably the most influential book published by the House of Appleton during the closing years of the nineteenth century. It is a sequel to *Looking Backwards* (1888), which Appleton had not published. Within the framework of a "utopian" fiction it advances ideas which today—as the passage we reprint illustrates—sound like Communistic propaganda—which, in fact, they are.

5. *Reorganization and Progress*

UNTIL THE END of the nineteenth century the management of the House of Appleton was in the hands of members of the family. William Henry Appleton, the last survivor of the Founder's sons, had resigned from the presidency in 1894 and died in 1899. His son William Worthen Appleton succeeded him as President. He was a gentleman of the highest character and of a lovable disposition (in the office he was always referred to in affection and respect as "Mr. Willie") and he regarded the great publishing house to the direction of which he had come by inheritance not merely as a business enterprise but as a public trust making an important contribution to the culture and education of the United States. With many of his distinguished authors he was on terms of personal friendship. Nor did he conceive his responsibilities to be limited to the Company. For years he was President of the Publishers' Copyright League, and he was also a director of the New York Public Library and chairman of its library committee. He had been a pioneer in organizing the New York Free Circulating Library, which was later merged with the Public Library. His first cousin, Colonel Daniel Appleton (a son of John Adams Appleton) was General Manager of the firm. Another first cousin, D. Sidney Appleton (a son of Daniel Appleton the Second) was Treasurer. Other members of the family were, respectively, Secretary, head of the manufacturing department, and director of the subscription sales.

This was, in brief, the set-up in 1900; it was strictly a family affair.

In that year the House of Appleton found itself in difficulties. In March it was unable to meet its immediate maturing obligations; and the banks were reluctant to lend money. The Appletons engaged the services of William Nelson Cromwell of the law firm of Sullivan and Cromwell to work out a reorganization, and a Reorganization Committee was set up, chiefly of bankers who represented the heavy creditors, with James G. Cannon of the Fourth National Bank as Chairman. Cannon issued a statement to the effect that the failure was not one of alarming proportions, adding: "It is the friendliest affair of the sort in which I have ever been interested."

Joseph H. Sears, who had started his career with the *Youth's Companion* and had had ten years' experience with Harper and Brothers, was engaged by the directors to make an examination of the affairs of the House and a report, with the understanding that if his report was adopted he would be installed as President; otherwise his services would be terminated. William Worthen Appleton became Chairman of the Board when Sears became the new President. A capital reorganization was immediately put through, but this proved to be financially unsound, and a second, more drastic one was effected in 1917. The details of the reduction of outstanding shares of common stock and of the substitution of new common for old preferred are of little interest today after the long lapse of time. It seems to be agreed that although Sears did not succeed in making large profits for the Company, he prevented it from losing money. The literary history of his régime will concern us presently. His public service as director of war publicity for the State of New York during the First World War undermined his health and in 1919 he was retired.

Two of Sears's ablest associates were Rutger Bleecker Jewett and John W. Hiltman. Jewett was brought into the firm in 1911 and became Vice-President and editor-in-chief, offices which he retained after the consolidation with The Century Company till his death in 1935. Hiltman, who came to the Company with a wide and sound experience in the world of affairs, was installed as Vice-President and General Manager in 1912, and after 1915 was in most respects the active head of the firm. He succeeded Sears as President in 1919. A friendly rival has written of him: *

* George H. Doran, *Chronicles of Barabas* (1935), pp. 77-8.

There has been no more notable salvaging operation in the publishing world than Hiltman's rehabilitation of Appleton's. He brought to his effort not tradition and convention but wide experience in commerce. . . . [He was] a protagonist for the dignities and traditions of well-ordered publishing . . . striving to make Americans more and more book-minded.

The same witness emphasizes the fact that Hiltman was a foe of mass-production. His policy was firmly against the selling of cheap editions under the imprints of other houses. He was opposed to remaindering unsuccessful books (a practice very prevalent during the early years of the Great Depression), and Doran tells us that rather than remainder Hiltman once caused to be destroyed 300,000 volumes which had accumulated in the Appleton warehouse. After the consolidation of 1933 Hiltman became Chairman of the Board of the D. Appleton-Century Company. (On W. W. Appleton's death in 1924 Charles Hathaway had been elected Chairman, and on Hathaway's death the position was taken by Howard C. Smith, who resumed it after Hiltman's death and retains the position of Chairman of the Board of Appleton-Century-Crofts, Inc., to the present time.)

From this summary sketch of the reorganization of D. Appleton and Company we now return to the literary history of the firm.

Sears had no sooner taken office than he put into effect his conviction that the ownership of a monthly magazine was essential to the advertising program of the Company. D. Appleton and Company reëntered the field of the popular monthly magazine which they had abandoned in 1881. In 1903 the Library Publishing Company of Philadelphia had begun to issue the *Booklover's Magazine*, a periodical lavish in illustrations in color, in black-and-white, and in half-tone photographs, but a chatty and scrappy affair, with no clearly discernible editorial policy, not by any means always addressed primarily to "booklovers," and untidy and cheap in format and lay-out. For it, however, a few famous names had been secured, as when Andrew Lang wrote on Dickens, Julian Hawthorne on his memories of Emerson, and Paul Bourget on "The Evolution of the French Novel." Among academic critics were William Morton Payne, William Lyon Phelps, and Thomas Mark Parrott—the last a frequent contributor. Four semi-annual volumes were issued by the Philadelphia concern.

In January, 1905, D. Appleton and Company took over the magazine. Volume V retains the Philadelphia imprint with the added

statement: "Now published by D. Appleton and Company, New York." With Volume VI (July-December, 1905) the title was changed to *Appleton's Booklover's Magazine* and a year later it became simply *Appleton's Magazine*. Ellery Sedgwick, later head of the *Atlantic Monthly*, was the editor for a short time, and several other editors followed in rapid succession. Sears and his staff altered the magazine for the better. It became more formal in arrangement, more like the great established monthlies, though its smaller price (fifteen cents a copy) and its rather flashy covers were concessions to modern taste in an effort to compete with such magazines as *McClure's* and the *Cosmopolitan*. The venture got off to a promising second start. Among early features were Henry James's famous Bryn Mawr address, "The Question of Our Speech," Joseph Conrad's essays on "Sailing as a Fine Art" and on "The Character of the Sea," and Hall Caine's discussion of "Religion in the Novel." There were short stories by Booth Tarkington and Rex Beach (among others), and between July and November, 1905, Robert W. Chambers's novel, *The Reckoning*, was serialized, followed in 1907 by *The Younger Set*, which is typical of his stories of society life. Chambers was one of the most profitable authors whom Sears brought to Appleton, and in later years the firm published many of his books. Another new arrival was Joseph C. Lincoln, whose novels of Cape Cod life were for long held in affection by a large public, more than a score of them appearing on the Appleton list. Maxim Gorky's novel, *Mother*, ran in 1906-7. James Branch Cabell's offering was "The Scapegoats," a short story (1906). Agnes and Egerton Castle, then at the height of their popularity, contributed several short stories. There were serials by Molly Elliot Seawell, Porter Emerson Browne, John Oxenham, and other novelists. The emphasis was upon fiction.

In other departments only three items need be mentioned. There were serialized extracts from the interesting journals and other papers of Henry Latrobe, the architect of the capitol in Washington. Two articles by Sarah Bernhardt on her experiences during the Siege of Paris were extracts from the great actress's *Memories of My Life* which Appleton brought out as a book in 1907. Of this autobiography a rumor circulated in New York that it was the work of a press agent—"ghost-written," as we should say. The publishers were able to contradict this report, for Sears had visited Mme. Bernhardt in Paris and had gone over with her the long series of

notebooks in which she had herself written every word of her reminiscences. Another autobiography, Hall Caine's *My Story*, was serialized in 1908-9 and issued as a book in the latter year. It rounded out appropriately the long line of books by this author which the firm had published.

Appleton's Magazine, for all the excellence of its contents, was a losing venture. It faced the competition of the old "high-class" monthlies which, as we shall see when we come to the history of the *Century Magazine*, were themselves in difficulties at this time. It was not sensational enough to compete with *McClure's* and similar periodicals; in fact, the only concession to the current demand for "muck-raking" exposures of sharp business practice was Rex Beach's series of articles on "The Looting of Alaska" (1906). The magazine fell between two stools, being neither sufficiently intellectual to appeal to a limited, loyal clientèle nor sufficiently popular for the great mass of readers. It consistently lost money. There are members of the firm still alive who remember a conference when solace was found in a financial statement showing that it was less deeply "in the red" than in a previous year. But in 1909 the decision was reached to cut losses and discontinue publication. This was done abruptly. The last words of the last issue (June, 1909) are "To be continued" at the close of an installment of a novel by Florence Morse Kingsley.

The most famous British author on the Appleton list in the early years of the present century was George Moore, and the story of his relations with his American publishers is an amusing one. "Mr. Moore is at all times a very difficult person to deal with," the London branch once reported; and again: "Moore is quite mad." So long ago as 1894 the firm had been one of several American publishers who rejected *Esther Waters*, the finest of all English novels of the naturalistic school. In 1898, perhaps regretting their adverse decision in the case of a much greater book, they accepted *Evelyn Innes*, paying £250 advance on 15 per cent royalties. "This is the best I can do," wrote their London representative, "and I do not think the book is worth it. I have interpolated a clause giving us the right of revision in matters of taste and I hope that this clause will be accepted." It was: with Moore's consent alterations were made in the American text of *Evelyn Innes*. The central theme—the rival claims of the cloister and what may be euphemistically called the hearth—was not fully developed till the sequel,

Sister Teresa, which, though it is really the second part of a single novel, Appleton did not publish, perhaps from reluctance to wound the sensibilities of the devout. But the firm brought out *The Lake* (1905), a more subtle treatment of the same theme, and one of Moore's masterpieces.

Memoirs of My Dead Life (1906) involved the publishers in controversy with their temperamental author. These reminiscences, chiefly of Moore's amatory experiences, were in their candor in advance of their time. In the manuscript submitted for editorial inspection two of the most "daring" episodes were not included, and it was on the basis of this manuscript that D. Appleton and Company accepted the *Memoirs* for publication. But the copy supplied for the press consisted of proof-sheets of the English edition, containing the questionable episodes. Sears sent word to Moore that Appleton could not publish the book unless two stories, "The Lovers of Orelay" and "In the Luxembourg Gardens," were omitted. The upshot of an amusing exchange of letters was that Moore consented to the suppression of a few short passages in both chapters on condition that the American edition should include as a special foreword an "Apologia pro Scriptis Meis." It is not one of Moore's best pieces of special pleading. There are the old, oft-repeated arguments against the censorship and the vigilance societies, with a championship of "natural" morality as opposed to the morality dictated by the churches. So long as D. Appleton and Company retained the rights to the *Memoirs* this foreword was included in their editions; when Moore retired into the arcanum of editions "printed for subscribers only" and the rights were transferred to Liveright, this preface was suppressed. In the "privately printed" edition (Boni and Liveright, 1920) the deleted passages are restored. Today, when old-fashioned reticences have broken down, they seem, if not precisely "innocent," not very "dangerous." The work of censorship was skilfully accomplished, and one must have both texts before one to discover what was omitted. To detect the omissions and observe how the narratives are stitched together at the resultant gaps is an amusing occupation for an idle hour.

The *Memoirs of My Dead Life* was followed by a much greater autobiographical work, the famous *Hail and Farewell*, which Appleton brought out in three installments between 1911 and 1914. The firm was evidently doubtful about the success of this book, for when agreeing to publish the first volume they merely took options on

the second and third. The reception of *Ave* was sufficiently enthusiastic to warrant the publication of *Salve* and *Vale*. These reminiscences of Moore's relations with the writers of the Irish Literary Renaissance, in which (as the present writer has said elsewhere*) "wit, malice, perversity, impishness, and insinuation are inextricably intertwined, and fact and fancy so cleverly fused that it is difficult to determine just where truth yields place to something very like mendacity," are so well known that further appreciative remarks are unnecessary. The Irish trilogy is perhaps the most celebrated book published by Appleton in this century. When the firm surrendered their rights to Moore's other books, they retained their rights to this for some time longer. In November, 1924, still harboring a grudge about their treatment of the *Memoirs*, Moore wrote to them *à propos* of a prospective revised edition:

I had not read the book since I wrote it, and on rereading it it struck me as being more likely than any of my other books to survive during the next thirty or forty years; and nobody, I suppose, in his senses looks forward to a longer immortality. . . . Your attitude of mind towards books I find extremely difficult to understand. You have consistently refused to print a complete edition of "Memoirs of My Dead Life," yet you print "Vale" without any scruples at all, and certainly "Vale" is open to the same objections as the "Memoirs." I wonder whether you have ever considered how incongruous, how illogical, how unreasonable is your censorship? I don't press you for an answer on this point for I don't suppose you can give one.

No record of any answer is in the Company's files; but in 1925 a new edition of *Hail and Farewell* was published in two volumes. The text had been subjected to the author's customary thorough revision, and for this edition Moore wrote a new preface, both witty and beautiful, entitled "Art without the Artist." Part of that special Appleton preface and a characteristic episode from the narrative will be found in our Anthology.

Edith Wharton was already a novelist of great distinction when in 1912 *The Reef* appeared, the first of her books to be published by Appleton. This "international" story drew from Henry James an expression of regret that she did not possess "a country of [her] own." To her own country Mrs. Wharton returned in *Summer* (Appleton, 1917), a story set in New England. *The Marne* (1918), really a short story though Appleton issued it as a book, was a great

* *A Literary History of England*, ed. A. C. Baugh (New York, Appleton-Century-Crofts, 1948), p. 1498.

success because of its immediate topical appeal; it tells of an American boy's heroism, and is a protest, also, against American boastfulness and condescension towards France. *French Ways and Their Meaning* (1919) is not a novel but a sympathetic interpretation of the people among whom Mrs. Wharton lived. Then followed *The Age of Innocence* (1920) which won the Pulitzer Prize for the best novel of the year—a verdict that has stood the test of time, for many good judges regard it as Mrs. Wharton's masterpiece. D. Appleton and Company paid her \$15,000 for it in advance on account of royalties. The movie rights were sold to Warner Brothers. As recently as 1948 a translation into German was published by an Austrian firm acting through the United States Commission in Austria. Two episodes from this novel are included in our Anthology. In *The Glimpses of the Moon* (1922) Mrs. Wharton returned to the "international" scene. A most unusual—perhaps unique—experiment in publishing was undertaken when Appleton brought out *In Old New York* (1924), four short novels in four separate volumes all issued on the same day. Mrs. Wharton sets each of these tales in one of the four decades between 1840 and 1880. For want of space we cannot comment upon three later novels: *The Mother's Recompense* (1925), *Hudson River Bracketed* (1929), and *The Gods Arrive* (1932). There were also collections of short stories. Relations with Mrs. Wharton were maintained after the consolidation of Appleton with The Century Company. In 1934 they published her reminiscences, *A Backward Glance*, dealing in the main with the long European phase of her life. The picture presented is at once intellectual and opulent, crowded with famous figures in the world of letters and the arts and in "high" society. Three passages from this charming book will be found in our Anthology. Many years later the firm paid a final tribute to this brilliant woman by publishing Percy Lubbock's *Portrait of Edith Wharton* (1947).

David Graham Phillips came to fiction by way of "muckraking" journalism in which he exposed contemporary corruption in business and government. In his earlier novels he directed his crude but vigorous power as a satirist against the types and institutions which were under the fire of the reformers in the first years of this century—Wall Street, industrial magnates, political bosses, and the like. He then turned to the problems of the American home, with particular attention to the position of women in modern society and to the so-called "double standard" of sexual morality. In rapid

succession Appleton brought out *The Hungry Heart* (1909), *Old Wives for New* (1910), *The Price She Paid* (1912), and other novels which attracted wide attention because of their bold vigor but have failed to hold it because of their lack of artistry. As early as 1908 Phillips had completed the book for which he is remembered, *Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise*, but publication of it was postponed, apparently because it was calculated that the public would one day become accustomed to candid discussions of the "social evil." In 1911 Phillips was killed by a madman who imagined that his family had been insulted in one of his novels. In 1912 Appleton sold the serial rights to *Susan Lenox* to the International Magazine Company for \$12,500, and in 1915 it appeared in the *Cosmopolitan*, arousing many protests. When issued as a book in 1917 Appleton had to make changes in the text at the instance of the Society for the Suppression of Vice. Today no one would be shocked by its candor though many people would be by its crudity. A curious episode in the novel's history occurred in 1927 when sales in England suddenly expanded because much attention was drawn to it by a letter read at an inquest: the friends of a deceased woman were told to read *Susan Lenox* "to see what a woman had to go through." The novel is still on the "active list" of Appleton-Century-Crofts. Phillips's art, such as it was, was contaminated by his early experiences as a sensational journalist. The honesty and sincerity of his purposes are still apparent, but the weakness and naïveté of his psychology are even more obvious.

A few novels by Robert W. Chambers have already been mentioned. He had been an Appleton author for a short time in the middle eighteen-nineties, and reappeared on their list in 1905 with the still amusing *Iole*, which was turned into a musical comedy. In 1906 came the immense success of *The Fighting Chance*, followed by *The Firing Line* (1909), *The Common Law* (1911), and a long line of later novels of society life. Unlike Phillips in temperament, intentions, and point of view, he was like him in that both writers were so closely attached to their own period that they have little to say to ours.

The appeal of a short and unpretentious novel by Zona Gale has been more lasting than the flashy reforming zeal of Phillips or the flashy satire of Chambers. *Miss Lulu Bett* had been rejected by at least six publishers before Appleton accepted and published it in 1920. The dramatic rights were promptly purchased by Brock

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Pemberton, who asked Miss Gale to dramatize the story herself. In this form it received the Pulitzer Prize for the best play of the year. The quiet, sympathetic realism of the novel may be sampled in the excerpts in our Anthology.

From the early 'nineties on, D. Appleton and Company had been publishing books by the English novelist, John Collis Snaith. Though he seems never to have made the best-seller list, he held the allegiance of a loyal following. His story of the Great War, *The Undeclared* (1919), ran through more than twenty printings. Appleton, it may be noted, published comparatively little fiction having the war as its subject.

There was one novelist whose productions were marketed on the scale of "big business." In 1920 the announcement that D. Appleton and Company had become the publishers of Harold Bell Wright's books made a considerable stir, for, apart from any consideration of literary rank or merit, Wright was the most popular author in America—perhaps in the English-speaking world. He had been a minister in the church of the Disciples of Christ and had occupied various pulpits in the Middle West when the success of *The Shepherd of the Hills* (1907) led to his retirement from the ministry to devote himself to writing. This story and *The Winning of Barbara Worth* (1911) and a few others were taken over by Appleton in 1923. His first book to bear the Appleton imprint was *Helen of the Old House* (1921), followed by *The Mine of the Iron Door* (1923), *A Son of His Father* (1925), and *God and the Groceryman* (1927). Figures speak eloquently of the success of this preacher turned novelist: by 1924 his ten novels had sold more than twelve million copies, or an average of 1,200,000 copies of each book. For a decade or longer the demand was so large that Appleton established a special department for the manufacture, promotion, and distribution of his books. A genuine moral earnestness, a simplicity of appeal, and a talent for characterization, not subtle but lucid, were the qualities which brought Wright his immense audience. To the literary historian his vogue is significant, for it shows by contrast how comparatively limited was the mode of post-war cynicism which appealed to the intellectuals of the period.

A phenomenon in American culture after the First World War was the rise of "little theatres," and this was reflected in the activities of D. Appleton and Company. Hitherto they had devoted little attention to the drama. Now, they gradually accumulated a

list of plays, which in 1924 was much augmented through the purchase of the publishing interests of Stewart Kidd and Company, a Cincinnati house which had specialized in plays and books on the drama. The Appleton list of short plays, whether published separately or in anthologies, became one of the most important in the country. Among the dramatists represented were Eugene O'Neill, Christopher Morley, Stuart Walker, and Booth Tarkington. Supplementing these were histories of the stage and books on dramatic technique. In similar fashion the firm took advantage of the new interest in verse to publish several anthologies of poetry, old and modern, as well as the "Appleton Library of Verse."

Much larger was the branch of the business devoted to books for boys. Ralph Henry Barbour, who sometimes used the pen-name of "Richard Stillman Powell," was the author of *The Halfback* (1899), *For the Honor of the School* (1900), and more than forty other stories, generally of school life. William Heyliger made a specialty of school athletics in his earlier books, but came later to deal with the more serious problems of adolescence, conveying to boys the wise counsel that they should not abandon the pursuit of an education after grammar school but should continue through high school and college. Teachers have often testified to the good influence of his writings. He traveled through the length and breadth of the United States, observing the methods and discipline of many schools. Joseph A. Altsheler, who has been called "the twentieth-century Cooper" but might more accurately be described as "the American G. A. Henty," wrote several historical romances for adults but is remembered for his more than thirty tales of adventure adapted to the taste and mentality of boys. Most of these fall into one or another of half a dozen series based upon one or another period in American history from the French and Indian Wars, through the Revolution and Civil War, to a World War series which was completed just before his death in 1919. A clear narrative style, an ability to characterize simply but convincingly, and a not too subtle humor won Altsheler his large adolescent following. Plenty of robust action is placed against a background of authentic history, so that young readers absorbed much knowledge of the development of the United States without realizing that they were being instructed. The wholesome robustness of these and other Appleton juveniles (such as those by Trevor Hill, Emerson Hough, and Walter Camp) was certainly a factor in the decision of the national

authorities of the Boy Scouts of America to entrust to the firm the publication of the official *Boy Scouts Year Book* as well as other publications sponsored by the organization and edited by the chief Scout Librarian, Franklin K. Matthews. These are *The Boy Scouts Book of Stories*, *The Boy Scouts Book of Campfire Stories*, and *The Boy Scouts Own Book*.

We turn now to books for adults other than fiction. Many Appleton biographies have been mentioned in earlier pages of this history; a few more must be recorded. At the time when publishers were competing for books on the Spanish-American War, to Appleton came Admiral Winfield Scott Schley's *Forty-five Years under the Flag* (1904) and Admiral Robley D. Evans's *A Sailor's Log* (1901), followed by *An Admiral's Log* (1910). Of a very different kind were the brilliant biographies translated from the French of André Maurois: *Ariel, the Life of Shelley* (1924), *Disraeli* (1928), and *Byron* (1930). The first of these, though as biography the least reliable, was the greatest popular success. Appleton published other books by Maurois, and the connection was continued with the D. Appleton-Century Company, one of whose first books was *The Edwardian Era* (1933) from which we have taken two short excerpts for the Anthology.

The First World War was the subject of a flood of reminiscences which nearly submerged some publishing houses. From this spate the House of Appleton stood almost entirely clear, but they issued a few important volumes. Brand Whitlock, the famous reform mayor of Toledo, had written several novels in the early years of the century, and it was with the hope that he might find leisure for a novel for which he had signed a contract with Appleton that in 1913 he accepted President Wilson's appointment as Minister to Belgium, a post which he estimated as an honorable sinecure. He had been in Brussels but a few months when hostilities commenced and he found himself in the center of the maelstrom. All thoughts of the novel were perforce discarded. In the midst of great responsibilities Whitlock found time to make notes and memoranda which were sent out of Belgium in the U. S. diplomatic pouches and stored in London. After the war Whitlock composed a narrative of his experiences. It is important because he had seen more of the war than almost any other American, and it is of literary value because he was a trained writer who knew how to select and organize his material. *Belgium under the German Occupation* (Apple-

ton, 1919) has its place among the primary documents of the First World War.

A broader view of the conflict was offered in John Bach McMaster's *The United States in the World War* of which Appleton brought out the first volume in 1918 and the second in 1920. It supplied an immediate need, but the documents necessary for a really authoritative narrative were not yet all available and this history has been superseded. William Barclay Parsons's *American Engineers in France* (1920) is a record of one of the most impressive achievements of the A.E.F.; and Vivian Gilbert's *Romance of the Last Crusade* (1923) is a narrative of Lord Allenby's campaign in Palestine.

Meanwhile throughout the three decades since the reorganization of 1900 the more specialized branches of the firm's activities continued to live and grow. The Appletons had always shared with other great publishing houses the sense that their business was in the nature of a public trust and that they must at times bring out works of weighty significance involving large outlays of money without an absolute assurance of remuneration. Such books of course occasioned anxiety, for no business firm can be unmindful of the problem of sales. A case in point is G. Stanley Hall's monumental psychological treatise on *Adolescence* which Appleton published in 1904. William Worthen Appleton had come to be on terms of close friendship with Hall, who was President of Clark University. Appreciating his learning and insight and realizing the bearing his researches had upon genetics and the problems of youth, growth, and education, Appleton was nevertheless put off by the ponderous pedantry of Hall's style. Friendly but candid pressure was put upon him to simplify, counsel which Hall did not resent but on the contrary followed. It is largely due to this editorial guidance that his book, instead of remaining within the arcanum of specialists, became a force in American thought. To undertake so large a work at a time when the firm was in financial difficulties required boldness, but the reception of *Adolescence* quickly quieted apprehension. A condensed version entitled *Youth* appeared in 1906. Much later came Hall's treatise on *Senescence* (1922) and in 1923 his *Life and Confessions of a Psychologist*.

In the 1920's the Appleton Educational Department initiated several new and successful series in the field of education, notably the Appleton Series in Supervision and Teaching (1924), edited by

A. S. Barr and William H. Burton, and the Appleton Series in Special Methods, with Paul Klapper and Raleigh Schorling as editors. The publications in these and in other series provided a group of so-called professional textbooks that brought Appleton recognition as outstanding publishers in this field.

The Medical Department had been for a long time, as we have seen, one of the more important branches of the business. Many, if not most, of the Appleton treatises and textbooks on medicine, surgery, and related subjects originated in the office of the medical editor; that is to say, authorities were more frequently invited to contribute than were unsolicited manuscripts accepted for publication. It was the duty of the department to keep abreast not only of the latest discoveries, theories, and techniques but of the most promising men in the various fields, often younger workers who would be the leaders of tomorrow. The progress of these sciences is so rapid that there is danger lest works necessarily long in preparation may be out-of-date shortly after publication; and as the production of such books involves very great expense it is of vital importance that probable trends of scientific advance be carefully estimated. Even with the most skillful prognosis it has been again and again necessary to subject standard books to repeated revision. Some instances may be noted.

One of Appleton's largest publications was the *Therapeusis of Internal Disease*, edited by Dr. Frederick Forchheimer with the collaboration of more than ninety specialists. It appeared in four cyclopaedic volumes in 1913 and, being instantly recognized as authoritative, was soon enlarged to six. When a decade later a revised edition was planned, modern conceptions of functional pathology had changed so radically that it was found impossible to retain even a single chapter of the original work. The new *Therapeusis* (1924) was the result of the collaboration of a hundred and fifty-five physicians under the editorship of Dr. George Blumer. The later history of Osler's *Principles and Practice of Medicine* affords another illustration. After Osler's death the responsibility for revisions was assumed by Dr. Thomas McCrae with the provision that he was to receive two-thirds of the royalties on the ninth edition and Lady Osler one-third and after that edition was exhausted McCrae was to receive all royalties. After McCrae's death the book was taken over by Dr. Henry A. Christian and has been so completely transformed that the Osler name is now practically

a trade-mark. In like manner other books that are classics in their fields have been modernized. Hans Zinsser's *Textbook of Bacteriology* has for years been the acknowledged leader as a textbook for medical students and, following Zinsser's death, was most capably revised first by Stanhope Bayne-Jones and then in 1948 by David T. Smith and a group of his associates at Duke University. Holt's *Diseases of Infancy and Childhood* has been edited by the son of the original author in collaboration with Dr. Rustin McIntosh. The latest revision of J. Whitridge Williams's *Obstetrics*, which is to appear in 1950, will be made by Dr. Nicholson J. Eastman. It would far transcend our bounds to catalogue many other authoritative works, but without implying that those not named are not of comparable importance, mention must be made of the Cole and Elman *Textbook of General Surgery*, Milton J. Rosenau's *Preventive Medicine and Hygiene*, the Barton and Yater *Symptom Diagnosis Regional and General*, Yater's *Fundamentals of Internal Medicine*, the Kolmer and Boerner *Approved Laboratory Technic*, and Kolmer's *Clinical Diagnosis by Laboratory Examinations*. In this paragraph we have looked ahead from the period when D. Appleton and Company was a separate firm to the present activities of Appleton-Century-Crofts, Inc.

Turning briefly to the field of Spanish, in 1903 *Appleton's New English-Spanish and Spanish-English Dictionary* by Arturo Cuyas was published. Twenty-five years later it was revised and enlarged by Antonio Llano. Generally accepted as the most authoritative and useful medium sized one-volume dictionary in its field, its sales to the present date have totaled considerably over two million dollars.

The beginnings of Appleton's publications in the field of music have been noted earlier. In 1915 a separate Music Department was constituted. In that year the *Whole World of Music* books—folios known to the trade as the "Appleton Green Books"—began to appear under the editorship of Albert E. Wier. The first of these was *Songs the Whole World Sings*. Of this and of *Piano Pieces the Whole World Plays* (1918) several hundred thousand copies were sold. There were other collections of songs, ballads, sacred music, and operas, and collections for the violin, the organ, and the saxophone. Altogether this series embraced twenty-nine albums. Similar in plan and scope were *The American Home Music Album* (1915), *Light Opera at Home*, *Grand Opera at Home*, and *Songs of the Sunny South*.

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An innovation experimented with during the nineteen-twenties was the "Appleton Book Service," an automobile delivery wagon which visited rural districts remote from book-shops. In the last years before the amalgamation with The Century Company the offices of D. Appleton and Company were at 35 West Thirty-second Street, the present offices of Appleton-Century-Crofts, Inc. The business was divided into six departments: the Trade Department, which handled fiction, biography, belles-lettres, history, travel, and other publications of the kind purchased in regular book-shops; the Medical Department; the College Department, for advanced textbooks; the general Education Department, for elementary and high schools and for the teaching profession; the Spanish Department, where one of the oldest branches of the business was still carried on; and the Music Department. The only magazine Appleton continued to bring out was *Bird Lore*, under the editorship of Frank M. Chapman. This they published for the National Association of Audubon Societies. They also acted as publishers for the National Municipal League, for certain texts coming from the University of Wisconsin, and for monographs of the University of Pennsylvania and the University Museum attached to the same institution.

It has been estimated that during the period between 1825 and 1933 the House of Appleton published between fifteen and sixteen thousand titles; and the guess has been ventured that somewhere around a quarter of a million manuscripts were rejected.

The CENTURY COMPANY

1. *Roswell Smith, Dr. Holland, and Their Associates*

THE HISTORY of The Century Company begins in Switzerland. On a summer evening of 1869 two Americans, Roswell Smith and Josiah Gilbert Holland, strolled back and forth on one of the bridges spanning the Rhone at Geneva. Though not yet intimate friends they were already acquainted and now met by appointment to discuss the project of launching a new "high-class" magazine in New York. Both men possessed energy and enthusiasm, and Smith's experience as an executive matched the literary talent of Holland, a popular writer and lecturer. By birth both were New Englanders, but they had lived and traveled in various parts of the United States and were accustomed to think not in parochial but in national terms.

Roswell Smith (1829-1892) was born in Connecticut. In early youth he acquired some experience in a publishing house in New York while at the same time studying law. Moving to Indiana, he established a successful practice and amassed a modest fortune. But he kept in mind the exciting world of publishers and journalists back East, and at length stakes were pulled up and he returned to New York to attempt the realization of a cherished dream, the founding of a new magazine or newspaper—he was at first undecided which it should be. After a survey of the field he went to Europe on a holiday, and it was on this tour that he met with his future partner in an important enterprise.

Josiah Gilbert Holland (1819-1881) had behind him a more varied career. He too was born in Connecticut. With parents too poor to send him to college, he picked up not only a general education but sufficient knowledge of medicine to enable him to practice in rural New England. His inclinations were, however, towards the life of letters, and as editor and proprietor he tried his prentice hand on the *Bay State Courier*, a short-lived venture into journalism. Then, in the days before the Civil War, he taught school in the South and for a year was in charge of the public schools in Vicksburg. In spare

moments he wrote moralizing essays and other things which were published in the Springfield *Republican*, the leading newspaper of western Massachusetts. The popularity of these ephemeralities led to his appointment as associate editor with a particular responsibility for "human interest." To the *Republican* he contributed many essays, poems, and tales, including a serialized novel, *The Bay Path* (1857), on religious intolerance in Connecticut in the seventeenth century. Here as in later novels the element of fiction is a thin coating to a profitable lesson in the right conduct of life. A series of *Letters to Young People*, signed "Timothy Titcomb," attracted wide attention and were gathered into a volume in 1858. Widely read also were his poems, *Bitter Sweet* (1858) and *Kathrina* (1868); the latter, at the time of Holland's death, had outsold all American poems except *Hiawatha*.

Dr. Holland was an earnest teacher of the obvious. In his own words his endeavour was "to hold a pure place in the popular heart"; and gradually he became "the guide, philosopher, and school-master of humanity at large," as Edward Eggleston characterized him. Skeptical intellectuals derided him as "the American Tupper"; but eighty years ago there was a large public, high-minded if shallow-minded, for simple and sturdy platitudes. His convictions were deep-rooted; it was his good fortune that they were in harmony with the prevailing morality of the period. He rang the changes upon such topics as sexual purity, abstention from alcohol, and the iniquities of Wall Street, and when secular subjects failed him there was the inexhaustible theme of the errors of Rome. Militantly Protestant (like his audience), he was, however, so broad-minded as to be distrusted by fundamentalists, who denounced him as a heretic.

He came to be in great request as a lecturer on the lyceum circuits. It was on a lecture tour that—early in a field where he has had so many successors—he gathered the material for a biography of Abraham Lincoln (1866), a simple narrative hastily written for an eager market, reasonably accurate considering the scarcity of documents as yet accessible, and uncontroversial in intent though it occasioned some controversy. It was while on circuit that he met the Indiana lawyer, Roswell Smith; and afterwards, when the latter's embryonic plans began to take form, the lecturer, so forthright and dogmatic, seemed to him the very man for his purpose. Hence the meeting in Geneva.

Charles Scribner, who had published some of Holland's books, had

recently offered him the editorship of *Hours at Home*, a magazine founded by Scribner at the close of the Civil War, impeccably moral in tone, evangelical, sabbatarian, and self-righteous. It attracted a large and loyal following, but by the end of the 'sixties the need was felt to reflect newer ideas. The ablest member of its staff was young Richard Watson Gilder (1844-1909), a man of brilliant promise; but Scribner wanted an older, more experienced, and more famous man, and the choice fell upon Holland. But Holland believed that *Hours at Home* was "moribund," and he was unwilling to conduct a magazine as a mere "tributary to a book-house." The time was ripe, he calculated, for a new departure.

The chief competitors to be faced were *Harper's Monthly* and the *Atlantic Monthly*. The former, founded in 1850, was the first elaborately illustrated American magazine, though its woodcuts were crude enough. Typography was of a piece with the illustrations. In its early years, as was then notorious and is still remembered, its pages had been filled with reprints of English books. The lack of an international copyright agreement deprived English authors of their due royalties and American authors of a market. Many years before the enactment of an international copyright act *Harper's* had abandoned its old practices and was making fair payment to foreign authors, but only gradually did it come to devote ample space to original American contributions. The *Atlantic Monthly*, founded in 1857, was from the first more loyal to native talent. Published in Boston, its heart was in New England, and while it was not strictly a regional magazine—it gave encouragement to writers from other parts of the country—national issues and national talent were seen and appraised through New England eyes. The intention of Smith and Holland to make their projected magazine truly national in scope and tone was doubtless easier to realize in cosmopolitan New York than in complacently self-satisfied Boston. A third competitor, *Putnam's Magazine*, which had been revived in 1868, did not establish itself successfully and was absorbed by Smith and Holland—a transaction which brought to them such able contributors as Bayard Taylor, Edmund Clarence Stedman, and Richard H. Stoddard.

Smith and Holland both possessed some capital, but their combined resources were not sufficient to launch a magazine. The decision was to enlist the support and coöperation of an established publisher, and the choice was an easy and obvious one. On their return to New York Charles Scribner was approached and a deal

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was effected. *Hours at Home* would be absorbed by the new magazine. A new organization, distinct from the book-publishing house of Charles Scribner, was formed under the name of Scribner and Company with Smith and Holland each holding three-tenths of the stock (thus possessing conjointly the majority interest) and Scribner the remaining four-tenths. The new firm was located at 654 Broadway till 1875 when it moved to 743 Broadway. Roswell Smith took the position of business executive and Josiah Holland that of editor-in-chief. The first number of their magazine appeared in November, 1870. It was called *Scribner's Monthly: An Illustrated Magazine for the People*. Dr. Holland thought it "a little selfish" to name it after one of the three partners, but the Scribner name carried weight and there was the precedent of several other periodicals called after their publishers.

To obviate confusion let us glance ahead to note how this magazine became the *Century*. In 1871 Charles Scribner died and his sons reconstructed the parent publishing house as Scribner, Armstrong and Company. This firm was again reconstituted in 1878 as Charles Scribner's Sons. Meanwhile the loosely connected Scribner and Company had become more and more independent. Roswell Smith had not originally intended to enter the book-publishing business; he even rejected promising manuscripts to which the condition was attached that they were not to be serialized in the magazine but brought out in book form. However, before many years—so attractive was the market for their most popular magazine successes—Scribner and Company had gradually abandoned this policy. The first book with their imprint was a now-forgotten volume of *Talks with Girls* (1876). This was followed in 1877 by Edward King's *The Great South* which had won nation-wide applause in serial form. Presently the organization branched out into an enterprise wholly independent of their magazine—the publication of hymn books, of which four appeared between 1878 and 1880. The situation became awkward, for the imprint of Scribner and Company, though the only one that could be used by Roswell Smith, seemed to invade the preserves of Charles Scribner's Sons; rival claims between two firms bearing names so confusingly similar were unavoidable. The problem became acute when Charles Scribner's Sons rejected a volume of short stories by George W. Cable, who then sold them to *Scribner's Monthly*. The only solution was an agreement to disagree.

But should Charles Scribner's Sons buy out Smith and Holland and absorb the younger business in the older? Or should Smith and Holland buy out the Scribner interest and continue their business independently? The latter course was decided upon. In these negotiations Holland, whose health was failing, took little part. Smith engaged himself to pay the Scribners a little over one hundred thousand dollars. But though the *Monthly* had prospered greatly, he did not possess anything like that amount of ready money. This consideration did not trouble him overmuch, for he was a deeply religious man and was confident that the Lord would provide. The Lord did provide. Since his early days he had owned in the Middle West a tract of land which was coal-bearing but hitherto of little value because there was no railway near-by to furnish transportation. In the nick of time when payment was due, a railway was put through; Smith sold his property for \$110,000, and the obligation was met. Smith took over most of Holland's shares, acquiring altogether about nine-tenths of the stock of the company. The remaining tenth was allotted to younger associates.

A clause in the agreement between Smith and the Scribners required that the name *Scribner's Monthly* be changed along with the name of the firm. The latter became The Century Company, and without any interruption of continuity or alteration in editorial policy, business management, or format their periodical became *The Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine*. The new name was selected, it is said, in honor of the Century Club of New York. The first number of the "New Series" appeared in November, 1881. The Scribners bound themselves not to begin the publication of any new magazine bearing their name for a period of five years, thus safeguarding The Century Company against the danger that their subscribers might be misled. At the end of the specified period *Scribner's Magazine* began to appear (1887), but by that time the *Century* was so well known under its new name that no confusion resulted. At the time of this reorganization the firm moved to new offices in a building on Union Square—offices they were to occupy for thirty-four years. With this dry but essential bit of history disposed of, we may return to the beginnings in the autumn of 1870.

Immediately or within a few years Smith and Holland gathered round them a remarkable group of associates.

Hours at Home having been merged in *Scribner's Monthly*, Richard Watson Gilder joined Holland as associate editor. The two men

made an excellent team, for while the doctor's eye was upon the respectable, literate, conservative public he had long been accustomed to addressing, his young colleague's eye was upon new movements in the world of scholarship, letters, and the fine arts. Soon much power was delegated to him by his chief, and after Holland's death in 1881 Gilder, succeeding him, exercised full authority as editor-in-chief till his death in 1909. For many years his sensitive taste was an influence for good in the direction of the magazine, though it must be said that in his last years his fastidiousness—not to say prudishness—was one factor in its decline. He was a more robust character than his position in the waning "genteel tradition," his frail appearance, and his delicate, derivative verse suggest. An intimate friendship with Grover Cleveland testifies to this inner strength, for the President was not a man to encourage such a relationship with a mere "aesthete." Gilder was active in good causes as various as international copyright, civil service reform, and the erection of the memorial arch in Washington Square; nor did he avoid controversy, as when he exposed the scandal of the Trinity Church tenements and when he disputed with Cesnola over the authenticity of the Cypriot marbles in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. He made his influence felt not only in the office but in his home at 115 East Fifteenth Street, where in surroundings resembling a Chelsea interior he and his charming wife entertained celebrities of the world of letters and the arts—Walt Whitman, John La Farge, Augustus St. Gaudens, Stanford White, Charles Dudley Warner, Joseph Jefferson, Mme. Modjeska—to name but a few. Towards the end of his life Maurice Francis Egan and other friends made an effort to procure for him the Nobel Prize in literature. This came to nothing; but how high was his reputation among his fellow-citizens is shown by the memorial tributes which, shortly after his death, appeared in the *Century* (February, 1910). George Edward Woodberry accorded him a rank as a poet which did not then seem extravagantly high, though there are few today who would concur in the estimate. Henry van Dyke appraised him as a moral force in national and municipal politics. Jacob A. Riis wrote on his work as a philanthropist; Cecilia Beaux on his relations to the fine arts; Robert Underwood Johnson on his achievement as an editor. There were briefer tributes from William Howard Taft, Nicholas Murray Butler, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, John Burroughs, George W. Cable, Andrew Carnegie, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, Miss Helen Keller, and other friends

and associates. The general sense was of a loss not only to the *Century* but to the community. This was perhaps best expressed by Sydney Brooks, the English publicist, in a private letter to Gilder's successor: "We all felt Gilder's passing as a blow to Anglo-American humanities. America seems to have a monopoly of poets and men of letters who are also great citizens."

In these words there was a gracefully implied compliment to the recipient of the letter, for Robert Underwood Johnson (1853-1937) was, like Gilder, a poet, a crusader in many worthy causes, and a public-spirited citizen. To his initiative was due the foundation of the Hall of Fame in New York, and he was active in the organization of the American Academy of Arts and Letters. He reached the summit of his career when Woodrow Wilson appointed him ambassador to Italy. Johnson joined the staff of *Scribner's Monthly* in 1873. He became assistant editor, associate editor, and after Gilder's death editor-in-chief. He resigned in 1913. L. Frank Tooker, another member of the editorial staff, was not of the inner circle which shaped policy, but he was largely responsible for whipping "copy" into proper form, a job which brought him into contact—sometimes collision—with many authors. To the *Century* he contributed a good deal of pleasant verse of no great distinction, often on themes of sailing and the sea, and in later years several regional novels as well as his reminiscences.

There were no rigidly defined boundaries between editorial and administrative functions. Not only Roswell Smith but some of his assistants did not limit their activities to matters of business. William Webster Ellsworth, a great-grandson of Noah Webster and a relative by marriage of Roswell Smith, was brought into the organization in 1878. In 1881 he became Secretary of The Century Company and between 1913 and 1915 was its President, following Frank Hall Scott who had succeeded Smith in 1892. Though his primary responsibilities were not editorial, Ellsworth often negotiated directly with authors. His taste and shrewdness of judgment are evinced in letters of advice to Gilder. Charles F. Chichester, the advertising manager, was another whose counsel was often sought by the editors. His experiments with new patterns of "lay-out" in the Company's circulars had their influence upon the typography of the magazine and of the Company's books.

The chief responsibility for format, typography, and illustrations rested upon Alexander William Drake, who was head of the art de-

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partment of The Century Company and its predecessor from 1871 till his death in 1916. After the first few years he had the able services of W. Lewis Fraser as an associate. The exacting standards of typography which Drake set up were little short of revolutionary in the eighteen-seventies; and if the accomplishments seem to us pretty old-fashioned and humdrum, it is but fair to compare them not with the best magazine printing of our own day but with the slovenly, crowded, and dingy "lay-out" and the small and battered type then characteristic. This improvement was in part due to the employment of the old firm of Francis Hart and Company to print the magazine. A partner in this firm was Theodore Low De Vinne (1828-1914). After Hart's death in 1877 De Vinne had control of the business and in 1883 changed its name to Theo. L. De Vinne and Company. When he retired in 1908 it was continued under the corporate name of the De Vinne Press. A clear idea of the technical improvements in typography may be obtained from his article on "The Printing of *The Century*" in the number for November, 1890. Even more distinguished were his finest books, many of them published by The Century Company. He became immensely learned in his craft. His contributions to the history of printing, his standing and reputation among fellow-craftsmen, and his most memorable achievements in typography are recorded in the *Catalogue of Works of the De Vinne Press* (1929), which describes an exhibition at the Grolier Club in celebration of the centenary of his birth. He was one of the founders of the Grolier Club and served as its President from 1904 to 1906. To Drake and De Vinne together is due the credit for leading American illustration into a new period of fine accomplishment. To secure brilliant impressions of line-engraving and (at a later date) of half-tone plates De Vinne made use of a new heavily-coated, thick and glossy paper which he and Drake had helped to perfect. Modern taste has turned away from "art paper," and to judge the results fairly one must compare them with the quality of illustrations before it was employed. Moreover, De Vinne himself did not like glossy paper but used it simply because he could not procure paper of the necessary smoothness without gloss.

J. Henry Harper, in *The House of Harper* (1912), has recorded that the quality of the engraving in *Scribner's Monthly* "caused the staff of engravers in our establishment to pull down their visors, place a lance in rest, and take notice, for they had at last found a rival worthy of their steel." Harper goes on to remark that the competition

for the services of expert engravers became in the eighteen-eighties so keen that undoubtedly it hastened the adoption of process reproduction.

Today, when wood-engraving has been superseded by mechanical processes and is almost a lost art in the world of magazines and commercial publishing, it is difficult to realize that eighty years ago there were upwards of a thousand journeyman wood-engravers employed in New York—"wood-peckers," as Timothy Cole called them. To these generally more or less incompetent artisans was entrusted the task of redrawing in reverse upon the block the original supplied by the artist. How crude were the results may be seen if you leaf over the books and magazines of the period. Drake introduced a new process of photographing an original drawing directly upon the block, which was then engraved, the elimination of an intermediate stage enhancing the accuracy and delicacy of the product. Early specimens in *Scribner's Monthly* of the results thus obtained are Cole's engraving after a photograph of Augustus St. Gaudens's bas-relief of "Angels Adoring the Cross" in St. Thomas's Church, New York (1877), his portrait of Lincoln from a drawing by Wyatt Eaton (1878), and his portrait of Edgar A. Poe, which is the frontispiece to Volume XX (1880). The "Lincoln" was so much admired and roused so much curiosity that *Scribner's Monthly* published a simple account of the new technique.* A series of engravings after paintings by Millet established Cole's reputation, overshadowing that of other skillful *Century* engravers such as J. H. E. Whitney, R. C. Collins, and T. Johnson.

Timothy Cole (1852-1931), English by birth but American from early childhood, had been an engraver for the magazine *Hearth and Home*. His accuracy of line won him employment by the *Scientific American*. This work attracted Drake's attention with the consequence that Cole came to *Scribner's Monthly* in 1876. So admirable were his engraved copies of works of art that, acting upon a suggestion made by Lewis Fraser, his employers sent him abroad in 1883 to work directly from original paintings in the great galleries and elsewhere. He was abroad almost continuously until 1910. His original contract called for one block every month. Generally he maintained this rate, though occasionally he resented the pressure put upon him, as when in a letter he burst out: "Mr. Drake's hurry and worry is

* For a time the *Monthly* offered prizes to young students of engraving. Drake, De Vinne, and Cole were judges in these competitions.

simply the damnation of everything in the way of good work." Lists of paintings to be engraved were sent to him by Drake, and he obediently traveled from place to place, living for long periods in Italy, France, Spain, Germany, the Low Countries, and England. He was expected to supply notes to accompany his plates, and though he furnished this letter-press faithfully he did not relish the task, for the precious daylight hours were employed in his art and at night he was weary. Relations with his editors were for the most part cordial, but he possessed the artistic temperament and when he disagreed he disagreed violently. He was angry when they questioned the propriety of his engraving of Mantegna's "Circumcision of Christ" and outraged when in 1900 one of his plates was set in an ornamental frame, a "peppered dark green margin." "There is no reason for this departure from common sense!" he exclaimed.

But Cole was happy in his work. What took him to Europe was the realization that photography falsified color values, heightening some and depressing others. In Europe, while continuing to employ photographs on the block, he worked in the galleries where in the presence of the original paintings he could recreate the values by light and shade. To tourists he was for years a familiar figure, busily at work with his back to a painting, peering into a mirror, for there had to be a reversed copy on the block. In 1917 Cole published in the *Century* an essay called "The Magic Line," an authoritative discussion of the problems he faced and the technique employed for their solution. In the past, extravagant claims have been made for his achievement (notably by Robert Underwood Johnson in a tribute published by the American Academy of Arts and Letters after Cole's death), and they need to be qualified. It must be remembered that the engraver's object was not so much to copy as to create an illusion by transferring color values into black and white. He was by no means uniformly successful. But it may fairly be said that through his work the *Century* made a contribution of great value to American appreciation of the art of painting.

Altogether Cole engraved about 230 blocks from the Old Masters. All but about fifty of these were gathered into four beautiful volumes published by The Century Company. *Old Italian Masters* (1892), with 67 plates, has historical notes by W. J. Stillman and an account by him of Cole's technical methods—a more complicated matter than there has been space to describe fully here. *Old Dutch and Flemish Masters* (1895), with critical notes by John C. Van

Dyke, contains but 30 plates and is limited to seventeenth-century artists, which is unfortunate, for the Flemish primitives were congenial to Cole's taste and lent themselves well to his technique. *Old English Masters* (1902), with 48 plates, has a commentary by Van Dyke. *Old Spanish Masters* (1907), with 31 plates, has historical notes by Charles H. Coffin. All four volumes contain the engraver's own comments. The plates from French painters were never gathered into a volume. These four fine books form a monument to Timothy Cole—and to The Century Company's enterprising spirit.

Of other members of the staff there is room to mention here only Clarence Clough Buel (1850-1933), an industrious and influential assistant editor, and William Carey, an invaluable editor-of-all-work, "the Little Friend of All the World," as Tooker called him. The entire group worked together in a spirit of harmony and congenial friendship. Long afterwards Robert Underwood Johnson recalled the early years as "a veritable epoch of delight."

The editors adhered to a policy and pattern and maintained their standards of morality, propriety, taste, and style for many years after *Scribner's Monthly* had become the *Century*. They made their bow to the public in 1870 with a promise to provide what is "best and purest," "the best reading that money will buy," "the finest illustrations procurable at home and abroad," "something in every number that will interest and instruct every member of every family" into which the magazine might find its way. It would attempt to bridge the gap between culture and the common people, and one of the objects it had at heart was to heal the estrangement of religion and science. Very quickly the *Monthly* found its way into many families and within a few years it could boast of a circulation of 100,000 copies. Repeatedly the editors urged their subscribers not to throw away old numbers but to pass them on to readers who could not afford to subscribe. It is a reasonable calculation that the magazine soon reached half a million readers. As a family magazine it helped to form national taste and sentiment. The editors felt the weight of their responsibilities as purveyors of valuable instruction and harmless entertainment. Any semblance of profanity or impropriety was scrupulously avoided. Dr. Holland's serious and devout mind was troubled by fiction, though he wrote novels; in earlier days and other places he had denounced it as frivolous. This prejudice helps to account for the infusion of moral purpose whose effect is so devitalizing in the now-forgotten novels of the magazine's first years. The

moral tone and standard adopted from the first were adhered to long after Holland's death, and without cynicism it may be held that the *Century's* reluctance to liberalize itself and change with the changing times was in part responsible for its ultimate decline and disappearance.

A few illustrations of how this standard was applied may be given. Among Cole's letters is an amusing one to Gilder in 1888 regarding Mantegna's "Circumcision," which Gilder had found "objectionable." Cole suggested that the decision as to whether this engraving should appear in the *Century* might be left to the subscribers. He wrote: "Could not a number of copies be printed and circulated among the subscribers? I cannot believe there is a man, woman or child in the whole land that would not give their unreserved assent." When Cole heard that it was proposed to add heavier shading to the objectionable portion of the baby's anatomy, he wrote indignantly to Johnson: "The subject was especially indicated by you. . . . I have followed my instructions, and now you do me the injustice of disfiguring my work." In the end the engraving was published without retouching and without—so far as the record goes—damage to the morality of any American family.

The Century Company's correspondence contains innumerable letters enjoining upon authors "soundness," "wholesomeness," "hopefulness," and "helpfulness." Mark Twain was angry when Gilder deleted some passages from *Pudd'nhead Wilson* because he considered them too "broad." In 1898 Johnson wrote to Gilder about an interview with James Lane Allen who had outlined to him the plot of his new novel, *The Mettle of the Pasture*. Johnson is concerned about the illegitimate child who is the center of the story. "The thing is never treated as right; the moral standard is not let down. . . . There is no talk that is objectionable, but the fact may be." He adds: "Harper or Scribner could print it at once, but we have such a conservative reputation—much more so perhaps than our audience—that we must hesitate." In 1900 Gilder suppressed part of one of Richard Whiteing's articles on Paris. Whiteing wrote that he understood Gilder's motive, and went on to explain—

I thought it would be well not to leave the subject untouched, because they [the *Century's* readers] will certainly hear a good deal of these Montmartre cafés when they are in Paris, and it is just as well that they should hear as much of the truth as may serve as a warning.

When in 1910 Robert Hichens submitted the synopsis of the story of a woman who "takes a lover" in order to "give her husband a child," Ellsworth's peremptory comment was that this "would rule it out of the *Century*."

Virginia Frazer Boyle, a frequent contributor of poems and dialect stories, reported to Gilder in 1909 a conversation she had overheard on the veranda of a resort hotel. A woman told a fellow-guest that she had had to tear several pages out of certain magazines and "a whole story out of *Scribner's*" before she could permit her daughters to read them. "The *Century* is the only monthly I am willing to let the girls see first. I feel safe there." Gilder, Johnson, and their colleagues were not precisely prudes; but as a business policy and also as a matter of good taste they aimed to make their clientèle—intelligent people but conservative and above all genteel—"feel safe." So it was in matters of religion; like Pater's hero, they were "utterly purposed not to offend." It is with surprise that one comes across a letter from Maurice Francis Egan (himself a Roman Catholic) to Johnson, warning him: "You will ruin yourselves if you allow that word 'Romish' to be used." One would have thought the caution unnecessary.

The scrutiny of "copy" to guard against errors of fact was as meticulous as was the maintenance of the proprieties. There were constant consultations with specialists on many subjects. The Cole correspondence contains many instances of the care taken in verification. Two or three examples may be drawn from other sources. In a short story the hero was made to travel from New York to Phoenix, Arizona, by way of St. Paul, Minnesota. The editors remonstrated that this was a very roundabout journey. The author accepted the correction with the explanation that she had been thinking of the direct route to Spokane! In another story the inscription on a monument to Farragut was quoted, and the editors requested the author to verify a date which they believed to be incorrectly transcribed. In a letter to Maurice Francis Egan about his biography of St. Francis of Assisi, Johnson mooted no less than fifteen questions of fact about which he had doubts. The care for details of style was equally scrupulous. When Gilder suggested an alteration in a sonnet by Hildegard Hawthorne, she replied meekly: "I have done my best with the sonnet now, I think—the line you mentioned struck me like a blow when I stood off and looked at it."

James Lane Allen first appeared in the *Century* in February, 1887,

and thereafter at least once annually till 1892. How exacting were Gilder's standards is shown by the fact that he required Allen to rewrite *The White Cowl* twice before accepting it. That story and another stirred up some controversy, being unjustly accused of being anti-Catholic. This was perhaps the reason why Allen disappeared from the magazine for many years. When he submitted the manuscript of *A Cathedral Singer* (1914) he wrote: "It is so long since I had a manuscript sent back to me with Mr. Gilder's suggestions that I should like to know once more how it feels." Gilder's methods were continued after his death. Special difficulties often arose when excessively long manuscripts had to be cut. The editors expressed their appreciation when Allen did not object to the shortening of his novel *The Sword of Youth*. "If all authors were as considerate and generous . . . as you are, the editor's life would be a happy one. I've found out one thing, Sir,—it is the really big man who is most amenable." Tooker tells us that Phyllis Bottome commended his "wonderful skill" in cutting *The Dark Tower*; "I hardly ever knew when you had condensed it," she remarked. Other authors were not always so "amenable." John Hay, for example, had resented the cutting of the biography of Lincoln; but that work was more than a million words long and simply had to be abbreviated for serialization. Here is one other instance. An article on the Great War sent from Paris had to be shortened. On reading it the author cabled: "Stunned indignant heartbroken at incredible unauthorized mutilations." The editors had to bear with many such protests; it was part of their *métier*.

Two matters of policy in the early years of *Scribner's Monthly* require brief comment. From various English predecessors the mid-nineteenth-century American magazines inherited the policy of anonymity in contributions. Editors were inclined to regard their publications as organs of personal opinion, and an anonymous article seemed to speak *ex cathedra*. Moreover, some authors believed that publication in a periodical would lower their reputation—which is why John Hay did not permit his authorship of *The Bread-winners* to be revealed. *Scribner's Monthly* adopted the curious compromise of leaving almost all articles unsigned but supplying the authors' names in the table of contents. Gradually this was abandoned and names were attached to contributions.

The magazine at first accepted some articles that were practically advertisements. These were not paid for, and in some cases the magazine was paid for inserting them. The practice was in accord with

current publishers' ethics, and Holland saw nothing discreditable or reprehensible in it. It was due to Gilder's insistence that it was abandoned. Roswell Smith broke with an old tradition of the monthlies when he accepted paid advertisements. This decision had in the long run far-reaching consequences, for in later years of higher costs of production it has been the revenue from this source that has enabled magazines to maintain themselves.

2. *Scribner's Monthly*

WITHIN THE limits of this historical sketch it is not possible to record all the impressions that remain after an exhaustive survey of the 120 volumes of the *Century* from its beginnings as *Scribner's Monthly* in November, 1870, to its end in 1930. We can but suggest the general pattern followed for many years, hit the principal high spots, and discuss in some detail the major enterprises. The story of the magazine includes part of the story of The Century Company, because the books published by them were often reprints from its pages with or without revision and amplification. But the two stories are not identical, for material published in the magazine often appeared in book form with the imprint of other publishers; magazine rights might be purchased without book rights. Moreover, The Century Company engaged in many large enterprises in no way related to the *Century*. The achievement in the field of book publication is the subject of a later chapter. The present chapter is concerned with the twenty-two volumes of *Scribner's Monthly*, from 1870 to 1881, which embrace precisely the period of Dr. Holland's editorship.

It was Holland's intention to encourage American novelists, but it seems to have taken him some time to make the necessary contacts, and meanwhile, after a not very promising beginning with novels by George Macdonald and Mrs. Oliphant, he turned to the nearest native source of supply—himself, publishing in rapid succession between 1873 and 1876 *Arthur Bonnicastle*, *The Story of Sevenoaks*, and *Nicholas Minturn*. The first is in part autobiographical. The second contains a memorable characterization of an unscrupulous man of affairs who cheats an inventor out of his patent-rights, makes a fortune in oil, and in the end is convicted of forgery. The third centers in the figure of a rich young man who desires to be of service to

humanity—a sort of American Kenelm Chillingly. There was good material for fiction in all three but it was swamped in the doctor's prosy moralizings.

In 1875 Edward Everett Hale's magazine, *Old and New*, was merged in *Scribner's Monthly*, and in that year and the next his novelette, *Philip Nolan's Friends*, a sort of sequel to *The Man Without a Country*, ran serially. Dr. Edward Eggleston, after contributing several short stories, offered in *Roxy* (1878) a full-length picture of life in a small Indiana town. From novels of this kind he came to be known as "the first of the Hoosiers." Before the end of the first decade Bret Harte, who had deserted the *Overland Monthly*, had published in *Scribner's Monthly*, besides a few poems and short stories (but none of his best), his only attempt at a novel, *Gabriel Conroy*. In it there are the makings of a memorable romance of early California, but Harte, who had a fine sense of the single dramatic situation, did not apprehend a large design, and the book is a failure. A young American expatriate, Henry James, Jr., sent from England several short stories and the novel *Confidence* (1879), which ran through several numbers. James was paid for it generously, as he told Miss Grace Norton when urging her to await its publication in book form and not read it in the pages of "that puerile periodical." No one but James would have applied that adjective to *Scribner's Monthly*. Frances (at first "Fanny") Hodgson Burnett, a young English woman who had married and settled in Kentucky, touched the fringes of "international" fiction in *Le Monsieur de la Petite Dame*, a sentimental but not displeasing tale of a middle-aged Frenchman and his young American wife; and then, going to another extreme, published a "regional" story of North Carolina. For many years Mrs. Burnett was a constant contributor, her novels following one another in almost uninterrupted succession. One of the great successes of the early years was the series of stories by Helen Hunt (Mrs. Jackson). They were written under the pseudonym "Saxe Holm," and the mystery attaching to the authorship enhanced their popularity. Lighter fare was provided by the whimsical Frank R. Stockton, whose first contribution was *The Pilgrim's Packet* (1872), the pointless but still rather charming tale of the love of a fairy for a Dominican abbot. In 1874-5 the first two incidents of *Rudder Grange* appeared as no more than amusing anecdotes; in the second of these (part of which we reprint in the Anthology), Pomona the servant-girl, a genuine imaginative creation, was introduced. This narrative

of most peculiar housekeeping won so wide an audience that it was afterwards greatly expanded.

George W. Cable, another writer, who became very popular, entered *Scribner's Monthly* in 1873 with '*Sieur George*, his first sketch of the strange, picturesque, confused intermingling of races and customs in New Orleans. This was quickly followed by *Belles Dames Plantation*, '*Tite Poulette*, *Madame Delicieuse*, and other stories of the Creoles, the Negroes, and the French Quarter. Extending himself beyond these limits, Cable contributed in 1879-80 *The Grandissimes*, a romance of old Louisiana in which there is a grasp of history, a sense of the clash of races, and a mastery not merely of the quaint and picturesque but of tragedy and restrained terror. *Bras Coupé*, the slave who had been a king in Africa, is a memorable creation. With the discovery of Cable, *Scribner's Monthly* opened a rich vein of material which was worked for many years; and at this point we may look ahead to the "regionalist" fiction and semi-fiction which was one of the *Century's* specialties. Cable had been writing for several years when Thomas Nelson Page's *Marse Chan* was accepted; but the editors withheld it from publication for fear lest the public shy off from the dialect, which is certainly difficult, as the reader may judge from the short excerpt in our Anthology. The popularity of the *Uncle Remus* stories of Joel Chandler Harris removed editorial doubts and *Marse Chan* was printed in April, 1884. It was followed by Page's *Meh Lady* and other things. The phenomenal success of the *Century's* "War Series" (to which we shall come later) stimulated the vogue, and a Southern "regionalist" school developed. Cable continued to exploit Louisiana and Page tide-water Virginia. Richard Malcolm Johnston pictured life in Middle Georgia, centering in the town of "Dukesborough." At a later date James Lane Allen and John Fox, Jr., told stories of Kentucky.

It has often been remarked that a characteristic of this group was an absence of truculence and resentment towards the North and that they were content with the rich resources of local color, hearty humor, and warm sentiment which their themes afforded. This is quite true as far as it goes, but it is not the whole truth. The prevailing tone was not entirely due to the authors' magnanimity. Gilder occasionally deleted from manuscripts passages betraying an "unreconstructed" point of view. He insisted upon recognition of the fact of reunion and reconstruction. In return, he and his readers tacitly accepted the Southern writers' assumption of the racial inferiority of

the Negro and of the Negro's contentment with his lot in a feudal society where the "quarters" were loyal to the "great house" which watched over them. This picture, suffused with the warm colors of romantic reminiscence, touched the heart of the North, and indisputably *Scribner's Monthly* and the *Century* by publishing the work of these writers contributed to the great work of rapprochement and reconciliation.

For many years the *Century* continued to exploit the possibilities of Negro character and dialect for purposes of comedy and pathos, chiefly the former. In 1900 we find Johnson consulting the Negro poet Paul Lawrence Dunbar as to this policy. Dunbar replied: "I do not think that the *Century* overdoes the use of the Negro as material for comedy. There is a large humorous quality in his character just as there is in that of the Irishman, and I cannot see that a laugh when one laughs with them hurts either one or the other." This "large humorous quality" is best preserved for us in the most delightful and enduring of all the *Century's* dialect stories, the tales by Joel Chandler Harris which The Century Company gathered into the volume, *Nights with Uncle Remus* in 1883.

Coöperating with some of these Southern writers was Edward Windsor Kemble, who as an illustrator of Negro life ranks with Arthur Burdett Frost. Windsor also portrayed the life of the poor whites, "the homely, pathetic country people, full of tenderness and sympathy," as he described them in a letter to Gilder. But some of his drawings gave offense, and the *Atlanta Constitution* (May 25, 1891) attacked the *Century* for the "libelous character of some of the pictorial illustrations of Southern life . . . a procession of cadaverous ruffians and long-necked viragoes" who paraded through the magazine year after year. The *Century's* uniform and long-sustained sympathy with the South should have spared it this attack.

Supplementing the Negro stories was a good deal of verse in dialect. Little of this survives and that little is all by Irwin Russell. His *Christmas-Night in the Quarters* (*Scribner's Monthly*, 1878) is the earliest attempt of any importance to make poetry out of the Negro's language, customs, and beliefs. As such and also because of its enduring attractiveness it is a minor landmark in American literary history and we give it entire in the Anthology. *Rev. Henry's War Song* is a slighter thing but equally excellent in its way. Some years after Russell's death The Century Company brought out *Christmas-Night in the Quarters and Other Poems* with an appreciative foreword by

Joel Chandler Harris in which Russell is generously acknowledged to have been the leading pioneer in his field. A new edition with a biographical introduction by M. G. Fulton and with E. W. Kemble's illustrations was published by The Century Company in 1917.

A quantity of verse in standard English is buried beyond exhumation in *Scribner's Monthly*. Sidney Lanier is there, but not at his best—and even at his best his poetry is, by any standard save that of local pride, third-rate. Below him are Richard Henry Stoddard, Louise Chandler Moulton (both of them contributors for many years), and others who need not be named. Feeble echoes of Tennysonian prettiness and sentimentality are the most audible notes, and there is also evidence of the Pre-Raphaelite influence, as in Gilder's formerly overpraised love-sonnets "after the Italian manner" which were collected into the volume called *The New Day* (1875). In contrast, there are some narrative poems intended to be jaunty and rollicking. Two or three poems by Christina Rossetti, including the exquisite *Christmas Carol*, and a little of William Morris stand out against a mass of depressing mediocrity. To be candid, poetry was never the *Century's* long suit, but the blame for failure lies not with it but with the declining decades of the "genteel tradition."

The light verse is much better. Much of it was printed in the back pages of the magazine in the department called "Bric-à-Brac" which developed out of a single final, facetious page of drawings and verse at first called "Etchings." In "Bric-à-Brac" in 1878 Henry C. Bunner (afterwards editor of *Puck*) imitated the new English fashion of verses in old French metrical forms, introducing to America the rondeau and the triolet. In 1891 the name of this department was again changed, becoming "In Lighter Vein" where for many years were printed the pleasant fancies and *facetiae* of Oliver Herford, Carolyn Wells, Gelett Burgess, Tudor Jenks, Ellis Parker Butler, George Ade, Palmer Cox, Charles Battell Loomis, and Finley P. Dunne.

There were other regular departments in the back pages of *Scribner's Monthly*. Gilder was responsible for a department called "The Old Cabinet" in which he gave expression to his delicate fads and fancies, with description and reminiscence, criticism of literature and art, and light discursiveness in the manner of the old-fashioned familiar essay. In 1880 Henry W. Shaw ("Josh Billings") began to contribute "Uncle Esek's Wisdom"—homely and pithy aphorisms but not clownish and without the misspellings (of which the editors dis-

approved) which were characteristic of "Josh Billings's" humor. In the next decade "Uncle Esek" was a regular feature. Other departments, with names changed from time to time, were "Home and Society," "Culture and Progress," "The World's Work," and so forth. Attention was devoted here to medicine and the other sciences, and the progress of invention—notably of the telephone and the phonograph—was chronicled with excited interest. The regular routine of these features weighed somewhat heavily upon the magazine's staff. Dr. Holland himself contributed "Topics of the Times" on current events and affairs.

In general, immediately "timely" political subjects were avoided in the body of the magazine, for the editors knew that a monthly periodical could not compete here with the newspapers or with weekly journals of opinion. Thus, there was no attempt to "cover" the Franco-Prussian War, though before its termination we find a discussion of the likelihood of a general European conflagration and there is a vivid report on "Strassburg after the Surrender" with a woodcut illustration of the ruined city. The proclamation of Papal Infallibility was discussed somewhat truculently. Many articles have to do with the clash between the new science and the old religion; one on "Modern Skepticism" ran through two numbers. The Mosaic narrative of Creation is defended; the question "Was Adam the First Man?" is debated lengthily with the sort of compromise verdict characteristic of the time. The miracles of Christ are "scientifically considered" and supported. The favorite bug-bears of these fundamentalists—writers and readers alike—are Strauss, Renan, Mill, and Huxley. How serious-minded was the magazine's public is shown by such an item as Moncure D. Conway's "Demons of the Shadow," an essay in comparative religion and folk-belief which ran through two numbers.

Literature was generally treated with a like high seriousness. Edmund Clarence Stedman's studies of "Victorian Poets" and "Poets of America" were afterwards gathered in revised form into volumes which survive as the soundest literary criticism of this period. Charles Dudley Warner's literary and familiar essays called *Back-Log Studies* attracted much attention between 1871 and 1874. Fortunate circumstances enabled the editors to obtain a remarkable Brontë "scoop." In 1870 *Hours at Home* had published such of Charlotte Brontë's letters to Ellen Nussy as had not already appeared elsewhere. Gilder had edited these documents. In May, 1871, he

published in *Scribner's Monthly* Miss Nussy's "Reminiscences of Charlotte Brontë," a biographical document of first importance. Literature was sometimes handled more lightly, and readers could share in the experience of "A Day with the Brownings" or "A Breakfast with Alexandre Dumas" or "A Tramp with Tyndall." Such articles are prototypes of a vast number of similar items in the *Century* in later years.

An interest in the fine arts which remained one of the most admirable features of the *Century* had its beginnings in appreciations of Thorwaldsen, Ford Madox Brown, and Gavarni; in an article on Beard's grotesque design for an underground entrance to the Museum of Art to be erected in Central Park; in studies of Japanese art very characteristic of the "aesthetic movement" of the mid-seventies; and in Clarence Cook's many articles on household furniture and decoration which were assembled in book form as *The House Beautiful* (Scribner, Armstrong and Company, 1878). Three long articles on Greek sculpture are lavishly illustrated. Schliemann's epoch-making discoveries at Mycenae were intelligently reported and illustrated. There was a technical, detailed report on new excavations in Jerusalem which were thought to shed light on the problem of the site of Solomon's temple. American archaeology was first represented in an account of the Incas.

Natural history, science, and invention received liberal attention. Contributions from John Burroughs began to appear in the mid-seventies, and at a later date those of John Muir were among the most delightful things ever published in the magazine. There were illustrated articles on such subjects as the bottom of the sea, coral reefs and oyster-culture, birds' nests, methods of forecasting storms, the world of the microscope, the new Washington telescope (by Simon Newcomb and severely technical), volcanoes and earthquakes (which proved to be perennially fascinating subjects), feats of engineering (such as the blasting of a channel through Hell Gate in the East River), the projected Nicaraguan canal, and much else. A series of articles on the invention of the electric light carried Edison's endorsement that they were authoritative. (It is recorded in Gilder's letters that Edison considered *Scribner's Monthly* to be "the best magazine in the world.") A still interesting article on balloons concludes with the erroneous prediction that "the balloon will never be directed whithersoever the voyager desires" and with the more nearly accurate prophecy that navigation of the air, if and when it

comes, will be by a machine heavier than air and "owing its elevation not to buoyance but to power." This was written years before the development of the internal-combustion engine. In 1879 E. C. Stedman, writing on "Aerial Navigation," asserted positively that airships would not be used for military purposes except under the control of an international authority and against barbarians. "The law is well understood," he declared: "material progress determines the intellectual and spiritual progress of the human race. Its true perfection must follow this ultimate conquest of nature." Alas, it was the age of confidence, and "Progress" was its watchword! Our generation has witnessed "conquests of nature" more nearly ultimate than that of the air, without discernible signs of intellectual and spiritual advance.

"With pervasive view" *Scribner's Monthly* quite literally surveyed mankind "from China to Peru." The wonders of the world were displayed in narratives of travel and exploration of which a bare list would be well-nigh an outline of geography. Readers could observe with disapproval "Low Life in Berlin" or with sympathy "Folk-life in German By-ways"; watch a bull-fight in Spain or the work of land-reclamation in Holland; visit Corfu or Cyprus or the Caucasus or "the Heart of Arabia"; be conducted up the Nile or through the newly opened Suez Canal and down the Red Sea; explore Turkistan or the Native States of India; visit Benares or Bangkok. Sometimes their attention was directed to one or another of the states of Central or South America. The native scene offered endless variety in the appeal of the homely and familiar. An article on "Street Vendors of New York" follows a pattern as old as John Gay. Readers could visit Central Park in New York or Fairmount Park in Philadelphia, Virginia, Niagara Falls, West Point, Baltimore ("the Liverpool of America"), the Boston Public Library, or the United States Treasury ("An Hour among the Greenbacks").

But all this was as nothing compared with the wonders of the West. Conscious of the westward course of empire, the magazine from its very beginning embraced the entire national scene within its view, describing and illustrating Colorado and the majestic Tetons, Mount Shasta and the Yosemite. The tourist of today who motors swiftly through the greatest of our national parks will read with sympathy N. P. Langford's narrative (1871) of the first organized expedition to explore the Yellowstone. When shortly afterwards Congress enacted the creation of the park *Scribner's Monthly* pre-

dicted that one day the region would be visited by thousands of people. More than a million people now come to Yellowstone every season. Even more memorable is Major John Wesley Powell's narrative (1875) of the first exploration of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. Passages from these two classics of the literature of exploration are in our Anthology.

As part of this program to display the national scene but with another intention as well *Scribner's Monthly* published in 1873 and 1874 *The Great South* which Scribner and Company re-issued in book form in 1877. The articles were written by Edward King, a young Northern journalist, and illustrated by J. W. Champney. To gather their materials the two men traveled more than 2500 miles by train, boat, wagon, and horseback. The total cost to the magazine was more than \$30,000. Not counting a few impressionistic papers supplementing the more formal articles, the series occupied about 450 pages with more than 430 illustrations. The magnanimity which informed them has secured for them a place in the history of American journalism. They were far-sighted and non-partisan. The prime object was to point to the prospective prosperity and immense unexploited wealth of the vast region which was only beginning to rise from the prostration of 1865. To say, as some have said, that the series awakened hope and pride in the defeated states is to exaggerate, for hope was already awake and pride had never slept. The lively interest which the series excited in the North was undoubtedly in part due to the memories of the South evoked in hundreds of thousands of soldiers of the Union armies. *Scribner's Monthly* performed a service of national consequence when, proving to the South that the North was concerned for her welfare, it furthered the movement for reconciliation. *The Great South* is the finest achievement of Dr. Holland's régime.

Holland died just before the appearance of the first number of the *Century* (November, 1881). A copy of it was put into his hands a few days before his death. To the second number Edward Eggleston contributed an obituary.* At this time the editors expressed satisfaction with their achievement, and particularizing, they pointed to the willingness of the best writers to do work for periodicals whereas formerly the supply had come mostly from the second-rate; to the encouragement given to American novelists; and to the improvement

* A biography of Dr. Holland by Mrs. H. M. Plunkett was published by Charles Scribner's Sons in 1894.

in the quality of illustrations. It was a going concern which Holland passed on to his successors. Roswell Smith outlived his partner by eleven years, dying in 1892. With a boldness of spirit which led him repeatedly to undertake large commitments involving great sums of money he combined a sturdy trust in his editorial staff, their initiative, and their judgment of literary values and of the public taste; and these two qualities—vision and trust—on his part underlay the many successes which the editors could not have won without his approval and financial guarantee. To him was principally due the gradual expansion of the firm's business into the field of book-publishing more or less independent of the magazine.*

3. The Century Magazine *under Gilder:*

Fiction and Poetry

WITH ITS new name the *Century* assumed a new dress; the rather ugly original cover of the old *Scribner's Monthly* was discarded and its place taken by the beautiful and for so long familiar cover designed by Stanford White and Augustus St. Gaudens.†

When the "New Series" started, the *Century* had 125,000 subscribers. Ever since 1873 there had been a monthly shipment of copies to England, rising in quantity from an initial shipment of two thousand. A distributing agent had been employed, but now it was published in London as well as in New York, at first by F. Warne and Company, later by T. Fisher Unwin. For years Edmund Gosse acted as a literary adviser to Gilder, chiefly as a go-between in securing contributions from English writers. Literary agencies were employed from time to time, such as the International Publishing Bureau and the Authors' Syndicate, and (for American writers) Gilder's brother, Joseph B. Gilder, and his sister, Jeannette L. Gilder. But most contacts were made directly with the authors themselves. Among notable English writers who appeared in the magazine was Gosse himself with poems and literary criticism; Austin Dobson with poems, antiquarian pieces, and criticism; James Bryce, who wrote on Disraeli, on Gladstone, and on the Irish Question; and Robert

* Shortly after Roswell Smith's death there was privately printed a memorial tribute "prepared" by George W. Cable.

† The last number of the old *Monthly* had the new cover with the words "The Century" printed diagonally across the design in red letters.

Louis Stevenson, who published parts of *The Silverado Squatters* in the *Century* (1883-4). The great majority of contributors were, however, American.

In the eighteen-eighties the quality of the *Century's* fiction improved conspicuously. To the issue for November, 1882, William Dean Howells contributed a paper on Henry James which was in the nature of a manifesto and stirred up much controversy. Howells dismissed Dickens and Thackeray as "great men of the past." "The art of fiction," he wrote, "has, in fact, become a finer art in our day than it was with Dickens and Thackeray. We could not suffer the confidential attitude of the latter now, or the mannerisms of the former, any more than we could endure the prolixity of Richardson or the coarseness of Fielding." Four novels by Howells appeared in rapid succession. In *A Modern Instance* (1881-2) the quiet realism of the scenes in rural New England has lasted better than has the central theme of the protagonist's moral disintegration, the realism of which now seems dated. *A Woman's Reason* (1882-3) is a slighter performance. It was followed by Howells's masterpiece, *The Rise of Silas Lapham* (1884-5). As one of the most famous novels published in the *Century* it has a place in our Anthology, where it is represented by parts of the admirable episode of the dinner-party. Long afterwards Booth Tarkington recalled how when *Silas Lapham* was being serialized "a 'coast-to-coast network' of readers hung upon every issue of the splendid and fortunate magazine that printed it" and how he as a boy intercepted the post-man in order to be the first of the household to learn what happened to Silas at the Coreys' dinner. In *The Minister's Charge* (1886) the setting is still Boston, but the view embraces the world of lodging-houses and factories to which a country boy is introduced. After these novels Howells left the *Century* but he returned with *An Open-eyed Conspiracy* (1896) and at the very end of his career with *The Leatherstocking God* (1916).

Henry James continued to contribute to the "puerile periodical." In essays on Trollope and Daudet he discussed aspects of the art of the novel. Several short stories and novelettes led on to *The Bostonians*, which ran—or crawled—through the *Century* from February, 1885, till February, 1886. It is related that no one in the office had any idea when it was to conclude because no one but the author and Frank Tooker had ever read the manuscript. James later told a friend that Gilder "wrote me at the time that they had never

published anything that appeared so little to interest their readers"; and the novelist goes on to remark: "I never was very thoroughly happy about it, and seem to recall that I found the subject and the material, after I had got launched in it, under some illusion, less interesting and repaying than I had assumed it to be." This estimate may be set against the extravagant praise of the critics who have recently rediscovered *The Bostonians*.

The Bread-winners, an anonymous novel, attracted much attention in 1883-4. Not until after his death in 1905 was it disclosed that John Hay was the author. Hay had lived in Cleveland during the great strike of 1877, and his book is a bitter attack upon labor agitators and, by implication, upon the labor unions. In an anonymous rejoinder to his critics, printed in the *Century* in 1884, Hay denied his assault was directed against the unions; but the prejudice is obvious. It is as a curious "period-piece" that we reprint part of the narrative of the strike in our Anthology.

Controversy of another sort was roused by George W. Cable's *Dr. Sevier* which was serialized concurrently with *The Bread-winners*. Cable, though born in Louisiana, was of Northern parentage and now made his home in Massachusetts. Living far from the region he had depicted in his fiction of earlier date, he forsook quaint regionalism for an historical novel on the Civil War. His statement therein that the South now recognized that in that struggle she had been in the wrong provoked angry denials in Southern newspapers and in letters to the *Century*. But Cable maintained his position on the issues both of slavery and of the right of secession. During these years Cable contributed also some papers on phases of Louisiana history. The grim realism which is not absent from parts of his fiction is impressive in his accounts of the yellow fever and cholera epidemics in New Orleans and in some of his reports on Creole and Negro customs and superstitions. Some of these themes are in the background of *Dr. Sevier*. Cable also published the words and music of some of the songs of the region he knew so well.

About the time when Joel Chandler Harris's first *Uncle Remus* book was one of the House of Appleton's successes the *Century* published his *Rainy Day with Uncle Remus* (1881) and the tales collected in *Nights with Uncle Remus* (1883). *Free Joe and the Rest of the World* (1884-5) is not part of the cheerful "Uncle Remus" cycle. It tells of the tragic plight of the free Negro of about

1850 whom the slaves distrusted because he belonged to no one and in whom the whites saw the embodiment of "the danger that seemed to be forever lurking on the outskirts of slavery." In this story there is for the first time the congenial collaboration of Harris and his illustrator, A. B. Frost. Frost's inimitable darkies appear also in stories by Richard Malcolm Johnston. Supplementing Harris and probably inspired by his success are the *Aphorisms from the Quarters*, bits of homely Negro wisdom gathered by J. A. Macon and printed in "Bric-à-Brac." Harris and Macon both contributed also a considerable amount of plantation verse. The Southern scene continued to be one of the magazine's specialties. Frank Hopkinson Smith's still charming *Colonel Carter of Cartersville* (1890-1) with its so convincingly drawn central figure is one of the best of the idealized evocations of the old South, sympathetic in its treatment of the traditional aristocrat and of the Negro and combining sentiment with a quiet whimsicality. The Tennessee tales of "Charles Egbert Craddock" (Mary N. Murfree) were being featured, making readers acquainted with the poor whites of the backwoods and the Great Smokies. In 1892 *A Mountain Europa* was the first of the stories by John Fox, Jr., of the remote "Bluegrass" country of Kentucky.

Regionalism and humor of a more vigorous and pungent kind and reflecting the manners of a different section of the country had been found in the episodes from *Huckleberry Finn* in 1884-5. But Mark Twain's book was not published in its entirety by The Century Company. Ten years later the coarse and even more vigorous *Pudd'n-head Wilson* ran for a long while. *The £1,000,000 Bank-note*, one of the most amusing of all Mark Twain's short stories, enlivened the number for January, 1893.

For years Frank R. Stockton turned out frothy, farcical tales such as *The Transferred Ghost* and its sequel, *The Spectral Mortgage*. In November, 1882, came the still famous story with which he scored his greatest success. Stockton had called it *In the Arena* but William Carey of the *Century's* staff renamed it *The Lady or the Tiger?*—a question debated through the length and breadth of the land. For several years solutions and sequels flooded the magazine's office. This harmless nonsense was relished by a generation less anxious than ours and more innocently amused. It might be thought that no one today would care whether, when the suitor opened the door, a lady or a tiger stepped forth, but a new solution was

published so recently as 1948! Stockton's own sequel (which we reprint because it is characteristic and not well known), *The Discourager of Hesitancy*, does not provide a solution but poses ingeniously a new problem. Stockton followed his great popular triumph with the best of his novels—or rather, as it has been well described, an *opéra bouffe* romance—*The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine* (1886-7), about two Pennsylvania housewives who on a voyage to Japan suffer shipwreck and with a missionary who is a fellow-traveler make their home on an island in the Pacific. The popularity of this tale was so great that Stockton obligingly provided a sequel, *The Dusantes*. These two books are still, after all these years, on the Appleton-Century-Crofts "active list." Of his later stories there is room to record here only *A Vizier of the Two-horned Alexander* (1898-9), about a man who believes that he has lived in several centuries. It is burlesque, and its buffoonery is very old-fashioned today.

In *The Graysons* (1887-8), a novel of Midwestern life, Edward Eggleston availed himself of the expanding Lincoln legend and at the same time contributed to it by introducing Lincoln as a young lawyer into the court-room scene which forms the climax of the story. The reserve with which this incident is managed is quite admirable; nowhere else in his abundant writings did Eggleston accomplish anything as excellent. The episode, which it is a pleasure to call to the attention of modern readers, finds its place in our Anthology.

With *The Romance of Dollard* (1887-8) Mary Hartwell Catherwood began to exploit the opportunities for fiction afforded by Colonial history. Her story is of the French and Indian Wars. She had been inspired by reading Parkman, and that historian supplied a foreword, vouching for her accuracy in setting and atmosphere. Mrs. Catherwood is a precursor of the crowd of writers of historical romances which appeared in the *Century* and other magazines a few years later.

The *Century* was in the doldrums for a while in the early 'nineties so far as fiction was concerned. Rudyard Kipling, who had recently flamed comet-like in the English skies, was introduced to the magazine's readers with an enthusiastic critique by Edmund Gosse. There followed promptly *The Naulahka* (1891-2), which Kipling wrote in collaboration with Wolcott Balestier, his brother-in-law. Balestier had died when only thirty-one. Their joint work is clumsy

in design, made no stir at the time, and has long since been judged a failure. A long novel and several short stories by Balestier were published posthumously in the *Century*. Kipling's only other contribution was *The Brushwood Boy*. Francis Marion Crawford poured out a quantity of facile novels. Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Sir George Tressady* (for which the *Century* paid her £3600) did not duplicate the sensation caused by her *Robert Elsmere* (which the *Century* had not published). Then came Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's great triumph, instilling new life into the magazine's fiction.

Mitchell, who first appeared in the *Century* in 1889 with an article on snake poisons, had begun to write fiction in middle age during summer holidays as a recreation from his busy professional life. *Characteristics*, a remarkable "discussion novel," ran during 1891-2. Some years later he submitted to Gilder the synopsis of *Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker*, but Gilder had already contracted for another serial novel and had no room for it. The resumé attracted him, however, and he recommended it to The Century Company for publication as a book. On the basis of this outline the story was accepted, and Mitchell wrote the entire book in a few weeks, perhaps incited to this *tour de force* by the promptness with which it had been accepted in advance. An edition of five thousand copies was at once printed notwithstanding the fact that, strange though it seems, no editor either on the magazine or in the book department had read anything but the synopsis. Ellsworth took home with him a copy for week-end reading. There was great excitement when on the following Monday morning he announced in the office that here was the great romance of the American Revolution. His colleagues read it eagerly, and promptly the necessary orders went out—the serial previously commissioned was to be postponed and Mitchell's story substituted for it, and the copies already in book form were to be boxed and stored till serial publication had been completed. When, after it had run in the magazine (1896-7), the time came to issue *Hugh Wynne* as a book, it was necessary to enlarge the advance-order edition from 5,000 to 20,000 copies. Mitchell was alert to follow up this great success, and the *Century* was as alert to accept anything from his pen. From revolutionary Philadelphia he turned to revolutionary Paris in *The Adventures of François* (1898), written in a manner suggestive of the old picaresque and with a thief as a hero. But Mitchell had other strings to his bow; one of the strongest was his experience as a physician. Expanding

a story published earlier in the *Atlantic*, he wrote *The Autobiography of a Quack* (1899-1900), dealing with the purloins of the medical profession. *Dr. North and His Friends* (1900) is a sequel to *Characteristics*. There is a decline in imaginative power in *The Youth of Washington* (1903-4), which is "fictionized" history in the form of a pretended autobiography. *The Red City* (1908), a novel set in the period of Washington's second administration, shows some recovery, as does *Westways* (1913). During the period of his popularity The Century Company took over some of Mitchell's very early books which had been published by other firms. His contracts with The Century Company indicate how confident the publishers were of his vogue. So recently as 1936 inquiries were addressed to the Appleton-Century Company regarding motion-picture rights to *Hugh Wynne*. But by the late 'thirties the demand for most of Mitchell's books had disappeared.

Hugh Wynne is the best representative of the historical and pseudo-historical romances which flooded the market and often made the best-seller lists in the last decade of the nineteenth century. Mrs. Catherwood's chief contribution to this genre was *The Days of Jeanne d'Arc* (1897) for which she prepared herself with research work in the Paris libraries and with visits to the Vosges country and Lorraine. The story has been praised by good authorities as a piece of historical writing, but it is really romance, "fictionized," as we should now say, with invented dialogue and thoughts imputed to the characters. It was illustrated by Boutet de Monvel, who often worked for the *Century*. The next serial was Francis Marion Crawford's enormously popular romance of the Second Crusade, *Via Crucis* (1897-9); and this was followed by the romance which remains faintly in the memory as the arch-example of these curious reversions to a past that never existed save in perfervid imaginations—Bertha Runkle's *The Helmet of Navarre* (1900-1). Within a few years this "By my halidom" school of fiction joined the "B'gosh" school in the limbo of outmoded fashions. We find Gertrude Atherton, when she offers a story of the American occupation of California, remarking to Gilder: "I am well aware of the unwelcomeness of the historical story." The "new" realism was taking the place of romance, though never, in the pages of the *Century*, in its extremer forms.

Before leaving the eighteen-nineties we must single out one of the many short stories printed in the magazine during this decade—

John Luther Long's *Madame Butterfly* (1898). It was dramatized by Long in collaboration with David Belasco; and wedded to music by the genius of an Italian composer it has become part of the permanent repertory of grand opera. The conception of the character of Cho-Cho-San and the pathos of the situation are due to Long, and the delicacy of his use of Japanese-English dialect is largely obscured, of course, in the Italian libretto. On the stage the original conclusion was altered for dramatic effect.

The new realistic movement, more candid and sometimes more brutal than the old realism of Howells and Garland, ran counter to the *Century's* traditions, and with it Gilder and Johnson had little sympathy. Gilder doubtless shared Mary Austin's feelings when in 1906 she wrote to him of a novel upon which she was engaged: "The light that never was is always with me and I want to write my story with it shining on the page. . . . If the light will not shine through the medium of average life it is no light to live by and the Realists are right." But there were some attempts to keep pace with changing fashions. Frank Norris, famous as the author of *The Octopus* (not a *Century* book), was represented by two short stories published posthumously in 1903. *The Sea-Wolf* by Jack London ran serially in 1903-4. A specimen of its brutal violence is included in the Anthology just because it is so out-of-keeping with the old, established pattern of the magazine. Other novels conform to that pattern. Alice Hegan Rice's *Lovey Mary* (1903) and *Sandy* (1905) sustain the old tradition of homely, kindly humor in the portrayal of humble life. Her most successful book, *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* (1901) was published by The Century Company but not in the magazine. Similar in tone is Kate Douglas Wiggin's *Rose o' the River* (1905). As specimens of stories of this kind we have chosen to reprint some pages from *Mrs. Wiggs*. Another style of *Century* fiction was carried on by Anne Douglas Sedgwick in *The Rescue* (1901-2), an "international" novel of some distinction dealing with French life as seen through the eyes of an Englishman. May Sinclair's *The Creators: A Comedy* (1909-10) struck a fresher note, but Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Fenwick's Career* (1905-6) and novels by Ruth McEnery Stuart, Mrs. Burton Harrison, and the indefatigable Frances Hodgson Burnett kept to the well-trodden paths. That at so late a date as 1913—four years after Gilder's death and the year of Johnson's resignation of the editorship—Mrs. Burnett's *T. Tembarom* was serialized shows that the *Century* was still

wedded to its old idols. Readers of our excerpt from it will feel as though they were confronted by a ghost from the past.

We need not linger over the poetry published during Gilder's régime. He and Johnson and Tooker published a good deal of their own verse. Dr. Mitchell was a welcome contributor; in distinction of phrase and vigor of thought his few pieces contrast with the well-bred, pallid lassitude of most of the *Century's* verse. For the rest, it must suffice to mention by name the principal poets. The list is long and contains some who are still remembered—Edmund Clarence Stedman, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, James Whitcomb Riley, Henry Van Dyke, Bliss Carmen, Edwin Markham, Paul Lawrence Dunbar, Clinton Scollard, Louise Chandler Moulton, Edith M. Thomas, Lizette Woodworth Reese, Louise Morgan Sill, and Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Their poetry was almost wholly uncontaminated by the *fin de siècle* mood and tone of contemporary verse in England. The predominant influence was that of Keats, whom for many years Gilder and his associates had exalted as the supreme modern English poet. Gilder in his youth had met Joseph Severn in Rome and he never forgot that the hand he had shaken had shaken hands with Keats. The cult reached a climax in the *Century's* pages when the centenary of the poet's birth was celebrated in 1895. Johnson was later to be the chief organizer of the Keats-Shelley Memorial Association in Rome. It was a quaint and pleasant custom on the part of Gilder and Johnson, as they strolled together through the New York streets, to doff their hats ceremoniously on passing J. Pierpont Morgan's library because it contained the original manuscript of *Endymion*.

4. The Century Magazine *under Gilder:*

History, Biography, Travel, and Other Subjects

PART OF THE *Century's* program, as announced when the "New Series" began in 1881, was to provide "popular studies in history." The first offering was the series of articles on American colonial life by Edward Eggleston which appeared at irregular intervals from 1882 and served as preliminary studies for his *Beginners of a Nation*, published by Appleton in 1896 (re-issued in 1925). They were thoroughly "documented," Eggleston making several visits to Eng-

land to consult records and assemble illustrations from early prints and maps.

Much more ambitious was the program initiated in 1883. In the July number of that year there appeared *Recollections of the John Brown Raid by a Virginian Who Witnessed the Fight*. This was written by ex-Senator Alexander R. Boteler. Appended was a *Comment by a Radical Abolitionist*, a reply by F. B. Sanborn of Massachusetts who had been a friend of John Brown and had helped to finance the raid. The juxtaposition of the hostile article and the defensive rejoinder had been suggested by Clarence C. Buel. The presentation of the two sides of a hotly disputed episode in American history in turn suggested to Buel and Johnson the largest project ever undertaken by the *Century*, the *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*. A work planned along similar lines, A. K. McClure's *Annals of the War*, had preceded it, but not on so ample a scale. Gilder entrusted the "War Series" (as it came to be called) to Johnson and Buel. The design was to persuade the commanders on both sides of the struggle to give accounts of their campaigns and individual battles, discussing strategy and tactics but not neglecting the intimate, personal details without which such narratives are but technical reports of operations. Furthermore, the plan envisaged supplementary reminiscences by officers of lesser rank and privates on both sides. The time for the undertaking was propitious: a few years earlier animosities would have been still too acrimonious for any collaboration between North and South; in a few more years many of the men from whom contributions were solicited would have been dead or incapacitated by age.

In cases where commanding generals were dead or refused to contribute, recourse was had to subordinates. General Sheridan declined to participate because he was planning to publish his *Memoirs* as a separate book. General Sherman's *Memoirs* had already been published by Appleton in 1875. He consented, however, to write an article on "The Grand Strategy of the Last Year of the War" which is one of the finest papers in the series. General Grant at first declined on the ground that he was without any experience as a writer; but when he found himself bankrupt after the failure of the banking firm in which he was a partner he withdrew the refusal and wrote four papers. The first of these, on the Battle of Shiloh, was scarcely more than a repetition of his original formal and extremely technical report—not at all what the *Century* wanted.

Johnson visited him frequently and with tactful perseverance drew him out in conversation, showing him how the "human interest" of his informal reminiscences could be worked into the narrative; and it was with the publication of this article that the success of the series was assured. On the Southern side the greatest lack was of any article based upon the private papers of General Lee. These were in the possession of Lee's family and of his personal aide, Colonel Charles Marshall. Marshall, however, could not contribute because of commitments to another publisher. Actually his book was never completed and was published in fragmentary form long after his death. For Lee's battles and campaigns reliance had to be placed on several of his other subordinates.

The editors intended to eschew absolutely any political disputations; the rights and wrongs of the struggle were to form no part of a series having to do with military events irrespective of the political issues which had brought them about. But a few writers did not abide by this undertaking, notably General Beauregard, who introduced into his narrative of the First Battle of Bull Run a bitter criticism of President Davis's general direction of the war in its political as well as military phases. The editors felt it incumbent upon them to invite the ex-President of the Confederacy to state his case, but negotiations regarding the editorial treatment of his article were unsatisfactory and Davis withdrew.

The importance of the series was soon recognized by the War Department, and much material from its archives was made available. Memoranda and other reminiscences flowed in from officers and privates. Much that was offered had to be rejected, as the Century correspondence in the New York Public Library reveals. For example, a pensionless soldier offered his recollections "cheap"; a "poor widow" would have gladly supplied humorous recollections of the war; a lady from the mountains of Virginia, "unmarried, delicate, penniless, and almost alone in the world," implored the editors to buy her memoirs. The diligence with which Johnson and Buel sought for accuracy is shown in their letters. Ample space was accorded those who disputed the veracity of any part of the narratives or had additional information to impart. With contributors there were arguments back and forth, correcting diffuseness and vagueness, checking statements, reconciling conflicting testimony. Any detail of a battle, skirmish, raid, movement of troops, crossing of a river, new invention, or what not provoked, or might provoke,

discussion. The *Century's* office was a clearing-house for the interchange of opinions on points of such insignificance that there was not room for them in print. Letters were forwarded to the authors of reminiscences, and often there were lively exchanges of opinion. Johnson and Buel were tireless. They visited many of the battlefields, often in the company of men who had fought there. Accepting articles from so many sources and working under such pressure, they were occasionally taken in by plagiarisms and deceptions. The most serious case was a narrative of "Life on the *Alabama*" written by "one of the crew." This vivid and circumstantial story turned out to be a fake, and the editors afterwards repudiated it. The surprising fact is that there were so few such fabrications.

The staff of the *Century* never forgot the excitement of these years when the office was often crowded with military and naval celebrities—old commanders conferring with the editors, swapping reminiscences with one another, fighting their battles over again. Former enemies met on this high ground of history in a spirit of mutual respect.

There were no less than 230 contributors. The illustrations, numbering approximately 1700, came from contemporary photographs by Brady, Gardner, Anderson, and others, from contemporary drawings, and from modern drawings based on reliable descriptions of events. Maps were abundant and detailed, carefully scrutinized, and in some cases subsequently corrected. Drake was in charge of this side of the undertaking. The work was not congenial to him because the illustrative material was so heterogeneous, often aesthetically unsatisfying, and so difficult to fuse harmoniously. When the series was completed he wrote to Gilder that he felt like "offering thanks. From the art side it has been the most troublesome and unsatisfactory in my career." But he did the job with thorough competence.

The *Battles and Leaders* began serialization in November, 1884, and ran till November, 1887. Among the veterans, Northern and Southern, there was an enormous audience, and many thousands of civilians read these chronicles of great events. So great was the public interest that the circulation of the *Century* rose from 127,000 subscribers in 1884 to a quarter of a million in 1886. After this high-water mark there was a recession, at first not of alarming proportions; but in the long run—and the run was very long—there were complaints that the *Century* was overdoing it, and these grew

louder when, after the formal series was completed, the magazine devoted much space to subsidiary articles and comments often of little value. From Edmund Gosse came a warning that the British public was not much interested in the American Civil War. Gilder's reply illuminates so clearly the editorial mind that part of it must be quoted:

Is there nothing interesting to you but art and literature? Now let me tell you—I would rather have one article by Grant on a battle won by him, I would rather read it—print it—publish it—than twenty articles by Daudet on Mistral. . . . Yes, bloody, indeed; all wars are, alas, bloody, and there is no blood in my sonnet nor in Dobson's song that you like. But is there nothing stirring in blood, in heroism, in devotion to a political and moral conviction? You ought to be proud of a magazine that is conducting to unparalleled success the largest enterprise yet undertaken by a periodical. Don't let literature and art make dilettanti of us!

Sales dwindled in England, but this defection was a minor consideration because the *Century* had never catered directly to English tastes. In the United States, despite some grumbling, interest was on the whole well sustained. In 1888 the *Century* was able to boast editorially that it addressed "the largest audience that was ever gathered about any periodical of its class printed in the English language." To make a great deal of money had not been the primary object of the men who conceived the project; but the fact that, notwithstanding the heavy expenses involved, the "War Series" made a million dollars for The Century Company was certainly gratifying. In book form under Johnson's and Buel's editorship, revised, corrected, and somewhat enlarged, with the material rearranged in chronological order and in accordance with campaigns, *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War* was published in four volumes. Seventy-five thousand copies were sold at twenty or thirty dollars per set according to style of binding. The work was reprinted so recently as 1914, and it is still memorable both for its source-material and as an achievement perhaps without parallel in the history of periodical publication.

The "War Series" had not long been in progress when the *Century's* staff faced the problem of securing something of comparable interest and significance to follow it. General Grant was approached with the proposal that he should expand his four articles into an autobiography. He hesitated, feeling that Badeau's *Military History* had already met the need; but his financial straits were a strong argument and he had found the task of setting down his recol-

lections a fascinating one. Negotiations, entrusted to Johnson, proceeded so satisfactorily that Roswell Smith, who had offered to let Grant make his own terms, thought the matter as good as settled. Smith might have clinched the bargain with a contract, but he was reluctant to press too hard upon a distinguished man whose health was precarious. Not to have done so was, nevertheless, a rare case of lack of foresight in the career of a publisher who was singularly quick-witted and resourceful. To their chagrin Smith and his associates were informed by Frederick Grant that his father had accepted an offer made by Mark Twain in behalf of his publishing firm, Charles L. Webster and Company. Mark Twain had the advantage that he was a personal friend of Grant's, that he knew that Smith was after the *Memoirs* whereas Smith did not know that he was in the market for them, and that he knew what agreement Smith was prepared to make whereas Smith did not know he must meet any offer from a rival. General Grant seems to have been, not unwarrantably, troubled by the ethics of this transaction, since The Century Company, from whom had come the original proposal, had a moral claim upon him. Frederick Grant later explained that his father was convinced that the *Memoirs* should be sold by subscription and that the Webster firm had the largest and most expert force of canvassers. The large royalties paid to Grant's widow justify this calculation; yet The Century Company, backed by the prestige of the *Battles and Leaders*, might have done quite as well. Roswell Smith did not dispute the decision; in the circumstances of Grant's illness, soon to prove fatal, any contest would have been unbecoming and unfeeling. Nor was there any rupture of friendly relations with Mark Twain. When some years later the Webster firm failed, The Century Company took over the *Memoirs*.

Meanwhile there were other irons in the fire. So long before as 1880 Holland had seen the draft of a biography of Abraham Lincoln upon which John G. Nicolay and John Hay were at work. He pronounced it unsuitable for magazine publication as too long, too detailed, and ill-adapted to serialization. Six years later Gilder thought otherwise. Publishers were competing for it, and Roswell Smith authorized Gilder to make an offer so substantial that the authors could not refuse. Nicolay feared that the *Century* might print only the "cream" of the work, thus satisfying public interest and undermining the subsequent sale in book form. But Gilder assured him that it would be published entire with the exception of

"those long and dull documents, if any there be, which add dignity and value to a literary volume, but which the ordinary reader skips." In the upshot there was also some cutting of the chapters on military history where the ground had already been thoroughly covered in the "War Series." Even with these omissions the enormous work ran serially from November, 1886, till February, 1890. Thereafter, with the deleted portions restored, it reappeared in ten volumes.

Nicolay and Hay had been Lincoln's private secretaries. Nicolay, who had begun to collect material when Lincoln entered the White House in 1861, was responsible for the general plan. The narrative of the first forty years is mainly Hay's work, and Nicolay's is the story of the war years; but the authors collaborated closely. The title *Abraham Lincoln: A History* is indicative of their method, range, and limitations, the work being not so much a biography as an historical narrative with Lincoln as the central figure. The portrait of the great man under whom the authors had served during the impressionable years of their young manhood is not untouched with hero-worship. A more serious and less genial flaw is due to the restrictions imposed by Robert T. Lincoln, the President's eldest son, who permitted the use of documents in his possession only with the proviso that the work be submitted to him before publication. Hence the reticences in the discussion of Lincoln's ancestry and early life.

The serialization of the *Lincoln* coincided with a threatened boycott of the *Century* by the veterans' interests because of its opposition to the demand for pensions. Moreover, unlike the *Battles and Leaders* from which politics had been banned, it was necessarily a political, even a partisan, work, and there was grave danger of alienating the Southern clientèle which had been built up. Counting on Lincoln's national fame to overcome any sectional or group prejudice, the editors did not reckon with a public which, prejudices apart, was growing tired of seemingly endless discussions of the Civil War. The "War Series" had often been thrilling and entertaining as well as instructive, but the *Lincoln* was ponderous and often dull. There was a decline in circulation which, though it did not sink to the level whence it had risen in 1884, was sufficient to cause anxiety. Yet Gilder and Johnson clung with stubborn loyalty to their King Charles's Head, continuing for years to publish reminiscences of the war and gleanings of Lincolniana often both repe-

titious and not very significant. General Horace Porter's *Campaigning with Grant*, for example, ran for many months; and the *Century* celebrated the centenary of Lincoln's birth with no less than ten articles in 1909. At that time Gilder informed a would-be contributor that he was supplied with Lincoln material "for months and months to come" and remarked that the public might become surfeited with it. Perhaps it was already surfeited.

Ranking in scale and fame only below the "War Series" and the *Lincoln* is George Kennan's *Siberia and the Exile System*, which was serialized from May, 1888, till November, 1889, with supplementary articles at a later date. The work reappeared in book form in 1891. The author, a man of great hardihood, had been one of a party of Americans who in 1865 went to Siberia and European Russia as surveyors for a projected Russo-American telegraph line across Bering Strait. This scheme was incited by the failure of the first Atlantic cable, but the success of the second brought it to a halt. Kennan remained in Russia for three years, mastering the language and becoming intimately acquainted with the land and people, and an ardent Russophile. He had many friends in Russia not only among the intellectuals but among officials and was strongly predisposed in favor of the Czarist government. It was to controvert what he believed to be mere scandalous rumors of the exile system that, accompanied by the artist George A. Frost, he undertook the arduous journey sponsored by the *Century*. Being persona grata, he was supplied in St. Petersburg with introductions and authorizations; and on horseback, in wagons, and on sleds he and Frost traveled many thousands of miles in difficult and often dangerous circumstances. On their return to the United States both men were on the verge of physical breakdown. In an unpublished letter to one of the *Century's* editors Kennan tells how after he was home he had nightmares in which he imagined he was in a Siberian prison. For his eyes had been opened by the conditions he discovered in concentration centers, penal colonies, and mines in Siberia, the squalor, cold, dampness, darkness, pestiferous lack of sanitation, and general misery transcending in reality the rumors he had believed to be unfounded. The way in which the wretched exiles, both political and criminal, were compelled to live—and die—beggared description, but Kennan (as may be seen from the passages given in the Anthology) did not flinch from describing it.

The articles attracted the widest attention and were translated

into many languages, no less than four versions being published in Germany. Russian censors confiscated these numbers of the *Century* at the border or allowed them to circulate only after the offending pages had been torn out or inked over. But unmutilated copies penetrated this iron curtain, nevertheless, by means of first-class registered mail, which was not tampered with. So great was the scandal that the Czarist government, concerned with the pressure of world opinion, resorted to the unprecedented measure of replying to this foreign criticism of the internal administration: Pierre Botkine, the Secretary of the Russian legation in Washington, published in the *Century* (February, 1893) *A Voice for Russia*. This suavely moderate expostulation was calculated to mislead hasty readers who did not discern that the sweeping assertions and denials were not supported by any evidence whatsoever. Botkine reckoned without his formidable antagonist. Anyone who savors keen dialectic should turn to the number for July, 1893, in which Kennan, speaking as *A Voice for the People of Russia*, overwhelms the plausible diplomat in a flood of facts, substantiating his charges with precise dates, specific instances, and the names of witnesses. Botkine was silenced; so far as the record goes he made no second reply. In the voluminous file of Kennan's letters in the *Century* collection in the New York Public Library there is a quantity of interesting supplementary material. From it we learn that after his return home Kennan kept in touch with various political exiles, letters from them being smuggled out of Siberia. Long afterwards (1910) he contributed to the *Century* an article on *The Reaction in Russia* in which, on the basis of authoritative experience, he analyzed the ruthless autocratic reaction which followed the revolutionary movement of 1905.

Before we leave the subject of Russia, attention may be called to a letter in the same correspondence from Brooks Adams to Gilder. In 1900 Adams proposed to write for the magazine his impressions of a recent visit to that country and expressed his belief that it was "on the brink of some kind of reorganization." All Western writers were, he held, prejudiced: "Either the land is a horror, or it is the hope of the world. To my mind it is neither one nor the other, but a society suffering under a terrible strain . . . which is slowly developing a modern out of an archaic condition." Nothing came of Adams's proposal.

The fame of the "War Series," the *Lincoln*, and the Siberian

revelations put the editors on their mettle to discover other "great subjects." In 1891 they tried to obtain Bismarck's memoirs and submitted to him specimens of their publications. Bismarck caused to be transmitted to them an expression of his admiration of the *Lincoln*, but though he admitted the likelihood that he would bequeath an autobiography to his family he had no intention to publish at present and declined the *Century's* offer. In 1894 Cichester tried to procure the memoir of Tennyson which the poet's son was known to have in hand, but the claim of the House of Macmillan was too strong, and this was lost to the magazine. Instances of such unfulfilled projects could be multiplied. At a later date there were long negotiations with Carl Schurz, for whose biography the *Century* bid so high as \$25,000; but they were outbidden by S. S. McClure. In 1910 a rumor came to the office that Kaiser William II was writing a biography of Frederick the Great. Scenting a "scoop," the editors made inquiries through our ambassador, David J. Hill, who reported that the rumor was baseless.

But many other projects came to fruition. Planned on a scale and with the thoroughness characteristic of all the major serials was *The Gold Hunters of California*, which included the reminiscences of many "Forty-niners" and ran from November, 1890, till February, 1892, with the usual supplementary memoranda, discussions, and corrections. It did not rouse as much interest as the *Battles and Leaders* had done, and reading it today one feels that it does not quite "come off"—exciting and romantic adventures are smothered in conscientious documentation.

After a breathing spell the *Century* serialized William M. Sloane's *Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*. This ran for two full years, from November, 1894, to October, 1896. In book form it reappeared in 1896 (revised edition, 1910, and reissued by D. Appleton-Century Company, 1939). A quantity of papers dealing with the life and diplomacy of Talleyrand and an account of Napoleon en route to St. Helena written by an eyewitness preceded the biography; and the main feature was buttressed with much peripheral matter from other hands, such as articles on Marshal Ney and on various phases of Lord Nelson's life. Sloane's emphasis upon the political and military aspects of Napoleon's career at the expense of the personal and anecdotal together with the somewhat forbidding formality of his style shows that the editors counted upon the sustained attention of their readers. Perhaps they counted too confidently. A voice

from the far past spoke when The Century Company came into possession of eighteen manuscript volumes which were part of the diary kept by Dr. B. E. O'Meara, Napoleon's physician at St. Helena. The editors printed only those portions hitherto unpublished, omitting all that O'Meara had given in his *Napoleon in Exile* (1822). That book had occasioned bitter controversy because of the suspicion that the doctor had been secretly in Napoleon's pay; and the reliability of the narrative is questioned. But the *Century* did a valuable service in making public so large a document.

Gilder and Johnson possessed a flair for securing the rights to historical and literary documents hitherto unpublished. Sometimes they went in quest of these; in other cases the owners approached the *Century* with offers to sell. There were long selections from the correspondence of Generals Sherman and Sheridan, and in 1905-6 two long series on *Lincoln as a Lawyer* and *Lincoln in the Telegraph Office* included many new letters. More attractive is the authentic diary of the gallant and unfortunate Major André which was printed, appropriately, near the time of Mitchell's *Hugh Wynne*. In other years there appeared batches of letters of Keats, Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, Poe, Hawthorne, Lowell, "Lewis Carroll," and Edwin Booth. In a special category are the two long papers (1905) which Professor C. W. Wallace published on his researches in Elizabethan and Jacobean archives.

There were many very substantial biographies. Emilio Castelar's flamboyant *Life of Columbus* appeared appropriately in 1892. Paul Leicester Ford's *Many-sided Franklin* (1898-9) is not a formal biography but a series of brilliant essays displaying the various facets of its subject's interests and accomplishments. Benjamin Ide Wheeler's learned and slow-moving *Alexander the Great* (1898-9) was enlivened and popularized with an abundance of illustrations from photographs of sites and antiquities and from drawings by André Castaigne and other artists. The archaeological exactitude of Castaigne's plates may be open to question but not their dramatic power. John Morley's *Cromwell* (1899-1900) was profusely illustrated. The subject was suggested to him by the *Century*; he would have preferred to write a life of Chatham as "much less worn and hackneyed," but the editors' wishes prevailed. When they attempted to persuade Morley to write a life of the Duke of Wellington they met with failure. John Bach McMaster's *Daniel Webster* (1900-1), an offshoot from his *History of the People of the*



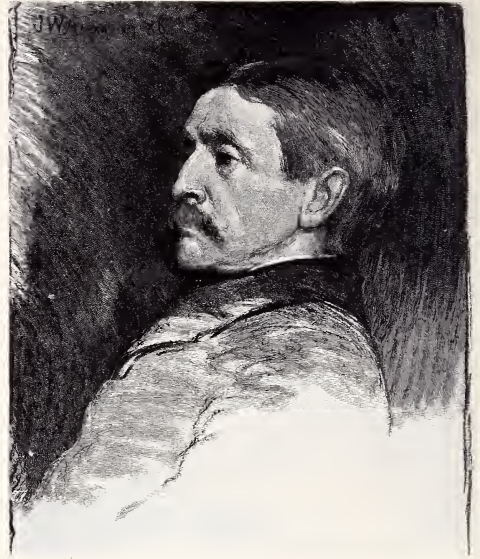
"BYE, BABY BUNTING"

Painted for St. Nicholas by Arthur Rackham



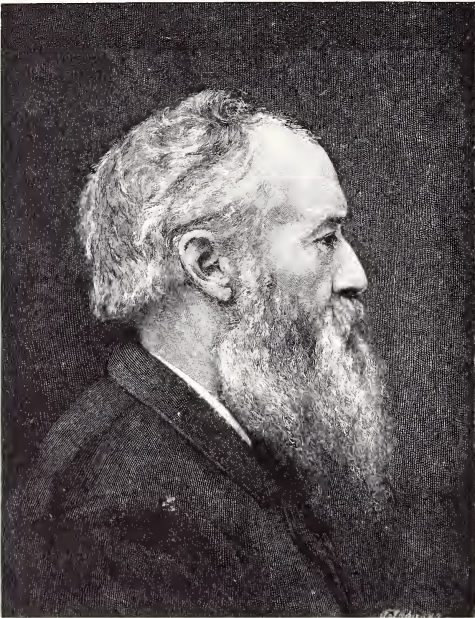
ABRAHAM LINCOLN

*Engraved by Timothy Cole from a drawing by
Wyatt Eaton (Scribner's Monthly, 1877)*



FRANK R. STOCKTON

*Engraved by T. Johnson from a drawing by
J. W. Alexander (The Century Gallery of One
Hundred Portraits)*



JOHN BURROUGHS

*Engraved by T. Johnson from a photograph by
G. C. Cox (The Century Gallery of One Hun-
dred Portraits)*



GEORGE W. CABLE

*Engraved by Timothy Cole from a painting by
A. H. Thayer (The Century Gallery of One
Hundred Portraits)*



ST. CATHERINE OF ALEXANDRIA BY SIMONE MEMMI (MARTINI)

Engraved by Timothy Cole (Old Italian Masters)



THE SURRENDER OF BRED A (THE LANCES) BY VELASQUEZ

Engraved by Timothy Cole (Old Spanish Masters)



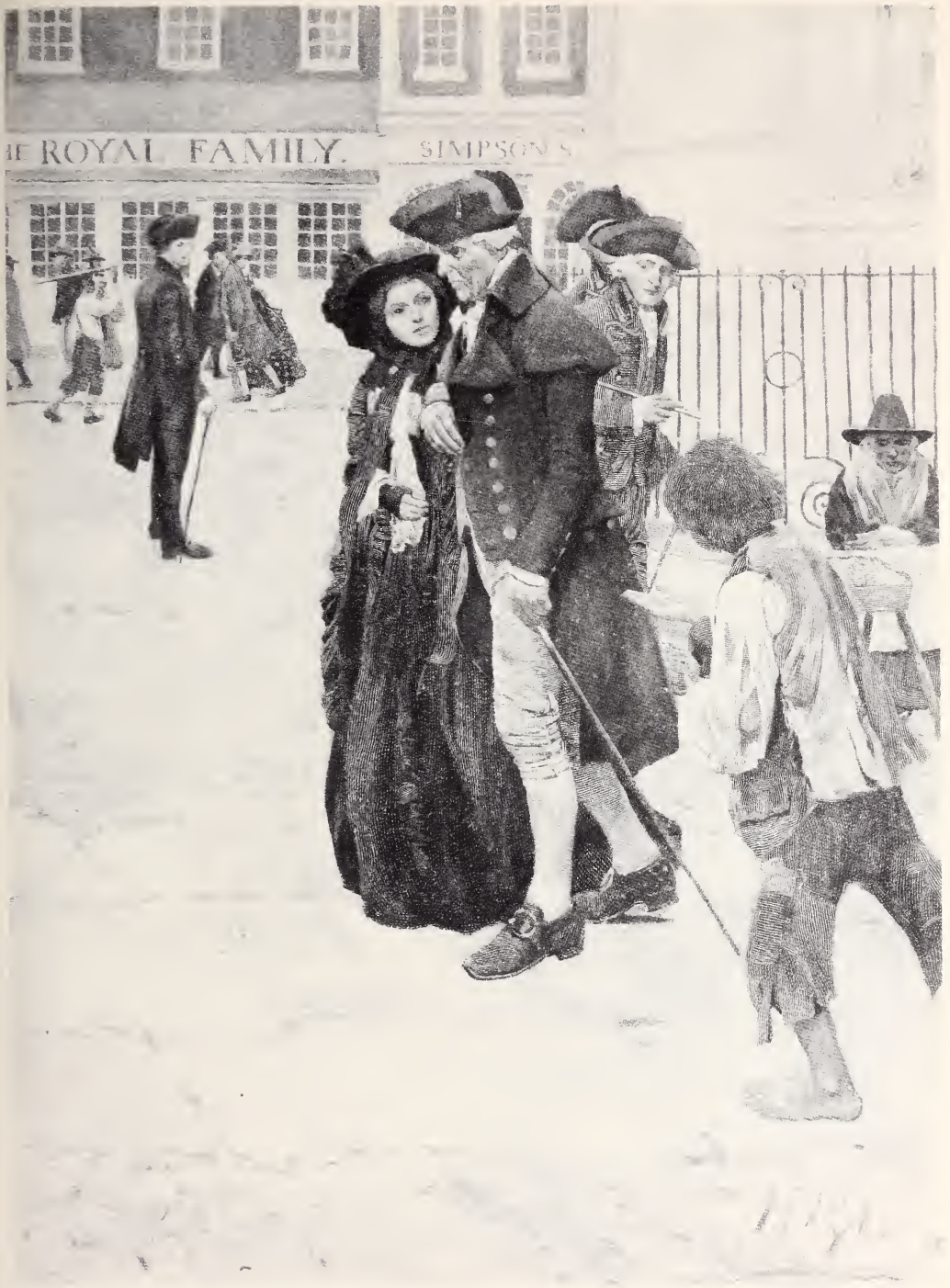
DETAIL FROM "THE NIGHT WATCH" BY REMBRANDT

Engraved by Timothy Cole (Old Dutch Masters)



ALEXANDER AT THE TEMPLE OF APIS IN MEMPHIS

From a drawing by André Castaigne in Wheeler's Alexander the Great



BENEDICT ARNOLD AND HIS WIFE IN LONDON

From a drawing by Howard Pyle in Hugh Wynne



THE RESCUE BY ADMIRAL CERVERA

From a drawing by George Varian in Hobson's narrative of the sinking of the "Merrimac"

United States then in course of publication by Appleton, was also elaborately illustrated. Guglielmo Ferrero's *Women of the Caesars*, in which history is handled in a popular fashion, appeared in 1911.

At the same time there was running a longer serial, Arthur C. McGiffert's *Martin Luther and His Work*. This roused a good deal of opposition among Roman Catholics, and Johnson ventured to remind his "good and liberal friend" Cardinal Gibbons that the *Century* had always been a staunch enemy of Protestant prejudice against Rome. (Johnson must have forgotten the old days of Dr. Holland.) His Eminence seems to have let fall the necessary word, for protests ceased. To redress the balance (at a suggestion from Dr. Henry van Dyke) the biography of Luther was followed by Maurice Francis Egan's *Everybody's St. Francis* (1912), the title being chosen to disarm Protestant prejudice by emphasizing the non-sectarian appeal of the most lovable of the saints. In addition to photographs this was illustrated with paintings and drawings by Boutet de Monvel. When Johnson, having read the manuscript, suggested that the author introduce more "picturesque passages," Egan replied—

If your artist is picturesque, why the devil do you want picturesque passages? I thought it was his business to lighten up the deserts—to make the dry places bloom. The historical background is necessary or our St. Francis will be Nobody's St. Francis.

Actually Egan sketches the historical background very lightly and is remarkably deft in reproducing the simple charm of the *Fioretti*, as in his rendering of the story of the Wolf of Gubbio which we reprint in the Anthology. *Everybody's St. Francis* reappeared as a pretty little book in 1913 (with the Boutet de Monvel pictures but without the photographs). The dedication was to Johnson, "critic and inspirer of this book."

A number of distinguished people contributed their reminiscences. The world of the theatre was represented by Joseph Jefferson's rambling but attractive *Autobiography* (1889-90), by *Leaves from the Autobiography of Salvini* (1893), and by Mme. Modjeska's *Memoirs* (1909-10). She had been one of Gilder's close friends. Representative of the world of politics and "high society" are, among other things, Andrew D. White's account of his diplomatic career (1904) and the less weighty but more entertaining *Reminiscences* of Lady Randolph Churchill (1907-8).

The Spanish-American War afforded an opportunity for another

"great subject," but neither in scale nor in quality were *The Story of the Captains* and other narratives which appeared between November, 1898, and April, 1899, comparable to the *Battles and Leaders*. The promptness with which the *Century* rounded up many important contributors was admirable, but that very promptness made the results hardly more than good journalism. Neither Admiral Dewey nor Commodore Schley contributed, but Admiral Sampson's *American Fleet in the Spanish War* was a principal item in the series. Captain Sigsbee himself related the blowing up of the "Maine" and Richmond P. Hobson the sinking of the "Merri-mac." These two vivid episodes are represented by passages in our Anthology. There is a fine narrative of the famous voyage of the "Oregon" round Cape Horn, and there are vivid eyewitness accounts of the Battle of Manila. General Shafter wrote on the land campaign in Cuba.

Other major serials of Gilder's régime must be mentioned briefly. In 1901-2 *The Great West*, by a group of writers including Ray Stannard Baker, laid emphasis upon the need to expand lines of communication and to embark upon great irrigation projects. The *Century's* response to the anti-trust agitation of the first Roosevelt administration was a series of articles on *The Great Business Combinations of Today*, which in their moderate tone were very different from the "muck-raking" of more radical periodicals. Gilder's last considerable piece of writing was *Grover Cleveland: A Record of Friendship* (1909). There was no interruption of continuity after Gilder's death in 1909; Johnson, on succeeding to the editorship, carried on the Gilder tradition. During the four years in which he directed the *Century's* fortunes two more "great subjects" were exploited. There was a long and ominously heavy series of studies of *The Trade of the World* and there was an *After the War* series—that is, after the Civil War—in which the attempt was made to recapture the wide attention won by the old *Battles and Leaders*. Of this last group of papers the most interesting are those presenting different recollections and versions of the impeachment of Andrew Johnson and the account by Henry Watterson of the Hayes-Tilden election. But it was late in the day to depend upon such features; the public was no longer much interested in these unhappy, far-off things.

Apart from these large-scale enterprises the *Century* contained during the three decades of its highest prestige an immense quan-

tity of articles on almost every conceivable variety of subjects within the limits of the proprieties. Many of these still retain an interest, and some representative things may be passed in review. We shall consider the magazine's treatment of public affairs and current events; travel and exploration; and the fine arts.

The editorial promise made in 1881 that "living practical questions" would be discussed was fulfilled along many lines. The *Century* was not partisan, but it was not afraid to take sides. Long afterwards, in 1913, Ira H. Brainerd, a lawyer who was intimate in the councils of The Century Company, argued forcefully with the editors against a plan to publish an article by Theodore Roosevelt on the program of the Progressive Party unless they were prepared to open their pages to similar statements from Republican, Democratic, and Socialist leaders. The *Century* had never been an organ of any party, and its prestige, Brainerd pointed out, had been due to its impartiality. The upshot in this case was that the Roosevelt statement was not printed.

But though not a party publication the magazine frequently spoke out on public affairs. In the eighteen-eighties it recurred often to the question of an international copyright law, the much needed reform to which Gilder and Johnson, along with the Appletons, G. H. Putnam, Henry Holt, the Harpers, and other leading personalities in the publishing world, devoted their efforts.* In February, 1886, the *Century* published a manifesto in favor of this measure signed by forty-four distinguished American authors. About the same time the growth of the power of the trade unions and the spread of socialistic doctrine were discussed in several papers which today would be described as "reactionary." The *Century* strongly opposed the free coinage of silver and after Cleveland's election in 1892 predicted—rashly!—that no more would be heard of this fiscal heresy. It had to return often to the subject of sound money. When his administration was over, Cleveland chose the *Century* for the publication of his own account of the controversy with England over the Venezuela boundary. Two future Presidents, Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson, were occasional contributors. Wilson's first contribution (1895) was an essay "On the Writing of History" in which he contrasted the methods and styles of Gibbon, Carlyle, and Macaulay. So early as 1902, when

* On the fight for the international copyright act of 1891 see George Haven Putnam, *Memories of a Publisher* (1916), pp. 365-395.

Wilson became President of Princeton University, the magazine observed in an editorial that he was "the type of man who today in England is frequently called into the active service of the state." The social conscience found a voice in Jacob A. Riis who wrote repeatedly on the slums and tenements of New York and on related urban problems. Other public topics dealt with were international arbitration, municipal reform, the iniquities of the party bosses, the spoils system, the direct election of senators, and woman suffrage. For several years before the First World War an awareness was evinced of the darkening of the international skies. In 1909 Sydney Brooks wrote to Gilder: "Over here we—that is, all England and all Europe—are talking of little but the 'England and Germany' question. It dominates European politics and will continue to dominate them for many years to come." He went on to suggest that he write an article tracing "the genesis of German Anglophobia and British Teutophobia." Nothing came of this suggestion.

In the previous year the *Century* had been momentarily involved in high international politics and there had been the makings of a first-class sensation. The story has been told more than once and may be briefly summarized here. William Bayard Hale obtained for the *New York Times* an interview with Kaiser William II, but after he had submitted his article to the German Foreign Office it was "passed" with the stipulation that it might not appear in any newspaper but might be published in some magazine of high reputation. Consequently Hale sold it to the *Century*. He was paid a thousand dollars. The issue in which the article was to appear was being run off at the De Vinne Press when on October 8, 1908, there appeared in the London *Daily Telegraph* the Kaiser's sensational interview with a British officer in which, expressing friendship for England, he gave as an instance the fact that the strategy which had brought the Boer War to a victorious conclusion had been suggested by him to the British high command. A furore resulted in both countries. In the Reichstag and the German press it was declared that the Kaiser had exceeded his prerogative, having committed a grave indiscretion against the repetition of which assurances must be given. From the German Foreign Office and from our ambassador, David J. Hill, Dr. Hale received urgent messages that the *Century* interview must be suppressed. Frank R. Scott, the President of The Century Company, and the editors decided that

this request must be honored. But 33,000 copies of the December number containing the article had already been printed and sheets of the English edition were boxed and awaited shipment on a New York pier. All this bulky material had to be stored, and copy, galley-proofs, page-proofs, and miscellaneous sheets had to be gathered together and destroyed. A set of the final sheets was preserved under lock and key, and the metal plates were deposited in the De Vinne vaults. For the explosive interview there was substituted innocuous matter in the *Century*, and only the vaguest explanation of the suppression was vouchsafed to the public though the article had been widely advertised. Rumor and speculation were consequently rife in this country and abroad. The German government reimbursed the *Century* for all costs and Dr. Hale returned his fee. Months afterwards a German cruiser, ostensibly on a good-will visit to New York, took away the boxes of sheets, which, it is understood, were burnt in the ship's boilers at sea. Eight years later, during the First World War but before the United States had entered the conflict, someone on the magazine's staff suggested: "Why not print Hale's interview with the Kaiser?" The international situation had so much altered that no harm would be done. But W. Morgan Shuster, by this time President of the Company, felt in honor bound to obtain the consent of Count von Bernstorff, the German ambassador, who begged him on no account to publish the interview. In accordance with an understanding arrived at in 1908 but by an oversight not carried out then, the plates were now turned over by the De Vinne Press to a representative of the German embassy. What became of them is not recorded, but undoubtedly they were destroyed. A single proof is said to have been deposited in the Department of State, but when, years later, Johnson made inquiry in Washington it could not be found. Not until 1934 was the interview published in the *Atlantic Monthly* by Dr. Hale's son.

A monthly magazine, while unable to compete with the newspapers in the immediate "reporting" of current events, has the advantage of time for deliberation from which may emerge a rounded view of a subject. This advantage is well illustrated in the cases of the *Century's* handling of several famous disasters. After the eruption of Mount Pelée in Martinique in 1902 George C. Curtis was sent to St. Pierre to interview eyewitnesses and comment upon the aftermath of the catastrophe. Articles of a more general nature

on earthquakes and volcanic phenomena supplemented Curtis's narrative. The gigantic eruption of Vesuvius in 1906, the San Francisco earthquake and fire of 1906, and the Messina earthquake of 1908 received similar treatment. From the loss of the "Titanic" in 1912 the tragically obvious lessons were drawn. Long before, in 1899, there had appeared in the magazine an impressive warning by H. P. Whitmarsh, entitled *The Atlantic Speedway*, against the risks run by the great liners which in competition with one another dashed at full speed through the fogs of the North Atlantic. The shipping companies had paid no heed.

There is room here for but a few examples of the alert attention paid to the progress of science and invention. There were articles at an early date on X-rays, liquid air, and other marvels of science. In 1894 appeared a well-illustrated account of Edison's invention of the "Kineto-Phonograph." The difficult problem was to synchronize the phonograph and the kinetoscope; but the effect is described as "horribly impressive" and "one's sense of the supernatural is heightened when a figure suddenly springs into his path"—that is, upon the screen—"acting and talking with a vigor which leaves [the spectator] totally unprepared for its mysterious vanishing." For the "talkies" the world had to wait another thirty years and more. Among many letters from Alexander Graham Bell (an occasional contributor) in the Century correspondence is one in which he denies newspaper reports that he has invented a method of "seeing by telephone." For television also the world had to wait. Marconi was another inventor to whom the magazine gave much attention.

A skillful and imaginative artist who was destined to do more than any other one person to make ordinary people familiar with the forms of extinct life began to work for the *Century* in 1896 when Charles R. Knight illustrated an article by Henry Fairfield Osborn on "Prehistoric Quadrupeds of the Rockies." In later years Osborn and Knight collaborated on several articles on similar subjects.

Particular notice was accorded to the problems and probabilities of man's conquest of the air. In 1891 Samuel P. Langley and Hiram S. Maxim both wrote on "aërial navigation" (with a footnote remarking that the French have coined the word "aviation"). Maxim predicted that the first use of the flying-machine would be for military purposes, to reconnoiter and to drop bombs behind the enemy's lines and upon his cities. Not all the *Century's* predictions

remained unfulfilled! Santos-Dumont's experiments with dirigibles were recounted. In May, 1908, E. C. Stedman, recalling and summarizing the article he had written twenty-nine years before, wrote again on airships. In the following September Orville and Wilbur Wright published their first popular account of their airplane. A passage from it is given in our Anthology. The future was again forecast when in 1909 H. B. Hersey wrote on *The Menace of Aërial Warfare*.

As in earlier years, the *Century* continued to feature articles on travel, exploration, adventure, and natural history. John Burroughs and John Muir—"John o' Birds" and "John o' Mountains"—were steady contributors. After absences for months Burroughs would be for several weeks at a time a familiar figure in the *Century's* office. Muir rarely came East, but when he did he made the office his headquarters. Articles by him were gathered into *The Mountains of California* (1894) and *The Yosemite* (1912), two of The Century Company's most delightful books. Burroughs and Muir collaborated on a narrative of their joint expedition to Alaska. In more fanciful fashion Ernest Thompson Seton told about bears, reindeer, silver foxes, and other wild animals he had known—the kind of writing Theodore Roosevelt branded as "nature-faking," but attractive in its way. Thompson Seton was not happy in the choice of the original titles to his books. His best-known story was first called "Wahb, The Meteeetsee Grizzly" but the *Century* renamed it *The Biography of a Grizzly* (1899-1900), and *The Biography of a Silver Fox* (1909) was first called "Domino Reynard of Goldur Town." The French naturalist Jean-Henri Fabre won wide popularity with his intimate descriptions of the world of insects and other strange creatures. All four of these authors are represented in our Anthology—Muir very liberally.

How widely the *Century* cast its net, how it took the whole world for its province, may be shown by sampling its contents for the three and a half years between May, 1898, and October, 1901. There were forty-five articles on different aspects of the life and culture of a dozen countries, as follows: on France, eight articles; on England and Spain, six each; on Italy, five; on Japan, four; on Germany, Greece, Holland, and Russia, three each; on Ireland, two; on Hungary and China, one each. Were other periods tested the subjects would vary but the total number would be about the same. From the riches hidden in the old volumes it is possible to

retrieve here but a few nuggets. Let us range up and down the years of Gilder's editorship.

For descriptions of life in wild, far-off, or little-known places there was an insatiable demand. In 1888 young Theodore Roosevelt published the series of strenuous papers on ranch life in the West. They were illustrated by Frederick Remington, who also wrote his own impressions of frontier life. Both men are represented in our Anthology. Somewhat later (1890-1) came *An Artist's Letters from Japan* by John La Farge. There was a three-part serial on modern Persia. W. W. Rockhill gave an account of the two expeditions on which he penetrated into the fastnesses of Tibet. He had gone far along the path which Colonel Younghusband was afterwards to follow to the ultimate goal. Two other narratives anticipatory of Younghusband's famous military expedition were *New Light on Lhasa, the Forbidden City* (August, 1903), with photographs taken by a Kalmuk pilgrim, and another treatment of the same subject in January, 1904. In *Across Asia on a Bicycle* two American college undergraduates narrated their adventures from Constantinople to the Pacific. That within our own country there were still wildernesses to conquer is shown by the narrative of two travelers who rode seventy miles from the nearest railway station through the "gumbo" of Wyoming to see the Devil's Tower, that natural wonder now familiar to many motorists.

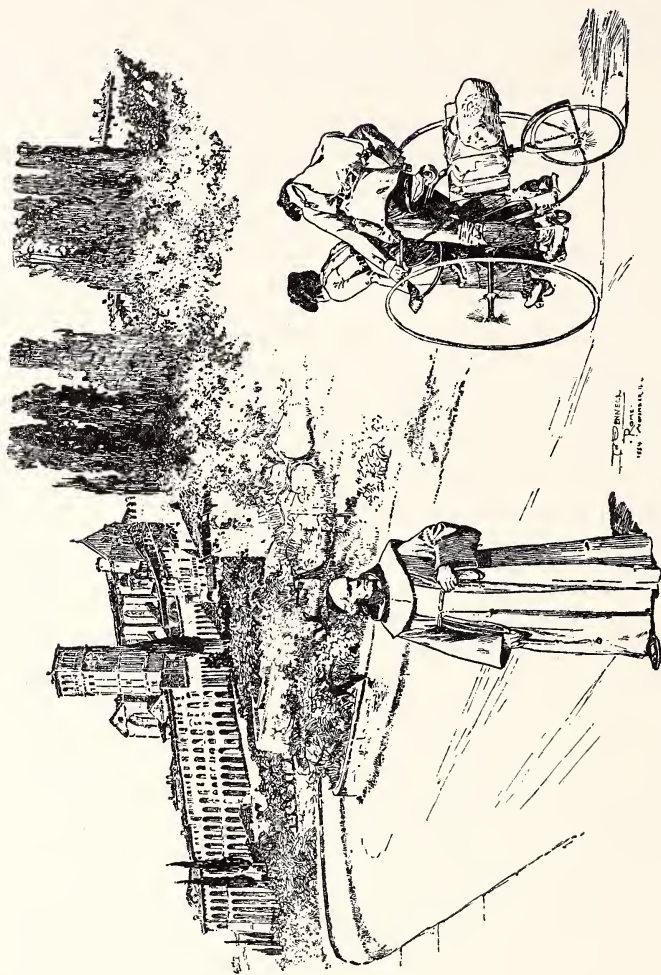
Perhaps the most attractive of all the *Century's* narratives of adventure is Captain Joshua Slocum's *Sailing Alone Around the World* (1899-1900), the story of a forty-thousand-mile voyage accomplished single-handed in the sloop "Spray." A thrill awaits those who read for the first time (in our Anthology) the narrative of his passage through the Straits of Magellan. After publishing his book Slocum sailed away again in the "Spray" in November, 1909. From this voyage he never returned. No piece of wreckage ever turned up to explain the mystery of his fate. There were later reports that he had been seen by travelers up the Orinoco, but these were never substantiated. So long afterwards as 1916 he was referred to in legal papers as "an absentee"; and Mrs. Slocum, "to be on the safe side," obtained a divorce before marrying again. The rights for a German translation were sold so recently as 1936, and in 1939 negotiations were under way for a French version. An edition in Braille for the blind was permitted in 1948.

Another adventurous explorer whom the *Century* introduced to

its readers was Dr. Frederick A. Cook, afterwards notorious for his false claims to be the discoverer of the North Pole. In his story of *The New Antarctic Discoveries* (January, 1900), made by an expedition of which he was a member, there is, so far as one knows, no fabrication. It is illustrated with very fine color-plates from photographs, which convey admirably the gloom, grandeur, and terror of great icebergs.

Neither the familiar cultural centers of Europe nor its highways and byways were neglected; and many of these impressionistic articles retain much of their interest and charm. Many are finely illustrated, often from drawings and etchings by Joseph Pennell. Elizabeth Robins Pennell's *Italy from a Tricycle* (1886) is one of the most exuberant and joyous of these things. The Pennells collaborated on articles on life in Provence—bull-fights and religious ceremonies; on climbing in the Alps; and on other topics. Henry James wrote on London and Venice; a delightful passage from his "First Impressions" of London is included in the Anthology. Sir Walter Besant wrote on East London; Austin Dobson on rural walks near London; Andrew Lang on Edinburgh; William Dean Howells on Florence. These are but a few samples of subjects and authors. Often the material, more or less revised, went into fine books published by The Century Company. A few of these may be mentioned. Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer's *English Cathedrals* (1892), in two imposing quartos, limited to 250 copies, is one of the finest products of De Vinne's press. The excellent and not too glossy paper of these really magnificent volumes takes admirably the impressions from the original blocks and plates from Pennell's drawings. Of these there are a hundred and fifty-four. Mrs. Van Rensselaer planned a similar work on the French cathedrals but had to abandon it, and Mrs. Pennell took it over. Her *French Cathedrals, Monasteries and Abbeys, and Sacred Sites of France* (1909) is an adaptation of Mrs. Van Rensselaer's plan. Parts of the contents are revisions of articles published in the *Century*, some of them many years before; and parts had not appeared in the magazine at all. The book—perhaps for reasons of economy—is not nearly so fine in format and printing as are the companion volumes on England, nor are Pennell's drawings so well reproduced. (The originals were, by the way, acquired by the French government for the Luxembourg.)

Richard Whiteing, the English novelist, wrote on *Paris of Today*



ASSISI

From a drawing by Joseph Pennell

(1900) at the time of the exposition. These papers on the contrasting worlds of fashion and poverty were gathered into a handsome volume with illustrations by André Castaigne. To glance through the book today is to recall the vanished European world of confidence and security. Whiteing was invited by Gilder to do another series at once; he declined because he feared he might drift wholly into magazine work; but after the *Century* had published his novel of Edwardian life, *The Yellow Van* (1902), he consented to return to the travel-sketch and wrote the papers on *The Chateaux of the Loire* (1902).

In treatment such articles conformed to the old traditions of the magazine—graceful in style, accurate without being too heavily erudite, popular in the better sense. There is more of novelty and much more scholarship in Edith Wharton's *Italian Villas and Their Gardens* (1903-4), which was reprinted in a handsome volume. When the first installment appeared Gilder objected to the aridity of her style. Recognizing the inappropriateness of her style to the romantically idealized illustrations by Maxfield Parrish, Mrs. Wharton offered to cancel her contract; but this was not done. Mrs. Wharton, Mrs. Van Rensselaer, and Mrs. Pennell all find places in our Anthology.

The novelist Robert Hichens contributed a series of rhapsodic papers on *The Spell of Egypt*, re-issued in book form as *Egypt and Its Monuments* (1908). Jules Guérin's color-plates are impressionistic, exaggerated in tone, and romanticized in atmosphere; of much more value than the text or these plates are the many magnificent photographs. The two men collaborated on a similar series on *The Holy Land* (1910) and on *The Near East: Dalmatia, Greece and Constantinople* (1913), a series which in serial form was called *Skirting the Balkan Peninsula*. Archaeology was not always popularized and emotionalized in the Hichens fashion. Among other serious and learned articles, admirably illustrated, one may note two reports on the work of the American School of Classical Studies in Athens and two on the excavations by Theodore M. Davis in Egypt which resulted in the discovery of the tomb of Queen Ti. Today such reports as these would be relegated to the pages of a learned journal or if offered to a large public would be with a minimum of text accompanying fine photographs. The contrast is a measure of the decline in general culture in this country during the past half-century.

Another report (1905) was that of the discovery of the body of John Paul Jones in Paris and its removal to Annapolis. The investigations in archives and the excavation of the cemetery, which had long been lost under buildings of more recent date, are related in detail, with plans and photographs.

The *Century's* interest in the fine arts was not limited to the past or to foreign countries. The Chicago World's Fair of 1893 was the subject of many articles on the architecture, sculpture, paintings, and other exhibits, with side-lights upon the "human interest" of the scene. The ephemerality of the Fair's beauty inspired one of Gilder's best poems, *The Vanishing City* (October, 1893). In 1897 the sculpture of St. Gaudens was the subject of a magnificently illustrated article. The erection of Madison Square Garden was celebrated in an appreciation by Mrs. Van Rensselaer with lovely drawings by A. F. Jaccaci. A happy unawareness of the swift destructiveness of so-called "progress" is evinced in the writer's prediction that St. Gaudens's figure of Diana at the top of the tower would continue to turn upon her pedestal till "the life and laughter of New York have departed." Today, Diana—saved from the wreckers at the last moment—stands in the Philadelphia Museum of Art, and Stanford White's masterpiece, the great tower, has vanished like a dream.

Music was a comparatively neglected subject. In the earlier years of the magazine there was little on it, and in the eighteen-nineties we find only a few accounts of composers, mainly biographical and anecdotal.

In November, 1910, the *Century* celebrated its fortieth anniversary with a brief self-congratulatory editorial "retrospect." Publisher and editors had much to be proud of. A list of the most notable American contributors filled a crowded column; but although "representatively American" the magazine had never been exclusively so, and there was a shorter but impressive list of foreign authors. The various special series; the numerous authoritative biographies; the support of scholarship in many fields of inquiry and of the fine arts both by critical appreciations and by illustrations; the expert contributions on scientific discoveries and inventions; the conservative but (it was claimed) not reactionary position assumed and expounded on problems of politics, labor, class discrimination, and finance; and the persistent advocacy of the cause of the conservation of national resources and the American heritage

of unspoiled natural beauty and grandeur—to these and other accomplishments the editors pointed with justifiable pride. As for the future—the editors invited their readers to inform them as to “What they are thinking of the magazine; what contributions they most care for; which of our projects they are most interested in; or, for that matter, what they may not like in the conduct and contents of the magazine.” The hope was expressed that the *Century* might continue “to contribute to the happiness, usefulness, and prosperity” not only of its present “host of friends” but of “a large army of new recruits.” Anxiety may be read between these lines; how much needed were “new recruits” the next chapter will tell.

It is difficult for a younger generation to realize the prestige and authority of a great monthly magazine forty or fifty years ago. A few illustrations of how the *Century* was regarded may be quoted from letters written during the last decade of its great period. In 1904 the firm of architects, Cram, Goodhue, and Ferguson, writing about a proposed article on their plans for the new buildings at West Point, say that they “would rather see the work illustrated in this magazine than in any other in the country.” In 1908 Senator Albert J. Beveridge wrote to Johnson about his contemplated biography of Chief Justice Marshall: “It seems to me that it should appear first in a serial form in the very greatest and most dignified of American periodicals. . . . I suppose that, generally speaking, the consensus of competent opinion would be that the *Century* more nearly answers this description than any other periodical.” In 1911 J. Pierpont Morgan, declining Johnson’s request for an interview on the subject of the Steel Trust, added that were it advisable to speak he would consider the *Century* the best medium for publication. In 1908 Robert Hichens wrote to Gilder: “Of all the business relations I have had those with your magazine are the most pleasant. The *Century* seems to me to retain the ‘grand manner,’ which, alas! is almost a lost virtue.” About the same time Carolyn Wells wrote: “I wish to the mischief you could pay a little more, but—the *Century* is its own reward.” Testimonials of this kind could be multiplied, but these tributes from an architect, a senator, a financier, a novelist, and a humorist may serve as a cross-section of informed opinion.

5. The Century Magazine: *The Last Phase*

JOHNSON faced a difficult situation when he assumed the editorial chair in 1909. For a long while the *Century's* circulation had been declining, and whereas at one time, as we have seen, the subscribers had numbered 250,000, now only 100,000 copies of each issue came off the press. So long before as 1899 the finances of the magazine had been sufficiently alarming to impel Johnson to submit to Gilder a memorandum in which he gave warning of the "emergency" and "a possible debacle." He suggested changes in administration in the interest of economy and efficiency which would, he calculated, save \$30,000 a year. In particular he urged that authors' and editors' corrections be made in manuscript because corrections when made in proofs are so costly. If Gilder were to obtain from De Vinne a statement of these costs, he would, Johnson thought, "be appalled." He believed that the magazine should embark upon some great new enterprise such as it had been associated with in the past. "The Century Company," he wrote, "is like an army impatient to be led to new conquests. . . . We do not want the McClure bluster, but we do want more of the McClure enterprise and boldness." The memorandum closed with an assurance that Gilder kept his associates "inspired with the old ardor for the best."

S. S. McClure had passed a short apprenticeship in the *Century* office and had impressed the editors as "a young man with ideas." These ideas bore fruit in *McClure's Magazine*, one of the most formidable competitors of the old monthlies. In the *Century* correspondence there are editorial annotations condemning manuscripts as "unliterary, sensational, and McClurish." Another dangerous rival was Edward Bok of *The Ladies' Home Journal*; he too had served for a time on the *Century's* staff.

The anxiety of the publishers and editors is shown in a letter (1904) in which Chichester expresses his doubts about a new novel by Edith Wharton:

I don't think that she can either amuse or thrill people, and I am very much afraid all who read her Garden papers in the *Century Magazine* and who know her in no other way would be prejudiced against her. . . . What we want most is authors who can extend our audience, not writers who appeal only to the inner circle.

The decline in circulation was estimated in 1911 as 50 per cent below a "normal" minimum, and there were anxious deliberations as to the means of promoting it. Again there was a search for a "great subject" which should attract national interest. Particular attention was given to the proposal of a long series on the different racial and national groups in the United States and their cultural contribution to the country. It was argued that the virtue of such a series would be its elasticity: if it caught on it could be continued almost indefinitely; if it failed to prove popular it could be broken off much more easily than such things as the biographies of Lincoln and Napoleon. Nothing came of this scheme. "If we could only get something," Drake wrote to Johnson, "that would be done from hearts full of love like the old things we used to get, it would make a great hit and be a delight to all of us." The editorial staff was aware that something was wrong, but they seem to have been at a loss for a remedy. Typical is Buel's comment when he received an essay from President Charles W. Eliot on the decline of manners in America. "It is, of course, charmingly handled," he wrote to Johnson, "but will anybody in the country realize that a pin has dropped, after reading it?"

The fact was that the *Century* and the other "superior" monthly magazines could no longer count upon a large body of educated readers who had the leisure and aptitude needed for the assimilation of the kind of literary fare which was the traditional, staple offering. Competition was increasingly severe—not from the few other "high-class" periodicals (which were themselves in difficulties) but from the ten-cent weeklies and other magazines of huge circulation. Some of these wrote down to the level of a semi-educated public and others, even when addressing a serious audience, resorted to sensationalism. From the business office came suggestions that the *Century* should be adapted to the new tastes and standards, with shorter and livelier articles, a lighter touch and tone, and a greater number of short stories. Johnson's response was to suggest that The Century Company should experiment with a new, quite independent, "all-story" magazine in the ten-cent or fifteen-cent class, meanwhile maintaining the *Century* with its old traditions intact. It is not surprising that this proposal was rejected. Such an experiment would not have solved the problem; either the new periodical would have failed or, if successful, would have been merely one more competitor.

Declining circulation entailed not merely the loss of revenue from subscriptions but smaller advertising rates. At the same time it was necessary to raise the fees paid to authors, though never to the level of *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Saturday Evening Post*. Authors, it was hoped, would be compensated for the difference by the prestige of publication in a great magazine. But some contributors were inclined to be recalcitrant, and we find one of the editors reminding one such author that he faces "the stiff problem of how to make a losing proposition pay." Efforts were made to increase the subscription list. In June, 1912, Ellsworth informed Johnson of the disappointing response to three advertising circulars addressed to different classes of the public. Eight thousand circulars were sent out; forty-seven new subscriptions were obtained.

The year 1913 was a critical one in the fortunes of the magazine. Frank Hall Scott died and was succeeded by Ellsworth as President of The Century Company. In June Robert Underwood Johnson resigned the editorship and was succeeded by Robert Sterling Yard. Yard's training had been in the field of journalism rather than of belles-lettres; he had also been advertising manager for Charles Scribner's Sons and a member of the publishing house of Moffat, Yard and Company. The program which he had in mind is indicated in a letter of August 6, 1913, to H. G. Wells. He informed Wells of the changes in the *Century's* personnel with the remark that "the rather discreet policy that has so long directed the magazine has broadened and we hope to become a factor in molding American thought on the larger questions of the day." The new editor's crucial problem is clearly summarized in a memorandum of the same year drawn up by Ira H. Brainerd. The *Century*, he stated, "has a very old clientage . . . highly educated and highly respectable and thoroughly established. . . . This substantial and enviable nucleus of faithful followers . . . is numbered at fifty thousand. All buyers above that number are transient." About the same time Edward Bok sent to Ellsworth a number of criticisms and suggestions based upon his enormously successful experience with *The Ladies' Home Journal*. "You must do something to jack up your advertising," he urged. Departments conducted by "good writers" should be introduced, on books, music, and the fine arts, and should run in columns in the advertising pages. The old cover of the magazine should be discarded and a new pictorial design used each month. Bok was severely critical of various recent features; of

Watterson's narrative of the Tilden-Hayes contest, for example, he remarked impatiently: "Old and has been told and told—No one interested at this date." It was he who recommended Yard for the post of editor.

Bok's advice was not prompted solely by disinterested friendliness; he was contemplating the possibility of purchasing the magazine. Before the end of the year rumors were current in New York that the *Century* was in financial difficulties and was for sale. Negotiations actually went so far that on June 25, 1914, it was announced in the *New York Times* that the magazine would hereafter be published by a separate concern to be known as The Century Magazine Company, with Robert M. McBride as President and Robert S. Yard as Vice-President. But negotiations with the new interests were broken off and publication by The Century Company continued. Yard resigned the editorship and was succeeded by Douglas Zabriskie Doty who, after serving on the editorial staff of the *New York Sunday Herald* and of the McClure Syndicate, had been since 1902 a reader and literary adviser to The Century Company.

These changes in the editorial staff synchronized with changes in the management of the Company. On the resignation of Ellsworth in November, 1915, W. Morgan Shuster, formerly Financial Adviser to the Persian government and author of *The Strangling of Persia*, became President of The Century Company. Meanwhile the last of the great editors of Gilder's time was lost when Alexander William Drake died in 1916. The Century Company brought out a pretty little volume in his memory—*Three Midnight Stories* written by Drake himself. These stories had appeared in the *Century*. The book contains memorial tributes to Drake by Robert Underwood Johnson and William Fayal Clarke. It was during this transitional period that the Company moved (1915) from the building in Union Square which it had occupied since the reorganization of 1881 to new quarters at 353 Fourth Avenue.

Yard's brief tenure of the editorship is memorable for the serialization during the early months of 1914, before the outbreak of the Great War, of H. G. Wells's "prophetic trilogy," *The World Set Free*. With what degree of accuracy and what of distortion Wells took the measure of the future the reader may be reminded by the passage chosen for our Anthology. Of the years in which Doty held office, 1916 was the most successful, if not financially at any rate in the quality of the magazine's fiction. The veteran William Dean

Howells after a long separation came back to the *Century* because he was dissatisfied with the terms offered him elsewhere. His last novel, *The Leatherstocking*, is set on the frontier in the eighteenth century and has to do with an impostor who proclaims himself a god. But however much distinction came from the author's name, it was not by anything so old-fashioned that the magazine could hope to win new readers. Miss Phyllis Bottome, who was being relied upon for a succession of serials, now published *The Dark Tower*, the best of her novels. Sir Max Beerbohm's *Enoch Soames* remains famous and popular to this day.

After Doty's resignation in 1917 the next occupant of the editorial chair was Thomas R. Smith, who had been literary adviser to various publishers and manager of Moffat, Yard and Company. He promptly brought Glenn Frank to the staff as a writer on American policy and the national life in its various manifestations. This feature became more and more prominent and developed into a regular department, called "The Tide of Affairs," which often ran to as many as fifteen or eighteen pages. In 1919 Frank became associate editor. Several experiments were tried by Smith, or one or another of these later editors. Twice for a period of a year the long, serialized novel was omitted while the magazine depended for fiction on short stories. For three numbers in 1918-19 the *Century* was divided into three sections: "Fiction," "The War" (or "The War and After"), and "General"; but this compartmentalization was then abandoned. The last of the *Century's* characteristic "great subjects" was *The Roots of the War* by W. S. Davis and two collaborators, which was serialized from December, 1918, through November, 1919. This was a new and curious departure in the magazine's policy in that the work had already appeared in book form, had been approved by the Committee on War Aims of the War Department, and had been adopted as a textbook in many universities and colleges.

The *Century* became in its last phase much more than formerly a journal of current opinion and events. It did not exclude from its comments on public affairs a certain number of predictions of things to come. There is no Wellsian foresight in Cosmo Hamilton's happily inaccurate prophecy (December, 1915) that Winston Spencer Churchill, "an inefficient hustler," would be "remembered by posterity only for his comic hats." But in 1916 Frank B. Vrooman pronounced the unhappily accurate prophecy of a future alliance

of Germany and Japan against the United States. During the First World War there were various discussions of the proposed "Society of Nations." But in 1920 Herbert Adam Gibbons declared that the League of Nations was dead: "A house built on sand could not stand." In these years and thereafter post-war problems that are still with us or are still well remembered were repeatedly discussed: reparations and indemnities, prohibition, the limitation of naval armaments, the proposal to "outlaw" war, the rising menace of Fascism in Italy, and the Soviet Union.

Two contributions of the immediately post-war period may be singled out for mention. Literary historians of the future who seek to trace the origin and growth of the "legend" of Lawrence of Arabia will need to turn to David G. Hogarth's narrative (July, 1920) of *Mecca's Revolt Against the Turks*, which preceded by several years Colonel Lawrence's own celebrated story of the Arabian adventure. Included are some photographs of Lawrence and his associates, of interest for their early date of publication. In 1919 Frederick O'Brien attracted much attention with *White Shadows in the South Seas*, exposing the tragic results of the contact of native peoples with white "civilization." We have chosen for inclusion in our Anthology a passage characteristic of its indignant sympathy.

After T. R. Smith's resignation in 1920 W. Morgan Shuster filled for a while the double post of President of the Company and editor of the magazine till in April, 1921, Glenn Frank was appointed to the editorship. This appointment was announced by Shuster in "An Open Letter to *Century* Readers" (April, 1921). They were assured that the magazine would remain loyal to the basic policies initiated by Roswell Smith and Josiah Holland; it would continue to be a progressive journal adhering to no political party. But there would be changes in its appearance. The recently adopted practice of having a new cover for each number would be abandoned and there would be a reversion to the old fashion of using the same cover-design regularly. The magazine would be enlarged to 160 pages for each issue. More revolutionary was the decision to abandon all half-tone illustrations, color-reproductions, and the like, and to depend henceforth exclusively upon the art of the pen-draftsman.

With this change the heavy, glossy paper for so long familiar to the *Century's* readers disappeared. The best of these new-style illustrations were Walter Tittle's portraits of various celebrities and Rockwell Kent's drawings accompanying his serialized *Voy-*



"LIFE IS SO RICH"

From a drawing by Rockwell Kent

ager's Log (1923). But by May, 1925, the experiment was discontinued and only a frontispiece retained, and presently even this disappeared and the *Century* ceased to be illustrated.

Frank brought Carl Van Doren into the organization in 1924 as literary critic. Van Doren soon established a new department called "The Roving Critic" which continued till he severed his relations with the magazine in 1927. Another new department, devoted to reviews of the publications of The Century Company and called "The Centurion," began to appear in 1923. Presently it was dropped for a while, and when resumed in 1926 it was conducted by John Erskine and contained general comment on cultural subjects. Another new departure, dating from Frank's assumption of the editorship, was the admission of poems of greater length than had hitherto been thought appropriate to a magazine. This led to the inclusion of long poems by Vachel Lindsay, Robert Frost, Amy Lowell, Conrad Aiken, and Elinor Wylie.

Thus the *Century* made efforts to change with the times but not without evincing a nostalgia for the good old times. In 1922 Joseph Pennell, whose beautiful art had contributed so much to the magazine's fame, recounted in somewhat caustic fashion the *Adventures of an Illustrator*. L. Frank Tooker, last of the old guard, serialized under the title *As I Saw It from an Editor's Desk* (1923-4) the reminiscences afterwards gathered into a volume. Other survivals from the past were such traditional features—the natural stock-in-trade of the monthlies—as narratives of travel, reports on the progress of science, literary appreciation, and fragments of history and biography. But the gossipy anecdotage of most of these last bore little resemblance to the massive biographies of former years.

The extent to which the *Century* in its last decade came to depend upon British authors is remarkable; hitherto, while not inhospitable to them, it had relied chiefly upon American talent. Kipling reappeared after a long absence. Arnold Bennett contributed a travel-diary. Arthur Christopher Benson meditated sedately. John Galsworthy's *A Hedonist* was a feature of 1921 and Sheila Kaye-Smith's *Mrs. Addis* of 1922. William Henry Hudson's charming *Hind in Richmond Park* graced the issue of July, 1922. To set down quite at random some other famous names—there were articles, essays, or short stories by Gilbert Murray, Bertrand Russell, S. K. Ratcliffe, Philip Guedalla, J. C. Squire, G. K. Chesterton, St. John Ervine, Hugh Walpole, Frank Swinnerton, R. H. Mottram,

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C. E. Montague, Hilaire Belloc, Algernon Blackwood, E. F. Benson, P. G. Wodehouse, Viola Meynell, and May Sinclair. Certainly it was not for want of talented writers that the fortunes of the *Century* declined.

There were things of high quality among the offerings of American authors. When all the country was discussing *Main Street* (not a Century Company publication), Sinclair Lewis contributed a short story, *The Post-Mortem Murder* (1921). Many of the Poictesme stories of James Branch Cabell were brought out during several years. In a special category is Donn Byrne's *Messer Marco Polo* (1921) from which, as examples of its fragile beauty, we have included some excerpts in the Anthology. As in many other cases, the publishers gave permission to put *Messer Marco Polo* into Braille, waiving all royalties, but they were compelled to refuse to allow the story to be put on records for the use of the blind, for what guarantee could there be that their use would be so restricted? In 1932 permission was granted, free of charge, for a radio presentation in six consecutive readings. A broadcast was of course so much free advertising. In 1944 the story was included in the "Editions for the Armed Services" of books selected by the Council on Books in Wartime. About 78,000 copies were printed in this edition. Among novels the first place is taken by Willa Cather's *Lost Lady* (1923). On the border between fiction and the essay-form was a long series of papers (1925-6) by Irwin Edman tracing the course of one Richard Kane, a typical young American, from adolescence to maturity. He attains a certain peace of mind in a world very different from what in his youth he had conceived it to be. Of American writers other than novelists there is room to mention the poets William Rose Benet (who was for a time a member of the *Century's* staff), Percy MacKaye, and Louis Untermeyer; the essayists Agnes Repplier and Christopher Morley; Gamaliel Bradford the "psychographer"; and Alexander Woolcott, who reported his interviews with Mrs. Fiske in which he set down the actress's recollections.

In 1925 Glenn Frank resigned to become President of the University of Wisconsin. Hewitt H. Howland, who came from the editorial staff of the Bobbs-Merrill Company of Indianapolis, took charge. He was the last editor of the *Century*.

Readers had been once more advised by the editors in 1923—the year in which *Time* began publication—that the *Century* made no

effort to compete with newspapers in mere mass and range of news or with the weeklies in immediate comment, but had the object to "bring sober second thought to bear upon the run of the news." When in 1926 we find H. V. Kaltenborn contributing a discussion of radio's responsibility in molding public opinion, we feel that we are approaching a time when few people seem to have the leisure or desire for "sober second thought." The *Century* was not the only great monthly which found it impossible to swim against the stream. Its last appearance as a monthly magazine was with the number for August, 1929. It was superseded by *The Century: A Popular Quarterly* of which an "Autumn," a "Winter," and a "Spring" issue came out in 1929-30. Thereafter ownership of the magazine was transferred to the Forum Publishing Company whose periodical became the *Forum Combined with the Century Magazine* in the summer of 1930. When in 1940 the *Forum* was taken over by *Current History*, "even the shade of that which once was great" disappeared.

6. *St. Nicholas*

WHEN Roswell Smith and Josiah Holland decided to launch a new magazine addressed to young people they could not have hit upon a happier choice for editor than Mary Elizabeth Mapes Dodge. Already famous as the author of *Hans Brinker, or The Silver Skates* (1865), a "juvenile classic" which even today has not lost its charm, she was also already well trained in editorial work, for at the time when she was invited to join Scribner and Company's organization she was in charge of the young folks' department of *Hearth and Home*, a periodical of large circulation conducted by Harriet Beecher Stowe. This experience, with her reputation as a writer for children and her wide acquaintance with members of the writers' craft, was a guarantee of the success of the new venture. The presence for a time of Frank R. Stockton on her staff as associate editor was a further guarantee. The financial resources at Mrs. Dodge's command enabled her to enlist the services of an extraordinary number of celebrated authors, many of whom had never written hitherto for children. Moreover, Roswell Smith's policy of purchasing and absorbing several other juvenile magazines—notably J. T. Trowbridge's *Our Young Folks*, *The Children's Hour* of Philadelphia, and the *Little Corporal* of Chicago of which Dr. Edward Eggleston

had been editor—removed competitors and captured their circulation.

The first number of *St. Nicholas: Scribner's Illustrated Magazine for Girls and Boys* (a title afterwards simplified) appeared in November, 1873. The name was chosen not only because the Saint was the patron of children but because the first immigrant ship sailing into New York Bay had had his image on her prow and the first church built in New York had been dedicated to him.

St. Nicholas soon attained a circulation of about 70,000 copies per month, a figure which remained pretty constant for many years. Every periodical whose readers are boys and girls must overcome the obstacle that they outgrow its appeal and that consequently there must be an unceasing quest for new subscribers. Grown-ups may remain loyal to their favorite weekly or monthly magazine for a life-time, but youngsters in their early or middle 'teens forsake the friend of their childhood. How this problem was solved by Mrs. Dodge remained in part her secret; but a few stratagems are obvious. For one thing, there was from the first a department "For Little Folks," printed in very large type—*St. Nicholas* caught them young. For another, there was from the eighteen-nineties the department called "The St. Nicholas League," in which verse and prose and drawings by children were printed and prizes awarded—and older members enlisted younger ones, passing the torch along. At a very early date a department called "Bird Defenders" was initiated with a muster-roll of the names of hundreds of children. Later on, nature-study was encouraged by means of another department called "The Agassiz Association." The normal child is a proselytizer if he is in a group and a "joiner" if he is not. And most children, like most grown-ups, have the weakness of liking to see their names in print. In these ways the subscription list was kept up. But they would not have succeeded had not there been always an alertness to the new interests of new generations of boys and girls.

The contributors were for the most part men and women with the tact and intuition to strike a happy medium which writers for the older juveniles had generally missed: they neither addressed children *de haut en bas* nor assumed that they were priggish and precocious little adults. *St. Nicholas* quickly became a powerful influence for good in thousands of homes. It was permeated with the spirit of fair play, friendliness, and fun, but also, unobtrusively, with the spirit of service and self-sacrifice. Yet it was never, even in the

prim 'seventies, "goody-goody," and it never assumed the rôle of a "parents' assistant."

Mrs. Dodge was fortunate in her associates. Not only was there Stockton but also, between 1887 and 1902, Tudor Jenks, the humorist, and for a much longer time William Fayal Clarke, a genial and witty member of the Smith-Holland organization. After Mrs. Dodge's death in 1905 Clarke succeeded her as editor-in-chief. Her name had always appeared upon the title-page of the magazine; but, in modest loyalty to her memory, Clarke's never did. In 1928 George F. Thompson succeeded him as chief editor. A few externalities in the history of *St. Nicholas* may be touched on before we come to its contents. At first it was slim enough to permit the binding of twelve issues into a single volume, but by November, 1879, it had so much expanded that thereafter each annual volume was bound in two parts. The first illustrations in color—much in the style of Kate Greenaway—were the frontispieces to the two parts of Volume X (1882-3), long before color-plates were used in the *Century*. The costliness of the process employed is an indication of the magazine's prosperity: each plate cost between \$250 and \$300, whereas a woodcut or half-tone was to be had for about a tenth as much. With Volume XXIX (November, 1901) the experiment was tried of presenting in each number a complete long story, running to as much as forty or fifty pages, such as would heretofore have been serialized through five or six issues. This seems not to have met with favor, for with the next volume it was discarded. In May, 1926, there was a change in format, with taller, broader, and fewer pages, and with three columns to the page instead of two. Doubtless this was a measure of economy.

At different times The Century Company reprinted six volumes of *St. Nicholas Stories*, grouped as "Island," "Holiday," "Outdoors," "Horses," "Chivalry," and "Greece and Rome." These somewhat odd and incompatible categories by no means represent the entire range of the magazine's fiction. Less ample but perhaps more truly representative is the selection recently (1948) made by Henry Steele Commager in a charming *St. Nicholas Anthology* published by Random House. We recommend it all the more cordially to our readers because within the limits of our space there is room for but a few *juvenilia* in our Anthology.

To classify and categorize would be a sin against the very spirit of *St. Nicholas*, which was seldom pedantic. True, in the very early

days there was printed each month a little tale in French or German for the benefit of children learning the language, but this doubtless unattractive feature was soon given up. The good old Jonsonian formula of mingling instruction with pleasure was always followed, but pleasure was the essential ingredient even in the most informative article. The primary object was innocent and intelligent entertainment.

At the head of the list of *St. Nicholas* poets is the Laureate himself: Tennyson wrote two lovely *Child-Songs* especially for the magazine (1880) with accompanying music by the poet's wife. Christina Rossetti is also to be found in early numbers. Among American poets of the older generation are Longfellow, Bryant, and Whittier, and of the younger, Eugene Field, James Whitcomb Riley, and Joaquin Miller. It is probably more due to *St. Nicholas* than to any other single publication that Katherine Lee Bates's *America the Beautiful* became so widely popular that today it ranks almost as a second national anthem.* An unending flow of graceful light verse and delicious nonsense came from Virginia Woodward Cloud, Carolyn Wells, John Kendrick Bangs, John Bennett, Oliver Herford, Gelett Burgess, and other writers as cheerful as they were talented. Miss Wells's Gilbertesque ballad of *Sir Marmaduke Mars* is as fresh today as when it was written; and who does not remember Herford's fantastic zoölogical poems and Burgess's nonsense verses on the "Goops" which were recited everywhere in 1899 and for long afterwards?

The most popular of all the fanciful creations of *St. Nicholas* were the Brownies. Palmer Cox began to contribute nonsense and fantasy in the late 'seventies, but the Brownies made their first bow in October, 1882. Thereafter they ran on for years and years and then after

* In the New York Public Library there is an interesting letter (1908) from Miss Bates to Robert Underwood Johnson about this poem. It was, she tells him, written in Colorado in 1893 after a visit to the Chicago World's Fair, and was first published on the Fourth of July, 1895, in the *Congregationalist*, a Boston religious periodical. In revised form it was reprinted in the *Boston Evening Transcript* in 1904. "It thereupon ran from paper to paper," writes Miss Bates, "and has been running ever since." Set to music several times, it found a place in various hymnals and similar anthologies. Miss Bates asked for Johnson's criticism and suggestions: "I feel that any further revision of the hymn should be made soon, before it gets quite out of hand. . . . You know it is *Nec mihi, sed Patriae*." Johnson's reply seems not to have been preserved and he does not mention Miss Bates in his autobiography, so it is not known whether he made any suggestions. *America the Beautiful* did not appear in the *Century*, but the definitive version is in the number of *St. Nicholas* for November, 1915.

a long absence reappeared in 1910. The verses with the accompanying drawings were gathered by The Century Company into about a dozen books: *The Brownies: Their Book*, *The Brownies at Home*, *The Brownies through the Union*, *The Brownies Abroad*, and so forth. The verse has perhaps not worn very well—the reader may judge for himself by the sample in the Anthology—but the drawings of these busy little people engaged in every sort of occupation—trade, sport, travel, adventure—still possess an old-fashioned charm not unworthy of comparison with Tenniel's "Alice" and Frost's "Uncle Remus." Are they not fresher in attractiveness today than such technically efficient but somewhat laborious efforts to be imaginative as the color-plates illustrating *Mother Goose* which Arthur Rackham did for *St. Nicholas* in 1913-14?

The magazine gave its young readers quantities of stories, in verse as well as in prose, about fairies, elves, pixies, gnomes, goblins, imps, and animals, real or fabulous, who behave like human beings. There were marvelous fantastic stories by Frank R. Stockton, such as *The Griffin and the Minor Canon*, which is too long for our Anthology but fortunately included by Commager in his. The influence of "Lewis Carroll" was candidly acknowledged in the very title of Charles E. Carryl's *Davy and the Goblin, or, What Followed Reading "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland"* (1884-5). Pastiche though it is, the tale of Davy's adventures and encounters with Old Mother Hubbard, Robinson Crusoe, and many other celebrated people is still amusing. We reprint the Crusoe episode in part. A less lively imitation of "Lewis Carroll" is B. L. Fargeon's *Comedy in Wax* (1903-4) in which Lucy, the little heroine, gets involved with Mme. Tussaud's wax figures who come to life. A pleasant variation upon an old theme is Albert Stearns's *Chris and the Wonderful Lamp*, serialized in 1895. The young hero's astonishing adventures come to an abrupt termination when the genie learns of the existence of the Emancipation Proclamation and refuses to be a slave any more. Yet another attractive fantasy is *Queen Zixi of Ix* (1904-5), a story of a magic cloak by L. Frank Baum, the author of *The Wizard of Oz*.

Towering above these and other talented entertainers are two men of genius. The publication of Mark Twain's *Tom Sawyer Abroad* made 1893-4 a banner-year in the history of *St. Nicholas*. At the same time Rudyard Kipling began to write for it. William F. Clarke has told how Kipling asked Mrs. Dodge for permission to write for *St. Nicholas* because he had so much loved it as a child. His first con-

tributions, *The Potted Princess* and *Collar-Wallah and the Poison Stick* (both 1893) are run-of-the-mine stuff, but they were quickly followed by *Rikki-Tikki-Tavi* (which we reprint in the Anthology), *Toomai of the Elephants*, *Mowgli's Brothers*, and *Tiger! Tiger!* W. H. Drake's illustrations have impressed themselves upon the

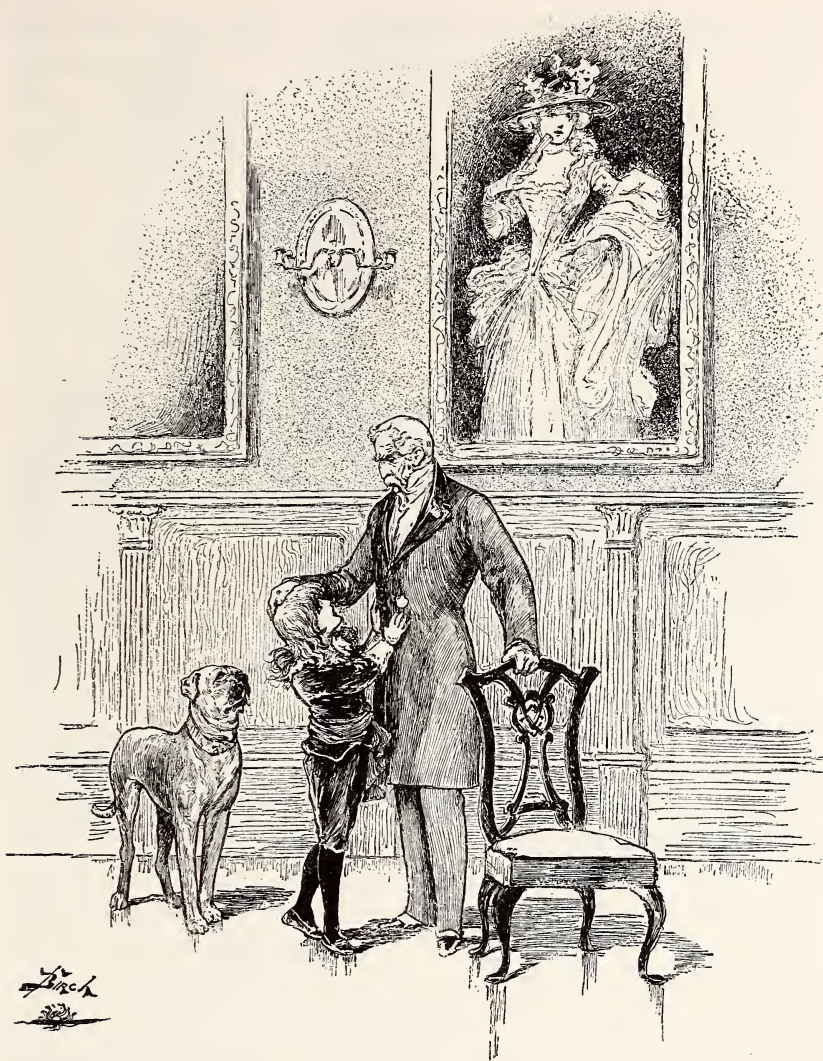


MOWGLI AND THE WOLF

From a drawing by W. H. Drake

imagination of children as firmly as have the stories themselves. The tales of the mongoose, of Toomai, and of Mowgli afterwards went with other things into the two *Jungle Books* (1894 and 1895) which are among The Century Company's most famous publications. A few years later came the *Just-So Stories* (1902), in a different but equally inimitable vein, with illustrations by Oliver Herford.

Of course a great deal of the fiction did not depend upon the supernatural or upon fantasy bordering on the supernatural. On the border-line between fiction and the essay are the sketches and anecdotes, appearing not regularly but occasionally from the very commencement of *St. Nicholas*, by Lucretia P. Hale, which were afterwards collected as *The Peterkin Papers*. The wisdom of the "Lady from Philadelphia" who solved the Peterkins' problems for them has remained almost proverbial. Louisa M. Alcott, Edward Eggleston, and Hezekiah Butterworth were among the first writers whom Mrs.



LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY AND HIS GRANDFATHER

From a drawing by R. B. Birch

Dodge gathered round her. Beginning very early were the "Jack Hazard" stories by J. T. Trowbridge of which *The Young Surveyor* is typical. The editor's own *Donald and Dorothy* (1881-2) is still considered a children's "classic," though whether modern youngsters, reared on the "comics," enjoy, or have so much as heard of, this story of a brother's devotion to his sister may be doubted. If to have imagined a character who has become a type—an addition, like Sherlock Holmes,* to Anglo-Saxon "mythology"—is a test of fame, Frances Hodgson Burnett certainly scored one of the magazine's resounding triumphs with *Little Lord Fauntleroy* (1885-6). R. B. Birch's illustrations have helped to keep little Cedric in the general memory. Our Anthology would not be truly representative without an episode from that story.

The bare names of authors and titles of stories will recall to the old or the elderly the pleasures of childhood. In 1888, at the time when Richard Malcolm Johnston and Joel Chandler Harris were evoking scenes of the old South, came Thomas Nelson Page's *Two Little Confederates*; in 1894 Howard Pyle's *Jack Ballister's Fortunes*; in 1894-5 Elbridge S. Brooks's *A Boy of the First Empire* (from which we reprint a typical *bravura* episode); in 1897 John Bennett's *Master Skylark*, one of the magazine's greatest successes (an episode in the Anthology will recall its charm to many readers); in 1898 the Jules-Vernean story by Clement Fezandie called *Through the Earth* (and what a journey it was and how fascinating were the illustrations of monstrous, complicated machinery!); in 1897-8 Rupert Hughes's *Lakerim Athletic Club* (with twelve young athletes, each a specialist, one for each month of the year) which was followed by *The Dozen from Lakerim* (when they grew up—but not too much—and went to college). Classical and medieval myths were occasionally revamped, as in Andrew Lang's *Story of the Golden Fleece* (1890-1) and Howard Pyle's *Story of King Arthur and His Knights* (1902-3). Information about distant parts of the world was often insinuated into fiction, as in Mayne Reid's *The Land of Fire; A Tale of Adventure in Tierra del Fuego* (1883-4) or in Cleveland Moffett's *Land of Mystery* (1912-13), which was about the adventures of American boys in Egypt and Syria and was illustrated with fine photographs. In the magazine's later years an effort was increasingly

* Speaking of Sherlock Holmes—in the first volume of *St. Nicholas* there is an ingenious alphabet, a sort of secret code, of "restless imps" in different positions. Did Sir Arthur Conan Doyle perhaps get from them the idea for Sherlock Holmes's "Adventure of the Dancing Men"?



THE BATTLE WITH THE SABLE KNIGHT

From a drawing by Howard Pyle

made to adapt fiction to the new twentieth-century interests of the young, as in Katherine Carleton's *Dorothy, the Motor-Girl* and in *Young Crusoes of the Sky* by F. Lovell Coombes who had formerly written *The Young Railroaders*. But we must make an end to this catalogue of fiction with the bare mention of a few other famous writers—Rebecca Harding Davis and her son Richard Harding Davis, Bret Harte, John Hay, Ernest Thompson Seton, Jack London, Mary E. Wilkins (Mrs. Freeman), Kate Douglas Wiggin, and Laura E. Richards, whose *Captain January* was one of the best-loved stories ever printed in *St. Nicholas*.

From fiction based on history such as *Two Little Confederates* and *A Boy of the First Empire* it is but a short step to authentic history or biography written in a style attractive to the young. The magazine contained countless simple little biographies and character sketches of celebrities of the past. "Historic Boyhoods" and "Historic Girlhoods" provided inexhaustible mines of material. How close *St. Nicholas* was to its parent, the *Century*, is evident from such items as Harry M. Kieffer's *Recollections of a Drummer-Boy* (1881-2) on the writer's actual experiences during the Civil War, or General Adam Badeau's papers on the battles in that war (1887). One of the *Hero Tales from American History* by Theodore Roosevelt and Henry Cabot Lodge is reprinted in our Anthology as an example of the way in which the magazine handled such subjects. Heavier reading for more studious hours was supplied in such things as Horace E. Scudder's long biography of Washington (1885-6), Helen Nicolay's *Boys' Life of Abraham Lincoln* (1905-6), which was based upon the biography by the writer's father and John Hay, and Albert Bigelow Paine's *Boys' Life of Mark Twain* (1915-16), based upon Paine's larger work on the same subject.

Among the most delightful of the innumerable articles on travel are Frank R. Stockton's papers on Europe called *Personally Conducted* (1885-6). In 1892-3 a series on American cities contained among other things accounts of Boston by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, of New York by Edmund Clarence Stedman, of Baltimore by Daniel Coit Gilman, and of New Orleans by George W. Cable—impressive instances of Mrs. Dodge's ability to persuade busy men to write for children. Of nature articles there is a great store. The papers on astronomy by Richard A. Procter were a distinguished feature of the 'seventies. Daniel C. Beard contributed many articles on out-door life as well as on various crafts and games. At a later

date Walter Camp wrote on football, bicycle-racing, boat-racing, and other sports. Achievements in science and invention received frequent notice. Railroading, photography, electricity, the automobile, the "wireless," and aviation are constantly recurring subjects, but there is very little about the cinema. Cleveland Moffett's admirable papers on *Careers of Danger and Daring* (1901) are not forgotten by anyone old enough to remember their appearance; and almost equally good is the series by various writers on *Men Who Do Things* (1913-14)—the digging of the Panama Canal, the raising of the "Maine," the construction of great dams, and so forth. An article on *Icebergs* by H. J. Shepstone is particularly interesting because it lays special emphasis upon the danger to shipping and it appeared in March, 1912—just two months before the "Titanic" disaster. It will be remembered that the *Century* had published a similar warning earlier.

During the Spanish-American War there were papers on the navy and on such national heroes as Admiral Dewey; but in general *St. Nicholas* paid little attention to public affairs till the outbreak of the First World War. A new department, "The Watch Tower: A Review of Current Events," was then introduced; and after our entry into the conflict, another called "For Country and for Liberty. Patriotic Service for American Boys and Girls." There were also articles on modern guns, submarines, and other timely subjects, and the war invaded the magazine's fiction.

In this chapter it has been possible only to dip and delve here and there, bringing up samples of the rich ore to be found in the fifty-eight volumes of the magazine. In the post-war decade *St. Nicholas* had to face the competition of the cinema, the radio, and the so-called "comics" and had to struggle against a general deterioration of taste which affected children as well as their parents. In 1931 The Century Company disposed of their interest in the magazine to the American Education Press of Columbus, Ohio. Its subsequent fortunes are beyond the scope of this history. *Ave atque Vale!* Hail and Farewell—to *St. Nicholas* and to the pleasures of childhood!

7. *Century Books*

WE HAVE seen that Roswell Smith and Josiah Holland did not originally propose to publish books but that, controlling the rights to works that had been successful in their magazines and for which there was a demand in permanent form, they were almost forced into the book-publishing business. After the reorganization of 1881, an increasing number of books, both fiction and non-fiction, which had appeared in the *Century* or in *St. Nicholas*, were re-issued with The Century Company's imprint. Many of these have been already noted in earlier chapters. But the Company often purchased periodical rights without engaging themselves to reprint, and on the other hand there were authors who were willing to sign contracts for periodical publication while retaining the right to turn to some other publisher thereafter. Moreover, books which originally bore the Company's imprint were in many cases later sold to other publishers. To record even the major instances of such transfers of copyright would involve us in far more detail than there is room for here. The bibliographical history of Kipling's works is, for example, a very complicated matter. Furthermore, The Century Company often contracted for publications that were inappropriate to either of their magazines; and as time went on this side of their business so greatly expanded that ultimately, as we have seen, they abandoned the magazine field altogether.

One of the earliest enterprises beyond the scope of the magazines dates from the days of the old Scribner and Company organization. The history of the Church Music Department of The Century Company begins in 1879 with the purchase from the A. S. Barnes Company of *Songs for the Sanctuary*, edited by the Rev. Charles S. Robinson, a well-known Presbyterian divine of New York City and one of the leading hymnologists of the country. The transfer of this profitable property led to the appointment of Dr. Robinson to compile other collections, and very shortly this branch of the business had grown to an extent necessitating the organization of a special department. This was placed under the supervision of John R. Beecroft. Before the Company changed its name in 1881 there had been published *The Calvary Selection for Social Worship*, *The Calvary Selection for Church and Choir*, and the first two volumes of the *Spiritual Songs Series* edited by Dr. Robinson. These last two were

designed respectively for "social worship" and for "Sunday school." The third member of this series, *Spiritual Songs for Church and Choir*, was one of the first books to bear the imprint of The Century Company. Thereafter Dr. Robinson was responsible for the highly successful *Laudes Domini* Series. The *New Laudes Domini* (1892) was the last collection edited by him. All these hymnals were inter-denominational in character; and it remained the general policy of the Church Music Department to publish collections acceptable to most Protestant sects without regard to the special requirements of any particular denomination. There were, however, some exceptions. The *Tucker Hymnal*, for example, taken over from the James Pott Company in 1894, was designed for the use of the Protestant Episcopal Church. It was edited by the Rev. J. Ireland Tucker and his organist, W. W. Rousseau. At later dates there were other collections for the Episcopalians.

In 1896 *In Excelsis* was brought out. It was prepared by The Century Company's own editor, J. R. Beecroft, and is of particular interest because one of the people to whom Beecroft turned for advice and assistance was Woodrow Wilson. Following this and based upon it came *In Excelsis for the Church, School and Chapel*, a collection designed especially for young people. It had a very large sale in schools and colleges. This was Beecroft's last book; he died shortly after its appearance, and after a brief interregnum Caroline B. Parker, who had been trained under him, was appointed manager of the Church Music Department. By this time The Century Company was famous for its publications in this field and was attracting expert and learned editors. Among them may be noted the Rev. William J. Dawson, an eloquent preacher who had come from England to be pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York. He edited the *American Hymnal* which had a long and successful life. There followed a long line of widely popular hymnals, some of them designed for church services but others for colleges, schools, hospitals, missions, camps, or other groups. An outstanding collection was *Old Songs Hymnal*, composed of Negro spirituals selected and arranged by Dorothy Bolton and Harry Burleigh.

There was a further expansion when the Rev. H. Augustine Smith brought to the Century office in 1919 the manuscript of the *Hymnal for American Youth*. This fine compilation has had a sale of more than a million copies, and its sequel, the *New Hymnal for American Youth*, has passed the half-million mark. Other collections adapted

by the same editor to the needs of adult worshippers have been the *Century Hymnal*, *Hymns for the Living Age*, the *New Church Hymnal*, and *Praise and Service*. This last had been put into Braille for the use of the blind. Dr. Smith's *Lyric Religion: The Romance of Immortal Hymns* (1931) is an historical, interpretative, and appreciative commentary designed as an aid to the better understanding of the greatest and most famous hymns. It has had a very large sale.

When during the First World War a hymn-book for the armed services was projected in Washington, the plan submitted by Miss Parker on behalf of The Century Company was so precise and satisfactory that the Government awarded the contract to the Company. The *Army and Navy Hymnal* was compiled by a group of chaplains of the services under Miss Parker's general editorship. It was brought out in 1920 and is used at army posts, naval stations, and on ships at sea. The United States is believed to be the only country in the world that supplies its armed forces with a hymnal especially designed for their use.

The Church Music Department was continued after the consolidation of The Century Company with D. Appleton and Company. The last of their publications of this kind was the *Hymnal for Boys and Girls*, brought out in 1945. In the same year, in line with the increasing tendencies of publishers to specialize along certain lines, the D. Appleton-Century Company disposed of their interests in this branch of their activities to the Fleming H. Revell Company.

The greatest of all The Century Company's enterprises and the greatest monument to the courage and vision of Roswell Smith was the *Century Dictionary*. The idea of publishing a work of reference of an encyclopaedic character had been suggested to him by Dr. Holland in the early years of their partnership, but this seed failed to bear fruit till after Holland's death. In 1882 Smith purchased from Messrs. Blackie and Son the American rights to John Ogilvie's *Imperial Dictionary*. This work, which was published in 1850, had been based (as was acknowledged on its title-page) upon Noah Webster's *Dictionary*, so that the plan to base a new American dictionary upon it was in a way to accept repayment of a debt. One feature of Ogilvie's work it is important to notice: it showed traces of the encyclopaedic method and scope which were to be carried much further in

the *Century Dictionary*.^{*} Smith's original design was the comparatively modest one of modernizing Ogilvie and adapting it to American use and usage; and with this in mind a small staff was assembled. The work had not proceeded far, however, when Smith became dissatisfied and determined to discard the *Imperial Dictionary* altogether and make a new beginning on a much more ambitious scale. In reaching this decision he followed Buel's advice and may have been influenced by the appearance of Charles Annandale's revision of Ogilvie (1881-3). Material from Annandale's revision was, by arrangement with the English publishers, incorporated in the *Century Dictionary*, but it was essentially a new and independent work.

Professor William Dwight Whitney of Yale, probably the greatest American philologist of his generation, and the first President of the American Philological Association, was appointed editor-in-chief. The managing editor was Dr. Benjamin E. Smith, who after Whitney's death in 1894, himself became the editor-in-chief, serving in that capacity till his own death in 1913. An office staff of about fifty persons was employed, including a number of assistant editors who were highly trained philologists. Material dealing with words and their senses in special fields was obtained from more than thirty consultants, each an expert in his field. Some five hundred people were readers whose responsibility it was to set down illustrative quotations. W. Lewis Fraser of The Century Company's art department was in charge of the illustrations.

The plan, as set forth by Professor Whitney, embraced three principal objectives: to construct a dictionary of the English language which should be serviceable for every literary and practical use; to make a more complete collection of the technical terms of the various arts, sciences, professions, and trades than had hitherto been attempted; and to supplement the definitions, where necessary, with descriptive encyclopaedic matter and with pictorial illustrations. Care was taken not to introduce descriptions for their own sake or pictures merely as adornments. Proper names were almost altogether excluded. The older as well as the present vocabulary of the language was recorded; the etymologies were very full; the distinctions drawn between different meanings of a word precise and lucid. Illustrative quotations were very abundant, larger in number than in any other dictionary except the great *Oxford*. Dialectical and pro-

^{*} M. M. Mathews, *A Survey of English Dictionaries* (Oxford, 1933), p. 46.

vincial words, colloquialisms and slang, and Americanisms that had not previously been entered in dictionaries gained admittance.

After seven years of labor the *Century Dictionary* began to appear in sections in 1889. The last section was published late in 1891. The entire work was in six quarto volumes.

The *Dictionary* met with a very favorable reception, being at once recognized as the most important and valuable work in its field published in America. New printings were frequently called for, sometimes twice or more in a single year. A staff was kept together under the direction of Benjamin E. Smith to keep abreast of the growing language and to make any necessary corrections; and from time to time revisions were made in the plates. In 1909 two supplementary volumes were issued.

But every work of reference is bound to become obsolete. For a completely new edition of the original work a large office staff was again assembled. Thousands of alterations were made in the plates in order to bring the information up to date; even the two lately published supplementary volumes were subjected to some revision. The new edition was made up into ten volumes, each having at its end the portion of the supplement corresponding to it. In this form it appeared in 1911. Reprints of 1913 and 1914 contained further alterations and additions. The ten quarto volumes contain more than 8,500 three-column pages. There are about 600,000 separate entries and it is estimated that the text contains 20,000,000 words. The collection of pictorial illustrations numbers about ten thousand. Typographically the work is one of the greatest achievements of the De Vinne Press. Ordinarily, large dictionaries are set in 6-point type, but the entries, etymologies, and definitions in the *Century Dictionary* are set in 8-point, with only the quotations, the encyclopaedic matter, and the articles on synonyms in 6-point. This arrangement made possible a much more readable and attractive page than it is usual to find in such works of reference. The admirably executed pictures added to the attractiveness.

By the time of the complete revision of the *Dictionary* it had cost over \$1,110,000. Of the three regular editions—the original in six volumes; the expansion with the supplement to eight; and the 1911 revision in ten—about 206,000 sets were sold at prices ranging from about \$60 to about \$125, depending upon edition and binding.

In 1914 an arrangement was made with the publishers of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* in accordance with which they used the

plates of the ten-volume *Dictionary* to make an edition in one large volume printed on India paper. This they sold on a royalty basis through their own organization. Between 1914 and 1921 about 34,000 copies were sold at \$31 a copy. Since the end of 1921 both the regular ten-volume edition and the single-volume edition have been out of print. Thereafter the systematic collection of new material was continued with a view to the possible making of a new edition at some future time.

It is not within our province, nor would it be becoming here, to compare *The Century Dictionary: An Encyclopedic Lexicon of the English Language* (to give it for once its full, copyright title) with other works in the same field; but it is safe to say that only three others can be brought within range of comparison—the *New English Dictionary* (Oxford), *Webster's New International* (G. and C. Merriam Company), and the *New Standard* (Funk and Wagnalls Company).

Grouped round the *Century Dictionary* as planets attendant upon a great luminary are several subsidiary works. *The Century Cyclopedia of Names*, edited by Dr. B. E. Smith, was first published in 1894. *The Century Atlas of the World*, prepared under Smith's superintendence, appeared in 1897. Both these were either sold separately or were attached to sets of the *Dictionary*. In 1912 work began upon a condensation of the large *Dictionary* which under the editorial direction of H. G. Emery and Miss K. G. Brewster became not merely an abridgement but in some respects a new work. *The New Century Dictionary of the English Language* was published in 1927. For the many new technical words recourse was had to inventors, manufacturers, and other original sources. The pronunciation system was that devised by Whitney, but slightly altered to conform to the dictates of experience. After the deaths of Emery and Miss Brewster, Charles H. Fitch, who had been a member of the staff of the abridgement since its initiation, became the revision editor. Originally issued in three volumes, the *New Century Dictionary* is now in two.

It is not necessary to say much more about The Century Company's fiction because most of their novels had been serialized in their magazine before publication in book form. Two highly successful stories which bore their imprint without previous publication in the *Century* were *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* (1901) by Alice

Caldwell Hegan (afterwards Mrs. Rice) and *Daddy-Long-Legs* (1912) by Jean Webster (Mrs. McKinney). Young Alice Hegan's manuscript had been turned down by several publishers before it reached The Century Company's office, probably on the ground of its inconvenient size, for the novel-reading public demanded their money's worth, and this was a very short book. For an analogous reason it was not deemed suitable for the *Century*, for it was too long to be squeezed into a single issue and too short for conventional serialization. It was, however, accepted for publication as a book. *Mrs. Wiggs* was an immediate success. In its kindly, homely realism and sympathetic humor it had something of the quality of Westcott's *David Harum*, without that book's coarseness of fibre; and both books came at a time when there was a turn of taste away from the historical romances of the preceding decade. Miss Hegan, who lived in Louisville, knew intimately the lives of the poor across the railway tracks. Here was "realism in the sphere of the ignobly decent"—Gissing's formula, but with a lightness of touch very unlike Gissing or his American disciples. *Mrs. Wiggs* has proved to be long-lived; in 1937 the D. Appleton-Century Company included the story in their "Modern Literature Series." Two other stories were promptly accepted for publication in the *Century*. Before the amalgamation of the two firms The Century Company had published nine or ten of Mrs. Rice's books, and the consolidated companies published five more, the last, *Happiness Road* (1942), in the year of her death. The Century Company had already published two of Jean Webster's stories before her great success. One of these early things, *When Patty Went to College* (1903), anticipates the setting of *Daddy-Long-Legs*. The academic background of the tale of Judy Abbott and the unknown philanthropist seems to have been drawn from Vassar College. The opening scene in the orphanage is a reflection of Mrs. McKinney's own philanthropic interests. The story, told in letters, works out to a conclusion which the sophisticated will find sentimental but which comes as a delightful surprise to readers who like a tale to end happily. Mrs. Wiggs and Judy Abbott both find places in our Anthology.

The Century Company's long line of books on travel received notable additions during the last two decades of the Company's independent existence. During the First World War, when we were shut off from Europe, Julian Leonard Street catered to the demand for such narratives in his *Abroad at Home: American Ramblings*

(1916) and *American Adventures* (1917). A particular region, associated long since with George W. Cable, was resurveyed in Lyle Saxon's *Father Mississippi* (1927), *Fabulous New Orleans* (1928; republished by Appleton-Century in 1939), and *Old Louisiana* (1929). But the most remarkable writers of travel-books of this period were Harry Alverson Franck and Edward Alexander Powell.

Tracing Franck's wanderings on a map of the entire globe and glancing through his dozen volumes, one wonders how, traveling so much, he had time to write, and writing so much, he had time to travel. But he did both. He had also time to take the hundreds of photographs with which his books are illustrated. He captured the attention of a wide audience with his very first narrative, *A Vagabond Journey Around the World* (1910). *Four Months Afoot in Spain* followed in 1911. At the time of the crisis in our relations with Mexico he was *Tramping through Mexico* (1916). Pushing further South, he is found *Vagabonding down the Andes* (1917) and then *Working North from Patagonia* (1921). About the same time he was *Roaming through the West Indies* (1920). Then he went to the Orient, *Roving through Southern China* and *Wandering in Northern China* (both 1923), catching *Glimpses of Japan and Formosa* (1924), and visiting the country *East of Siam* (1926). *I Discover Greece* was announced on the title-page of his volume of 1929. Then he enjoyed *A Scandinavian Summer* (1930), and finally found himself *Foot-loose in the British Isles* (1932). One is not surprised to find him describing himself on one title-page as "an incurable nomad" and on another as "America's perennial rambler." Good-humored anecdote, personal impressions, and sharp though not very profound comments upon the life of many peoples are the ingredients of Franck's books.

Whereas Franck took the world for his province E. Alexander Powell was content with a more restricted portion of the globe, though sufficiently large at that. He was a serious student of social problems and was very conscious of the impact of Western culture upon Africa and the Near and Middle East. He made his name with *Asia at the Crossroads* (1922), a much discussed book, followed by *The Struggle for Power in Moslem Asia* (1923). Then, turning his attention to Africa, he wrote *Beyond the Utmost Purple Rim* (1925), on the Northeast of that continent, *The Map That Is Half Unrolled* (1925), on Equatorial Africa, and *In Barbary* (1926), on the Northwest. *By Camel and Car to the Peacock Throne* (1928) tells of a

journey through Persia; *Embattled Borders* (1928) is on the Balkan countries; and *The Last Home of Mystery* (1929) is on Nepal.

Edward Alsworth Ross, another far-traveled writer, was a professional sociologist. He was one of the first Americans to report on the immediate consequences of the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty; *The Changing Chinese* appeared in 1911. He was likewise early in another field, with *Russia in Upheaval* (1918), *The Russian Bolshevik Revolution* (1921), and *The Russian Soviet Republic* (1923). *The Social Revolution in Mexico* (1923) is reporting of similar kind. He wrote several volumes on problems of American society. His most important book, however, does not belong to the literature of travel; it is *The Principles of Sociology* (1920; revised and issued by Appleton-Century, 1938). Slighter works are *The Social Trend* (1922) and *The Outlines of Sociology* (1923).

These last few titles bring us almost into the Educational Book Department of The Century Company, but before entering it let us glance at the extraordinarily popular books on natural history by Jean-Henri Fabre. This naturalist has already been mentioned in our account of the *Century Magazine*. Ten of his books were brought out in translations (mostly by Miss Florence C. Bicknell) within a single decade; all these were posthumous. Some were written for adults, others for children; but the juvenile books are so interesting as to attract grown-up readers and the adult books so simply written as to hold the attention of children. Their titles, in chronological order between 1917 and 1927, will indicate Fabre's range, which was not so much confined to the world of insects as is sometimes supposed. *The Story-Book of Science* is elementary. *The Wonders of Instinct* is one of Fabre's most fascinating books and from it we have chosen passages for the Anthology. *Our Humble Helpers* has to do with the domestic animals. *Field, Forest and Farm* ranges more widely. *The Secret of Everyday Things* is one of the books addressed to children. Later volumes are *Animal Life in Field and Garden*, *The Wonder Book of Chemistry*, *This Earth of Ours* (on geological phenomena), *Here and There in Popular Science*, and *Curiosities of Science*. So recently as 1938 the D. Appleton-Century Company brought out Fabre's *Marvels of the Insect World*, with wood-engravings by Robert Gibbings.

The Educational Book Department became gradually one of the most important branches of The Century Company's activities. Alexander Smith's epoch-making college inorganic chemistry texts, i.e.,

Introduction to Inorganic Chemistry (1904) and *General Chemistry for Colleges* (1908) were very widely distributed and still, in revisions by James Kendall and William F. Ehret, are standard texts in the subject. Hundreds of thousands of copies of *The Century Handbook of Writing* by Garland Greever and Easley S. Jones (1918) in its several editions have been sold, and even today it is one of the outstanding handbooks in English. Other noteworthy books in the English field are *Century Readings in English Literature* by J. W. Cunliffe, J. F. A. Pyre, and Karl Young (1918), a pioneer anthology now in its fifth edition, and Jones's *Practical English Composition* (1931) which was widely used in colleges and universities and now in revised form is selling in the thousands every year. Among historians two medievalists may be mentioned, Dana C. Munro, with *The Middle Ages* (1921), which was later revised by Raymond J. Sontag and Joseph R. Strayer, and James W. Thompson, with his *Economic and Social History of Europe in the Later Middle Ages* (1931). Outstanding in the field of political science is *Introduction to American Government* by Frederic A. Ogg and P. Orman Ray (1922), now in its ninth edition, and mention should also be made of the important college texts in mathematics by Raymond W. Brink, including *Plane Trigonometry* (1928), and *College Algebra* (1933), two of the most active titles on the firm's present list.

Before the amalgamation with the House of Appleton several clearly defined series of textbooks had been developed, each under the superintendence of a distinguished authority. To mention a few, there are The Century Psychology Series with Richard M. Elliott as editor, and in which Edwin G. Boring's *History of Experimental Psychology* (1929), Clark L. Hull's *Principles of Behavior* (1943), Edna Heidbreder's *Seven Psychologies* (1933), B. F. Skinner's *The Behavior of Organisms* (1938), and Edward C. Tolman's *Purposive Behavior in Animals and Men* (1932), among other noteworthy titles, have been issued. Then there is The Century Political Science Series edited by Frederic A. Ogg, in which there are already twenty-nine titles, including in addition to Ogg and Ray's *Introduction to American Government* and Andrew C. McLaughlin's *Constitutional History of the United States*, which have already been mentioned, Francis W. Coker's *Recent Political Thought* (1934), Edward McC. Sait's *American Parties and Elections* (1927), Charles G. Fenwick's *International Law* (1924), and others of equal high standing. The Century Social Science Series, edited by E. A. Ross, is a noteworthy

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group of books, distinguished by such titles as Ross's *Principles of Sociology* (1920), Ralph Linton's *The Study of Man* (1936), *Social Problems* by John L. Gillin, C. G. Dittmer, R. J. Colbert, and Norman M. Kastler (1932), and more recently John Gillin's *The Ways of Men* (1948). Still another series is The Century Earth Science Series, of which Kirtley Mather is editor and which includes such well-known volumes as *Human Geography* by C. Langdon White and George T. Renner (1948), George D. Hubbard's *Geography of Europe* (1937), Henry Dewey Thompson's *Fundamentals of Earth Science* (1947), and Cecil G. Lalicker's *Principles of Petroleum Geology* (1948). Unfortunately, space does not permit the listing of all the members of these series and also the volumes in other well-known series: Kenneth McKenzie's The Century Modern Language Series, Sterling P. Lamprecht's The Century Philosophy Series, William H. Kieckhofer's The Century Studies in Economics, William E. Lingelbach's The Century Historical Series, and so forth, many of which have made definite contributions to the special literature in their respective fields. As a general policy (though there were occasional exceptions), directly competing texts were not sponsored, on the theory that a book worthy of the support of the organization should receive its whole-hearted and exclusive attention. Appreciating its obligations to scholarship and research, The Century Company entered into partnership with several learned societies—the American Historical Association, the American Council of Learned Societies, the Modern Language Association, the Institute for Research in the Social Sciences of the University of Virginia, and others—in the publishing and distribution of non-commercial learned works.

The
D. APPLETON-CENTURY COMPANY &
APPLETON-CENTURY-CROFTS

The Consolidations

NEGOTIATIONS for the consolidation of D. Appleton and Company with The Century Company were begun in 1930. Relations between the two firms had always been cordial, and among the directors and officers there were many friendships. It was evident that their lists of publications supplemented each other. As a preliminary test of how an amalgamation would succeed, arrangements were made in 1931 for the London office of Appleton to serve as an outlet for Century books. This succeeded to the satisfaction of both companies, and on June 1, 1933, the two joined forces under the name of D. Appleton-Century Company, Inc. The Century Company gave up its offices on Fourth Avenue and joined the Appleton organization at 35 West 32nd Street. John W. Hiltman, President of D. Appleton and Company, became Chairman of the Board of the new Company, and W. Morgan Shuster, President of The Century Company, became the new President. Dana H. Ferrin of The Century Company became Vice-President and Director of the Educational Department and ultimately Executive Vice-President. Most of the personnel of the two old companies found places in the new organization.

With singularly little overlapping in most branches of the publishing business, the lists of Appleton and Century books dovetailed admirably. For example, from Appleton came the impressive "line" of books on medicine and surgery, the long-established Spanish Book Department, and the great series of albums of music; and from The Century Company came the massive *Dictionary*, the Hymn-Book Department, and the various series of studies and textbooks in biology, chemistry, psychology, the social sciences, history, and so forth. The combined business was organized into seven departments: Trade, Educational, Medical, Dictionary, Hymn-Books, Music, and Spanish. The range of subject-matter was far wider than these departmental names imply, for many kinds of books are included under the general heading "Trade," which embraces books, both fiction and non-fiction, of the sorts sold through the regular bookstores. Without

attempting an exhaustive list of categories, it may be noted that among the several thousand books in print when the consolidated company began its career were works of fiction, biography, history, poetry, drama, science, religion, travel, and other "trade" books; medical and surgical works; books in foreign languages; books for young people; collections of music and books on music; the *Dictionary*; textbooks on the school and college levels; hymn-books; books for business men; books for sportsmen; books for teachers—in a word, practically every type of book to be read for pleasure or profit or both; one of the most extensive lists offered by any American publishing house.

The fifteen years of D. Appleton-Century Company, Inc. are still so near to us that the necessary perspective is lacking for suggesting opinions such as we have given with a fair degree of confidence regarding publications of an older date. Time has not yet done its winnowing. Moreover, many of the Company's recent authors are still actively engaged in writing. Yet at the risk of appearing invidious, a few books may be singled out for mention. Many of the writers who were carried over from one or the other of the old companies have already been discussed in earlier chapters; among such are Gertrude Atherton, whose *House of Lee* appeared in 1940; E. F. Benson, whose *Dodo* had been published long ago by Appleton, and whose *Old London* (1937), *Queen Victoria's Daughters* (1938), and *Final Edition* (1940) were brought out by the new firm; Zona Gale, four of whose books were brought out between 1933 and 1939; Joseph Lincoln, with five books between 1935 and 1943; Jean-Henri Fabre; Alice Hegan Rice, with five books between 1933 and 1940; and Mrs. Wharton with her reminiscences and her last three volumes of fiction. Among other novelists were Hector Bolitho, whose *Beside Galilee* came out in 1933 and *The House in Half Moon Street* in 1936; Marjorie Bowen, with *The Scandal of Sophie Dawes* (1935) and *Patriotic Lady* (1936); several books by Cecil Roberts; and several volumes of translations of Maxim Gorki. Ian Hay's *Malta Epic* (1943), Professor Allan Nevins's admirable biography of Fremont (1939), William H. Kiekhofer's widely used *Economic Principles, Problems and Policies* (1936), and Andrew C. McLaughlin's *Constitutional History of the United States* (1935), which won the Pulitzer Prize, are all works of outstanding merit.

At the beginning of 1948 D. Appleton-Century Company, Inc. purchased all the stock of F. S. Crofts, Inc. and the latter company

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was merged into it, to form Appleton-Century-Crofts, Inc. Since Frederick S. Crofts had early in his career been connected with The Century Company, this merger was in a sense "coming home again." He was a salesman for The Century Company from 1905 to 1910 and thereafter manager of its educational department for eight years. His experience in this field was broadened during the years (1919-1924) when he headed Harper's educational department. In 1924 he established his own company and at once began to specialize in college textbooks. At a time when the study of German was still at a low ebb, because of the prejudices inspired by the First World War, Crofts inaugurated a series of German texts. This far-sighted policy won the good will of teachers of German, and resulted in a series of the highest merit. In the fields of French and Spanish the new Company also developed extensive series, and added texts in Portuguese, Norwegian, and Russian. Quite as noteworthy as were the books in foreign languages was the *Crofts American History Series* with such fine books as Thomas A. Bailey's *Diplomatic History of the American People* (1940; third edition, 1950), from which we have chosen two passages for the Anthology, Harold U. Faulkner's *American Political and Social History*, and the collection of *Documents of American History*, edited by Henry Steele Commager. Other fields of major activity were English language and literature, speech and dramatics, philosophy, political science, and music. A notable publishing venture was the series of *Crofts Classics*, which made available at a very low price masterpieces of world literature, ably edited, and in some cases freshly translated. Of a more "popular" nature and, in fact, one of the few Crofts publications that is not a textbook, is the collection of essays on history and politics by the Cornell historian Carl L. Becker, entitled *Everyman His Own Historian* (1935). From this wise and witty book a passage is reprinted in the Anthology. Among other distinguished scholars who have figured in the Crofts list may be mentioned Dean Christian Gauss of Princeton, Dean William C. DeVane of Yale, Professor Bernadotte Schmitt of the University of Chicago, and Professor Edgar A. Singer, Jr. of the University of Pennsylvania. To give here a complete list of the authors or editors of more than five hundred books is obviously impossible.

In 1930, when there were more than 100 titles on his list, Crofts doubled the number by purchasing from Alfred A. Knopf his list of college textbooks. In later years there were further expansions

through arrangements with the French publishing firm of Larousse, the German firm of Brockhaus, and The Williams and Wilkins Company of Baltimore.

Second only to Crofts in his Company has been Allen S. Wilber who, after experience in the college department of The Macmillan Company, became Vice-President of F. S. Crofts and Company in 1928.

After the merger Crofts moved from their offices at 101 Fifth Avenue to the Appleton-Century offices at 35 West 32nd Street. These have recently been modernized and expanded to accommodate the enlarged activities of the firm.

W. Morgan Shuster is President of Appleton-Century-Crofts, Inc. Dana H. Ferrin, formerly Executive Vice-President of Appleton-Century, is Executive Vice-President of the new organization. Other Vice-Presidents are Samuel Rapport, who is director of the Trade Department, and Allen S. Wilber, who is director of the Educational Department.

The books published by the newly constituted firm are in many fields and some of them promise to be long remembered and widely read. But they are all still so near us that they cannot appropriately enter into this record.*

A few words about colophons may appropriately conclude this history, for a colophon comes properly at the end of a book. An early colophon of D. Appleton and Company was the punning device of the apple tree, with an open book at its foot, bearing the letters "D. A. & Co." Around it was a scroll with the words "Inter Folia Fructus" and the statement "Established 1825." In an adaptation of this made in 1918 a shield has been substituted for the book, and the scroll is at the bottom, with the motto but without the date. The colophon of the Century Company, designed about 1875 by Stanford White, was a blazing sun with an open book in its center. The original D. Appleton-Century Company colophon bore the apple tree with the sun against its trunk and in the middle of the sun an open book bearing the dates, 1825, 1870, 1933. A surrounding scroll bore the old Appleton motto with the name of the new Company at its foot. In

* Note by the publishers. We are inclined to take exception to this statement in that it is our belief that probably the most authoritative and distinguished volume we have published in the past decade is a history of English literature to which Dr. Chew contributed: *A Literary History of England* (1948) by Albert C. Baugh, Kemp Malone, Tucker Brooke, George Sherburn and Samuel C. Chew.

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1945 a new colophon, designed by W. A. Dwiggins, displayed the tree, the sun's rays, the dates 1825 and 1870, and the initials A C, the whole surrounded with a wreath. The old motto was omitted. The colophon of Appleton-Century-Crofts, Inc., also designed by W. A. Dwiggins, is an adaptation of this, with the initials A C C and the single date 1825.



A SUCCESSION OF COLOPHONS



The Anthology



HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

JOHN BACH McMASTER

THE FIRST VOLUME of McMaster's History of the People of the United States from the Revolution to the Civil War was published by D. Appleton and Company in 1883; the eighth and last in 1913. The opening survey of the conditions of life in the United States at the time when the story begins is in the great tradition exemplified by Gibbon's survey of Rome in the Age of the Antonines, Macaulay's survey of England in 1685, and Froude's of England at the commencement of the reign of Henry VIII. This is not to imply that McMaster's somewhat pedestrian style is comparable to that of the three great English historians. From this chapter we have selected the first two prelude-like paragraphs. The second excerpt, describing the impression which Paris made upon Jefferson, Adams, and Franklin on the eve of the French Revolution, is a favorable example of McMaster's manner. His footnotes have been omitted.—This first volume was reviewed in the New York Tribune in so violently hostile a manner as to occasion a good deal of scandal. The reviewer quite unwarrantably affirmed that the History was so close to Macaulay as to be "something more than imitation . . . a crime not easily distinguishable from theft."

America in 1784

THE SUBJECT of my narrative is the history of the people of the United States of America from the close of the war for independence down to the opening of the war between the States. In the course of this narrative much, indeed, must be written of wars, conspiracies, and rebellions; of presidents, of congresses, of embassies, of treaties, of the ambition of political leaders in the senate-house, and of the rise of great parties in the nation. Yet the history of the people shall be the chief theme. At every stage of the splendid progress which separates the America of Washington and Adams from the America in which we live, it shall be my purpose to describe the dress, the occupations, the amusements, the literary canons of the times; to note the changes of manners and morals; to trace the growth of that humane spirit which abolished punish-

ment for debt, which reformed the discipline of prisons and of jails, and which has, in our own time, destroyed slavery and lessened the miseries of dumb brutes. Nor shall it be less my aim to recount the manifold improvements which, in a thousand ways, have multiplied the conveniences of life and ministered to the happiness of our race; to describe the rise and progress of that long series of mechanical inventions and discoveries which is now the admiration of the world, and our just pride and boast; to tell how, under the benign influence of liberty and peace, there sprang up, in the course of a single century, a prosperity unparalleled in the annals of human affairs; how, from a state of great poverty and feebleness, our country grew rapidly to one of opulence and power; how her agriculture and her manufactures flourished together; how, by a wise system of free education and a free press, knowledge was disseminated, and the arts and sciences advanced; how the ingenuity of her people became fruitful of wonders far more astonishing than any of which the alchemists had ever dreamed.

Such a mingling of social with political history is necessary to a correct understanding of the peculiar circumstances under which our nation was formed and grew up. Other people in other times have become weary of their rulers, have thrown off the yoke, have come out of the house of bondage and set up that form of government which has always been thought the freest and most perfect. But our ancestors were indeed a highly favored people. They were descended from the most persevering, the most energetic, the most thrifty of races. They enjoyed the highest form of civilization; their climate was salubrious; their soil rich; their country boundless; they were hampered by no traditions; they were surrounded by no nations of whom they stood in fear. Almost alone, in a new land, they were free to work out their own form of government in accordance with their own will. The consequence has been such a moral and social advancement as the world has never seen before. The Americans who, toward the close of 1783, celebrated with bonfires, with cannon, and with bell-ringing, the acknowledgment of independence and the return of peace, lived in a very different country from that with which their descendants are familiar. Indeed, could we, under the potent influence of some magician's drugs, be carried back through one hundred years, we should find ourselves in a country utterly new to us. Rip Van Winkle, who fell asleep when his townsmen were throwing up their hats and drinking their

bumpers to good King George, and awoke when a generation that knew him not was shouting the names of men and parties unknown to him, did not find himself in a land more strange. The area of the republic would shrink to less than half its present extent. The number of the States would diminish to thirteen, nor would many of them be contained in their present limits or exhibit their present appearance. Vast stretches of upland, which are now an endless succession of wheat-fields and corn-fields and orchards, would appear overgrown with dense forests abandoned to savage beasts and yet more savage men. The hamlets of a few fishermen would mark the sites of wealthy havens now bristling with innumerable masts, and the great cities themselves would dwindle to dimensions scarce exceeding those of some rude settlement far to the west of the Colorado river. Of the inventions and discoveries which abridge distance, which annihilate time, which extend commerce, which aid agriculture, which save labor, which transmit speech, which turn the darkness of the night into the brilliancy of the day, which alleviate pain, which destroy disease, which lighten even the infirmities of age, not one existed.

The American Ministers in Paris in 1785

MEANWHILE, THE Treasury was empty and the people starving. The earth refused her increase, and the farmers, unable longer to live by the products of their lands, had abandoned them. In many hamlets the population had, in the course of a few years, fallen from fifteen hundred to six hundred. Whole provinces were destitute of cattle. Women did the work of oxen, dragged the ploughs, hauled the carts, and brought home the scanty harvests on their backs. Bread was no longer made of wheat, but of roots and pounded herbs. To this miserable poverty was added a gross licentiousness, which pervaded all ranks. Virgin purity and conjugal fidelity became jests. Marriages ceased to be made, and, as one of the bread memorials plainly set forth, half the children born were the offspring of debauchery. In truth, the French society of that day bore no small likeness to the foul and monstrous portress which Milton placed at the gate of hell. Half was divinity; half was snake. All was majestic and beautiful above; all was loathsome and grovelling below.

On this society Jefferson looked with profound disgust. He was,

he wrote, just savage enough to prefer the woods, the fields, and the independence of Monticello to the splendors of Paris. For there the fate of humanity was most deplorable. The truth of Voltaire's saying, that in France every man must be either the hammer or the anvil, was constantly before him. It was a true picture of that strange land to which, we are told, we shall pass in the hereafter, and where we shall see God and his angels in splendor, and crowds of the damned trampled under their feet.

While thus occupied in observing the condition of the men he had so lately come among, Adams and Franklin joined him at Paris. The duty performed by the two ministers with whom he was associated was, to say the least, a thankless and unenviable one. The time of the gentlemen who now represent the Republic at the Courts of Europe is largely taken up with the performance of duties of a social and agreeable nature. They attend levees, they go to state balls, they eat state dinners, and, at regular intervals, send home dispatches to the Secretary of State. Their salary is fair. Their burden is light, for rarely are they called on to perform a more arduous task than to adjust disputes, to look after the interests of their countrymen when in trouble, and dispatch home each week a carefully written account of the state of politics at the Court to which they have been sent. They represent a great, opulent, and prosperous country, holding the first rank among nations. They are at no pains to explain the form of government. They are never under the necessity of setting forth the advantages likely to come from a treaty of commerce. They are never called upon to borrow money, to seek recognition for their country, to explain that the resolutions of a few town-meetings are not the law of the land, that a grumbling letter to a newspaper does not convey the sense of the community, that Americans are white, and do not adorn themselves after the fashion of savages. Yet it was precisely such things as these that American ministers to foreign courts were, at the close of the Revolution, compelled to do over and over again. Of the country and the three millions of men Adams and Franklin were proud to represent, far less was then known than is now to be learned from an encyclopædia regarding the Sandwich Isles or the inhabitants of Oceanica. Whether Boston was in Massachusetts or Massachusetts in Boston, whether New Hampshire was a city or a State, whether the Ohio ran into the Mississippi or the Mississippi into the Ohio, were matters concerning which nine tenths of

Englishmen and Europeans knew absolutely nothing. Nor were the climate, the products of the soil, or the character of the people any better understood. When Benjamin West went out as a young artist to study in the galleries of Rome he was as much an object of curiosity as a polar bear or an Esquimau. The Italians came in crowds to see what impression would be produced by the marvellous productions of Raphael, of Angelo, and of Titian on the young savage from America, and went away expressing surprise that his face was whiter than their own, and that his clothes were not adorned with bits of glass and pieces of shell. The American Revolution was almost over before Parmentier succeeded in convincing the starving peasants of France that the American potato was fit for human beings to eat, and astonished the men of Sablon and Grenelle with the sight of great fields of growing maize. Campbell, in that fine poem in which he describes the loveliness of the Valley of Wyoming, makes Gertrude and her lover to wander over broad savannas, and watch the red flamingo reflected like a meteor in the lake.

Nor is it in the least surprising that this should have been so. In colonial times no one in Europe troubled himself about what took place in a little cluster of towns and hamlets three thousand miles away. Few Americans ever came to the continent. Scarcely any traveller from the continent ever found his way to America. When the war opened, when France recognized the independence of the States, when the war closed and that independence was secured, European interest in America rapidly increased. But the only sources whence information could be obtained were English newspapers or Englishmen, and both the newspapers and the men were fully bent on presenting the United States in the worst possible light. While five hundred ships were engaged in bringing English tammies, durants, Irish linens and brocades to the United States, and taking home cargoes of rice, tobacco, and lumber, Frenchmen and Dutchmen were assured that the commerce of the United States was scarcely worth the wind it took to waft a ship there. The stately pines of Maine, which before the war had furnished masts to half the ships in the Royal Navy, were suddenly found to be quite rotten. Every Gazette that came out had some new evidence of American atrocity. The readers were assured that across the water justice was never administered, that debts could never be collected, that only a few months before a Virginia colonel, a nephew of the

Governor, had cheated a stranger out of a hundred thousand livres, and another gentleman had been thrown into prison for merely mentioning the fact. Other nations might, of course, make commercial treaties with the Americans if they liked, but nothing would come of it. Their commerce amounted to little, and, such as it was, had long ago come back into the old channels and was entirely in English hands. As to the attempt being made by Congress to prohibit the importation of goods in English bottoms, that need excite no alarm, for the States never could be brought to unite on anything. There was a spirit of revolt among the people who in no short time would turn upon their leaders. The stories, indeed, which then passed current in the papers and coffee-houses of London, and were firmly believed on the continent, touching the ill-humor the Americans were in with their great revolutionary leaders, seem too absurd to have been listened to with a sober face, yet they imposed on men of sense and experience.

GENERAL ADAM BADEAU

GENERAL ADAM BADEAU'S *Military History of Ulysses S. Grant*, published by D. Appleton and Company in 1868, begins with an admirable summary of the military and political situation at the moment when Grant was appointed commander of the Union armies. According to Badeau's Preface, Grant gave him permission to publish this History, but the work in its final form, though based upon private as well as official correspondence and upon many conversations, was not submitted to him and Badeau alone was responsible for the opinions expressed. There exists in the Appleton archives a letter from Grant in which he commends Badeau for his careful accuracy and describes the close scrutiny with which he, Grant, has gone over the text. The concluding endorsement runs: "This is a true history of the events of which it treats." There is no necessary contradiction here, for Grant seems to have been writing about the History in its printed form.

The Situation When Grant Assumed Command

EARLY IN 1864, the civil war in America had reached one of its most important crises. The political and the military situation of affairs were equally grave. The rebellion had assumed proportions

that transcend comparison. The Southern people seemed all swept into the current, and whatever dissent had originally existed among them, was long since, to outside apprehension, swallowed up in the maelstrom of events. Ten states resisted with all their force, civil and military, and apparently with the additional armament of unanimity and popular enthusiasm, the whole strength of the national government. New Orleans, the greatest city of the would-be Confederacy, had, indeed, early fallen into the hands of the government; but Mobile, Wilmington, and Charleston, the next three commercial towns of importance, although blockaded and besieged by sea, held out as bravely and as stubbornly as ever. The Mississippi had been opened to national vessels, though hardly yet to national trade, and the severest blow the rebel lion had sustained was undoubtedly dealt when Vicksburg fell. Still, the snake, if scotched, was not killed; it had been cut violently in twain, but the severed parts retained each a convulsive life, while the more important portion, though shorn of its strength and resources, seemed to have lost none at all of its vitality. Kentucky and Tennessee, although in the possession of national forces, were yet debatable ground, and suffered all the ills of border territory in time of civil war; and Grant, ordered to the command of the entire region between the Mississippi and the Alleghenies, had checked the advance of Bragg, it is true, but even he had not yet driven the great rebel army of the West far beyond the northern boundaries of Georgia; for Johnston, the successor of the unlucky Bragg, still confronted the most formidable force that the government could accumulate in all its Western territory, and Longstreet occasionally threatened to assume the offensive in East Tennessee.

In the Eastern theatre of war, no real progress had been made during three disastrous years. The first Bull Run early taught the nation that it had to contend with skilful, brave, and determined foes. Then came McClellan's labors in the organization of an army, and his sad campaign on the Richmond Peninsula; after this, the still heavier reverses of Pope's career—heavier, because they followed so close on the heels of earlier defeats. Antietam saved the North from the perils of invasion, but, although a positive victory, it had only negative results. Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville were positive enough, but made terrible drafts on the endurance of the nation, as well as on the life-blood of its soldiers. Gettysburg again stayed the tide of invasion; and, on the soil of the Northern

states, a battle was fought, in the third year of the war, on whose result depended, for three long summer days, the fate of the second city in the land. This hardly seemed like the easy progress that had been anticipated for the national arms. Gettysburg saved Washington and Philadelphia; but even this victory had not resulted in the destruction of Lee; for, in the succeeding January, the rebel chief, with undiminished legions and audacity, still lay closer to the national capital than to Richmond; and Washington was in nearly as great danger as before the first Bull Run.

Halleck, succeeding McClellan in the ostensible command of all the armies, if he really exercised supreme control, had failed. It seemed as if, when successes came, they were oftener the result of blind courage on the part of the troops, than of brilliant combinations on the part of their commanders; and that the victories of a great general in one theatre of operations were sure to be neutralized by the disasters of an unsuccessful one on the other side of the continent. Success, it was evident, could only come from greater unity of plan and greater concentration of effort. The veriest tyro, or the stupidest critic, could see that all the strength of the national armies must be made coöperative, and that this had never yet been done. The need of one head, of a master-mind, to perceive and to do, to grasp all the varied necessities, to control all the varied operations, to evolve order out of chaos, to make generals and armies and marches and battles all tend to the accomplishment of one great and decisive object, this need was universally felt and acknowledged. But there was no such head; no such master-mind controlled the military policy.

It is not to be denied that the spirit of the nation was sorely tried by all these misfortunes. Political dissensions were rife, and those in opposition to the administration did not fail to exaggerate the disasters in the field. Accusations of political or personal interference with the movements of troops and the dispositions of generals, abounded, and were listened to by many; the frequent changes in important commands gave color to such charges, and were certainly discouraging; a large number of the political sympathizers with the administration were personally hostile to the President, or to members of his government; a presidential election was at hand, and even the presence of a terrible and still uncertain civil war, was insufficient to calm the outcries of partisans or suppress the aspirations of place-seekers. It was said that in the very

cabinet of the President, cabals and dissensions found place; that he had his rivals among his own ministers; while, among his generals, whether off duty or on, not one of prominence but was mentioned, in some quarters, as the probable successor of the head of the government. The grave questions of the rights of states and the freedom of the person, of the abolition of slavery, and of finance, as well as those of a purely military character, were violently debated all over the North; great anxiety was felt as to the ability or disposition of the country to continue the supply of its resources; the draft was unpopular, and the temper of foreign nations unfavorable, if not hostile.

It was true, the South must be approaching exhaustion, but its devotion and heroism seemed to supply the lack of all resources. It is true, the nation was really as determined as ever, but all these considerations that have been mentioned, were gloomy in their character, and seemed to defer indefinitely the wished-for consummation.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL E. PORTER ALEXANDER,
C. S. A.

THIS NARRATIVE by an eyewitness of one of the most heroic and tragic episodes of the Civil War is a characteristic example of the vividness and authoritativeness of the contributions to the Century's famous Battles and Leaders of the Civil War.

Pickett's Charge at Gettysburg

LONGSTREET SAID, "I don't want to make this attack. I would stop it now but that General Lee ordered it and expects it to go on. I don't see how it can succeed."

I listened, but did not dare offer a word. The battle was lost if we stopped. Ammunition was far too low to try anything else, for we had been fighting three days. There was a chance, and it was not my part to interfere. While Longstreet was still speaking, Pickett's division swept out of the wood and showed the full length of its gray ranks and shining bayonets, as grand a sight as ever a man looked on. Joining it on the left, Pettigrew stretched farther than I could see. General Dick Garnett, just out of the sick ambulance, and buttoned up in an old blue overcoat, riding at the head of his brigade passed us and saluted Longstreet. Garnett was a warm personal friend, and we had not met before for months. We

had served on the plains together before the war. I rode with him a short distance, and then we wished each other luck and a good-bye, which was our last.

Then I rode down the line of guns, selecting such as had enough ammunition to follow Pickett's advance, and starting them after him as fast as possible. I got, I think, fifteen or eighteen in all, in a little while, and went with them. Meanwhile, the infantry had no sooner debouched on the plain than all the enemy's line, which had been nearly silent, broke out again with all its batteries. The eighteen guns were back in the cemetery, and a storm of shell began bursting over and among our infantry. All of our guns—silent as the infantry passed between them—reopened over their heads when the lines had got a couple of hundred yards away, but the enemy's artillery let us alone and fired only at the infantry. No one could have looked at that advance without feeling proud of it.

But, as our supporting guns advanced, we passed many poor, mangled victims left in its trampled wake.* A terrific infantry fire was now opened upon Pickett, and a considerable force of the enemy moved out to attack the right flank of his line. We halted, unlimbered, and opened fire upon it. Pickett's men never halted, but opened fire at close range, swarmed over the fences and among the enemy's guns—were swallowed up in smoke, and that was the last of them. The conflict hardly seemed to last five minutes before they were melted away, and only disorganized stragglers pursued by a moderate fire were coming back. Just then, Wilcox's brigade passed by us, moving to Pickett's support. There was no longer anything to support, and with the keenest pity at the useless waste of life, I saw them advance. The men, as they passed us, looked bewildered, as if they wondered what they were expected to do, or why they were there. However, they were soon halted and moved back. They suffered some losses, and we had a few casualties from canister sent at them at rather long range.

From the position of our guns the sight of this conflict was grand and thrilling, and we watched it as men with a life-and-death interest in the result. If it should be favorable to us, the war was

* I remember one with the most horrible wound that I ever saw. We were halted for a moment by a fence, and as the men threw it down for the guns to pass, I saw in one of the corners a man sitting down and looking up at me. A solid shot had carried away both jaws and his tongue. I noticed the powder smut from the shot on the white skin around the wound. He sat up and looked at me steadily, and I looked at him until the guns could pass, but nothing, of course, could be done for him.—E.P.A.

nearly over; if against us, we each had the risks of many battles yet to go through. And the event culminated with fearful rapidity. Listening to the rolling crashes of musketry, it was hard to realize that they were made up of single reports, and that each musket-shot represented nearly a minute of a man's life in that storm of lead and iron. It seemed as if 100,000 men were engaged, and that human life was being poured out like water. As soon as it appeared that the assault had failed, we ceased firing in order to save ammunition in case the enemy should advance. But we held our ground as boldly as possible, though we were entirely without support, and very low in ammunition. The enemy gave us an occasional shot for a while and then, to our great relief, let us rest. About that time General Lee, entirely alone, rode up and remained with me for a long time. He then probably first appreciated the full extent of the disaster as the disorganized stragglers made their way back past us. The Comte de Paris, in his excellent account of this battle, remarks that Lee, as a soldier, must at this moment have foreseen Appomattox—that he must have realized that he could never again muster so powerful an army, and that for the future he could only delay, but not avert, the failure of his cause. However this may be, it was certainly a momentous thing to him to see that superb attack end in such a bloody repulse. But, whatever his emotions, there was no trace of them in his calm and self-possessed bearing. I thought at the time his coming there very imprudent, and the absence of all his staff-officers and couriers strange. It could only have happened by his express intention. I have since thought it possible that he came, thinking the enemy might follow in pursuit of Pickett, personally to rally stragglers about our guns and make a desperate defense. He had the instincts of a soldier within him as strongly as any man. Looking at Burnside's dense columns swarming through the fire of our guns toward Marye's Hill at Fredericksburg, he had said: "It is well war is so terrible or we would grow too fond of it." No soldier could have looked on at Pickett's charge and not burned to be in it. To have a personal part in a close and desperate fight at that moment would, I believe, have been at heart a great pleasure to General Lee, and possibly he was looking for one. We were here joined by Colonel Fremantle of Her Majesty's Coldstream Guards, who was visiting our army. He afterward published an excellent account of the battle in "Blackwood," and described many little incidents that took place here, such as General Lee's encouraging

the retreating stragglers to rally as soon as they got back to cover, and saying that the failure was his fault, not theirs. Colonel Fremantle especially noticed that General Lee reproved an officer for spurring a foolish horse, and advised him to use only gentle measures. The officer was Lieutenant F. M. Colston of my staff, whom General Lee had requested to ride off to the right and try to discover the cause of a great cheering we heard in the enemy's lines. We thought it might mean an advance upon us, but it proved to be only a greeting to some general officer riding along the line.

That was the end of the battle. Little by little we got some guns to the rear to replenish and refit, and get in condition to fight again, and some we held boldly in advanced positions all along the line. Sharp-shooters came out and worried some of the men, and single guns would fire on these, sometimes very rapidly, and manage to keep them back; some parts of the line had not even a picket in front. But the enemy's artillery generally let us alone, and I certainly saw no reason to disturb the *entente cordiale*. Night came very slowly, but came at last.

GENERAL WILLIAM T. SHERMAN

THE MEMOIRS of General William T. Sherman *was published by D. Appleton and Company in 1875. In the Memoirs a really fine narrative gift is displayed, and there is still a thrill awaiting those who read for the first time the story of the "March to the Sea" as written by the commander of that famous and terrible operation. From that story some episodes are reprinted here. There is also a gift for generalization, well exemplified in the observations on courage in the chapter entitled "Military Lessons of the War."*

Episodes of the March to the Sea

COLONEL POE, United States Engineers, of my staff, had been busy in his special task of destruction. He had a large force at work, had leveled the great depot, round-house, and the machine-shops of the Georgia Railroad, and had applied fire to the wreck. One of these machine-shops had been used by the rebels as an arsenal, and in it were stored piles of shot and shell, some of which proved to be loaded, and that night was made hideous by the bursting of shells, whose fragments came uncomfortably near Judge Lyon's

house, in which I was quartered. The fire also reached the block of stores near the depot, and the heart of the city was in flames all night, but the fire did not reach the parts of Atlanta where the court-house was, or the great mass of dwelling-houses.

About 7 A.M. of November 16th we rode out of Atlanta by the Decatur road, filled by the marching troops and wagons of the Fourteenth Corps; and reaching the hill, just outside of the old rebel works, we naturally paused to look back upon the scenes of our past battles. We stood upon the very ground whereon was fought the bloody battle of July 22d, and could see the copse of wood where McPherson fell. Behind us lay Atlanta, smouldering and in ruins, the black smoke rising high in air, and hanging like a pall over the ruined city. Away off in the distance, on the McDonough road, was the rear of Howard's column, the gun-barrels glistening in the sun, the white-topped wagons stretching away to the south; and right before us the Fourteenth Corps, marching steadily and rapidly, with a cheery look and swinging pace, that made light of the thousand miles that lay between us and Richmond. Some band, by accident, struck up the anthem of "John Brown's soul goes marching on"; the men caught up the strain, and never before or since have I heard the chorus of "Glory, glory, hallelujah!" done with more spirit, or in better harmony of time and place.

Then we turned our horses' heads to the east; Atlanta was soon lost behind the screen of trees, and became a thing of the past. Around it clings many a thought of desperate battle, of hope and fear, that now seem like the memory of a dream; and I have never seen the place since. The day was extremely beautiful, clear sunlight, with bracing air, and an unusual feeling of exhilaration seemed to pervade all minds—a feeling of something to come, vague and undefined, still full of venture and intense interest. Even the common soldiers caught the inspiration, and many a group called out to me as I worked my way past them, "Uncle Billy, I guess Grant is waiting for us at Richmond!" Indeed, the general sentiment was that we were marching for Richmond, and that there we should end the war, but how and when they seemed to care not; nor did they measure the distance, or count the cost in life, or bother their brains about the great rivers to be crossed, and the food required for man and beast, that had to be gathered by the

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way. There was a "devil-may-care" feeling pervading officers and men, that made me feel the full load of responsibility, for success would be accepted as a matter of course, whereas, should we fail, this "march" would be adjudged the wild adventure of a crazy fool. I had no purpose to march direct for Richmond by way of Augusta and Charlotte, but always designed to reach the sea-coast first at Savannah or Port Royal, South Carolina, and even kept in mind the alternative of Pensacola.

The next day we passed through the handsome town of Covington, the soldiers closing up their ranks, the color-bearers unfurling their flags, and the bands striking up patriotic airs. The white people came out of their houses to behold the sight, spite of their deep hatred of the invaders, and the negroes were simply frantic with joy. Whenever they heard my name, they clustered about my horse, shouted and prayed in their peculiar style, which had a natural eloquence that would have moved a stone. I have witnessed hundreds, if not thousands, of such scenes; and can now see a poor girl, in the very ecstasy of the Methodist "shout," hugging the banner of one of the regiments, and jumping up to the "feet of Jesus."

I walked up to a plantation-house close by, where were assembled many negroes, among them an old, gray-haired man, of as fine a head as I ever saw. I asked him if he understood about the war and its progress. He said he did; that he had been looking for the "angel of the Lord" ever since he was knee-high, and, though we professed to be fighting for the Union, he supposed that slavery was the cause, and that our success was to be his freedom. I asked him if all the negro slaves comprehended this fact, and he said they surely did. I then explained to him that we wanted the slaves to remain where they were, and not to load us down with useless mouths, which would eat up the food needed for our fighting-men; that our success was their assured freedom; that we could receive a few of their young, hearty men as pioneers; but that, if they followed us in swarms of old and young, feeble and helpless, it would simply load us down and cripple us in our great task. I think Major Henry Hitchcock was with me on that occasion, and made a note of the conversation, and I believe that old man spread this message to the slaves, which was carried from mouth to mouth, to the very end of our journey, and that it in part saved us from the

great danger we incurred of swelling our numbers so that famine would have attended our progress. It was at this very plantation that a soldier passed me with a ham on his musket, a jug of sorghum-molasses under his arm, and a big piece of honey in his hand, from which he was eating, and, catching my eye, he remarked *sotto voce* and carelessly to a comrade, "Forage liberally on the country," quoting from my general orders. On this occasion, as on many others that fell under my personal observation, I reproved the man, explained that foraging must be limited to the regular parties properly detailed, and that all provisions thus obtained must be delivered to the regular commissaries, to be fairly distributed to the men who kept their ranks.

Wishing to reconnoitre the place in person, I rode forward by the Louisville road, into a dense wood of oak, pine, and cypress, left the horses, and walked down to the railroad-track, at a place where there was a side-track, and a cut about four feet deep. From that point the railroad was straight, leading into Savannah, and about eight hundred yards off were a rebel parapet and battery. I could see the cannoneers preparing to fire, and cautioned the officers near me to scatter, as we would likely attract a shot. Very soon I saw the white puff of smoke, and, watching close, caught sight of the ball as it rose in its flight, and, finding it coming pretty straight, I stepped a short distance to one side, but noticed a negro very near me in the act of crossing the track at right angles. Some one called to him to look out; but, before the poor fellow understood his danger, the ball (a thirty-two-pound round shot) struck the ground, and rose in its first ricochet, caught the negro under the right jaw, and literally carried away his head, scattering blood and brains about. A soldier close by spread an overcoat over the body, and we all concluded to get out of that railroad-cut.

Courage in Battle

THERE IS, of course, such a thing as individual courage, which has a value in war, but familiarity with danger, experience in war and its common attendants, and personal habit, are equally valuable traits, and these are the qualities with which we usually have to deal in war. All men naturally shrink from pain and danger, and only incur their risk from some higher motive, or from habit; so

that I would define true courage to be a perfect sensibility of the measure of danger, and a mental willingness to incur it, rather than that insensibility to danger of which I have heard far more than I have seen. The most courageous men are generally unconscious of possessing the quality; therefore, when one professes it too openly, by words or bearing, there is reason to mistrust it. I would further illustrate my meaning by describing a man of true courage to be one who possesses all his faculties and senses perfectly when serious danger is actually present.

GENERAL PHILIP H. SHERIDAN

THE PERSONAL MEMOIRS of P. H. Sheridan *was not originally an Appleton book but was published by Charles L. Webster and Company (Mark Twain's firm) in 1888. After the failure of that house the Appletons took it over, purchasing from General Sheridan's estate the copyright. Sheridan's brief narrative of the surrender at Appomattox modulates into a tribute to both Grant and Lee. Sheridan's military career did not end with the close of the Civil War, and some of the most interesting pages of the Memoirs have to do with his subsequent command of expeditions against the Indians.*

Appomattox

WHEN I ENTERED McLean's house General Lee was standing, as was also his military secretary, Colonel Marshall, his only staff-officer present. General Lee was dressed in a new uniform and wore a handsome sword. His tall, commanding form thus set off contrasted strongly with the short figure of General Grant, clothed as he was in a soiled suit, without sword or other insignia of his position except a pair of dingy shoulder-straps. After being presented, Ord and I, and nearly all of General Grant's staff, withdrew to await the agreement as to terms, and in a little while Colonel Babcock came to the door and said, "The surrender has been made; you can come in again."

When we re-entered General Grant was writing; and General Lee, having in his hand two despatches, which I that morning requested might be returned, as I had no copies of them, addressed me with the remark: "I am sorry. It is probable that my cavalry at that point of the line did not fully understand the agreement." These despatches had been sent in the forenoon, after the fighting

had been stopped, notifying General Lee that some of his cavalry in front of Crook was violating the suspension of hostilities by withdrawing. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon the terms of surrender were written out and accepted, and General Lee left the house, as he departed cordially shaking hands with General Grant. A moment later he mounted his chunky gray horse, and lifting his hat as he passed out of the yard, rode off toward his army, his arrival there being announced to us by cheering, which, as it progressed, varying in loudness, told he was riding through the bivouac of the Army of Northern Virginia.

The surrender of General Lee practically ended the war of the rebellion. For four years his army had been the main-stay of the Confederacy; and the marked ability with which he directed its operations is evidenced both by his frequent successes and the length of time he kept up the contest. Indeed, it may be said that till General Grant was matched against him, he never met an opponent he did not vanquish, for while it is true that defeat was inflicted on the Confederates at Antietam and Gettysburg, yet the fruits of these victories were not gathered, for after each of these battles Lee was left unmolested till he had a chance to recuperate.

The assignment of General Grant to the command of the Union armies in the winter of 1863-64 gave presage of success from the start, for his eminent abilities had already been proved, and besides, he was a tower of strength to the Government, because he had the confidence of the people. They knew that henceforth systematic direction would be given to our armies in every section of the vast territory over which active operations were being prosecuted, and further, that this coherence, this harmony of plan, was the one thing needed to end the war, for in the three preceding years there had been illustrated most lamentable effects of the absence of system. From the moment he set our armies in motion simultaneously, in the spring of 1864, it could be seen that we should be victorious ultimately, for though on different lines we were checked now and then, yet we were harassing the Confederacy at so many vital points that plainly it must yield to our blows. Against Lee's army, the forefront of the Confederacy, Grant pitted himself; and it may be said that the Confederate commander was now, for the first time, overmatched, for against all his devices—the products of a mind fertile in defense—General Grant brought to bear not only the wealth of expedient which had hitherto distinguished him, but

also an imperturbable tenacity, particularly in the Wilderness and on the march to the James, without which the almost insurmountable obstacles of that campaign could not have been overcome. During it and in the siege of Petersburg he met with many disappointments—on several occasions the shortcomings of generals, when at the point of success, leading to wretched failures. But so far as he was concerned, the only apparent effect of these discomfitures was to make him all the more determined to discharge successfully the stupendous trust committed to his care, and to bring into play the manifold resources of his well-ordered military mind. He guided every subordinate then, and in the last days of the rebellion, with a fund of common sense and superiority of intellect, which have left an impress so distinct as to exhibit his great personality. When his military history is analyzed after the lapse of years, it will show, even more clearly than now, that during these as well as in his previous campaigns he was the steadfast center about and on which everything else turned.

An Expedition against the Indians

THE SECOND DAY, after marching for hours through vast herds of buffalo, we made Hackberry Creek; but not, however, without several stampedes in the wagon-train, the buffalo frightening the mules so that it became necessary to throw out flankers to shoot the leading bulls and thus turn off the herds. In the wake of every drove invariably followed a band of wolves. This animal is a great coward usually, but hunger had made these so ravenous that they would come boldly up to the column, and as quick as a buffalo was killed, or even disabled, they would fall upon the carcass and eagerly devour it. Antelope also were very numerous, and as they were quite tame—being seldom chased—and naturally very inquisitive, it was not an unfrequent thing to see one of the graceful little creatures run in among the men and be made a prisoner. Such abundance of game relieved the monotony of the march to Hackberry Creek, but still, both men and animals were considerably exhausted by their long tramp, for we made over thirty miles that day.

We camped in excellent shape on the creek, and it was well we did, for a "Norther," or "blizzard," as storms on the Plains are now termed, struck us in the night. During the continuance of these blizzards, which is usually about three days, the cold wind sweeps

THOMAS A. BAILEY

over the Plains with great force, and, in the latitude of the Indian Territory, is weighted with great quantities of sleet and snow, through which it is often impossible to travel; indeed, these "Northerners" have many times proved fatal to the unprotected frontiersman. With our numbers the chance of any one's being lost, and perishing alone (one of the most common dangers in a blizzard), was avoided; but under any circumstances such a storm could but occasion intense suffering to all exposed to it, hence it would have been well to remain in camp till the gale was over, but the time could not be spared. We therefore resumed the march at an early hour next morning, with the expectation of making the south bank of the main Canadian and there passing the night, as Clark assured me that timber was plentiful on that side of the river. The storm greatly impeded us, however, many of the mules growing discouraged, and some giving out entirely, so we could not get to Clark's "good camp," for with ten hours of utmost effort only about half a day's distance could be covered, when at last, finding the struggle useless, we were forced to halt for the night in a bleak bottom on the north bank of the river. But no one could sleep, for the wind swept over us with unobstructed fury, and the only fuel to be had was a few green bushes. As night fell a decided change of temperature added much to our misery, the mercury, which had risen when the "Norther" began, again falling to zero. It can be easily imagined that under such circumstances the condition of the men was one of extreme discomfort; in truth, they had to tramp up and down the camp all night long to keep from freezing. Anything was a relief to this state of things, so at the first streak of day we quit the dreadful place and took up the march.

THOMAS A. BAILEY

PROFESSOR *Thomas A. Bailey's Diplomatic History of the American People* is one of the most important publications of *F. S. Crofts and Company*. It appeared in 1940; the fourth edition carries the story to the latter part of 1949. It has charm as well as erudition and is as entertaining as it is instructive. The style attains distinction through its lucidity. Throughout, there is an emphasis upon the "atmosphere of public opinion," as evinced in contemporary newspapers, cartoons, letters, and diaries, within which statesmen responsible for our foreign policy have worked.

Strange Bedfellows

WHILE SEWARD was eagerly reaching down into the tropics for a Caribbean coaling station, he suddenly became interested in the enormous Arctic expanse of Russian America, now known as Alaska. This story must be projected against the international background.

Russian-American relations had on the whole been quite friendly from the beginning. This is puzzling; for what kinship could the most advanced democracy of the New World find with what was perhaps the most illiberal monarchy of the Old—"an absolutism tempered by assassination"? At the outset, certain points of similarity suggest themselves. Both countries were huge, self-sufficing areas; both were energetic and expanding nations; both had the task of fusing many different peoples; both were faced with the problem of suppressing insurrection; and both had almost simultaneously freed millions of subject peoples—slaves in America, serfs in Russia. In 1866 Oliver Wendell Holmes reflected this fraternal spirit in his "America to Russia."

Though watery deserts hold apart
The worlds of East and West,
Still beats the selfsame human heart
In each proud Nation's breast.

But these parallels, interesting though they are, do not provide the real explanation of this anomalous friendship. More important is the fact that there was an almost complete absence of friction between Russia and the United States. "The two peoples," the Czar remarked pleasantly in 1866, "have no injuries to remember." Both nations, moreover, had been repeatedly harassed and thwarted by the predominant sea power of Great Britain. Misery and common enemies sometimes make strange bedfellows.

In the autumn of 1863, when the outcome of the Civil War was still undecided and both Great Britain and France seemed hostile to the Union, two Russian fleets dropped anchor in American waters, one at New York, the other at San Francisco. The people of the North immediately leaped to the conclusion that the Russian naval force had been sent to strengthen the United States in its efforts to prevent British and French interference. It mattered not that all real danger of intervention had passed; or that the Russian ships were antiquated and not very seaworthy. The visiting Rus-

sians were overwhelmed with entertainment; the name of the Czar was extolled; and new life was infused into the cause of the North. The entire nation echoed Secretary of the Navy Welles' fervent "God bless the Russians."

Strange Bedfellows Again

ON JUNE 22, 1941, while the *Robin Moor* case was still under discussion, Hitler astounded the world by launching a terrific, all-out attack on his associate in the nonaggression pact of 1939, Joseph Stalin. Except for the fall of France, no other development prior to Pearl Harbor so completely changed the complexion of the war.

Up to this point, the American people had felt little sympathy for the Soviet government. It had given Hitler the green light for his assault on Poland and had come in for its share of the spoils; it had absorbed the independent states of Lithuania, Latvia, Estonia; it had taken Bessarabia and northern Bukovina away from Rumania; and it had attacked Finland—all of which areas (except Bukovina) had formerly been under the Czar's flag. Moreover, Moscow had violated its solemn pledges by continuing Communist propaganda in the United States. Condemnations and counter-condemnations had echoed and reëchoed from the Dnieper to the Potomac.

Hitler's fateful attack on "the Mongol halfwits" of Russia effected an overnight revolution in American public opinion. On June 21, 1941, Stalin was a cynical, self-seeking, ruthless aggressor; on June 22 he was an ally—a very welcome ally—of those who were seeking to halt Hitlerism. Roosevelt promptly unfroze those credits that had been frozen to keep them out of Soviet hands; he declined to invoke the Neutrality Act so that American ships could carry supplies to Soviet ports; he not only sent sweeping promises of aid to Stalin but made loans immediately available; and on November 6, 1941, having found the defense of Russia essential to the defense of the United States, he announced a pledge of one billion dollars in lend-lease aid. These were but the beginnings of a vast amount of material assistance to the Soviets.

No less astonishing was the complete reversal of opinion regarding "brave little Finland." Alleging prior attacks, Russia reopened war on her, and the Finns fought back with Hitler's help. The same Americans who had applauded Finnish defeats of the Russians in

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the winter of 1939-1940 were now hoping for the success of Russian attacks on the Finns. Washington brought pressure to bear on Finland to withdraw from the war, while a number of Americans, including Herbert Hoover, condemned the Administration's reversal. The Berlin press screamed "criminal intervention" and "Jewish impudence," while the Finnish government politely declined America's invitation to stop fighting.

The American people, especially diehard conservatives, were not particularly happy over their new ally. If Russia won, they asked, would not Europe go Bolshevik? Would Stalin prove to be a tractable associate at the peace table? Catholics and other religious denominations were deeply disturbed by the low state of the church in Russia. "I have no more confidence in Stalin," declared Archbishop Curley of Baltimore, "than I have in Hitler." The isolationists saw in the Russo-German war additional evidence that the United States should stay out and let the Europeans slit each other's throats. The interventionists, on the other hand, saw in the heavy Russian reversals additional evidence that Hitler would soon have all Europe in his grasp. To them, and to the majority of the American people, the immediate, overwhelming menace was Nazism. Any recruit who would man the water buckets was welcome—and Russia was the lustiest possible recruit. Perhaps Communism was a latent danger, but there would be time enough to think about that when Hitler was charred in the ruins of Berlin.

CAPTAIN CHARLES DWIGHT SIGSBEE

THIS IS PART of the history of the blowing-up of the Maine as related by the commanding officer of the ill-fated ship, in the Century, 1898.

The Explosion

THE MEMBERS OF the crew, three hundred and twenty-eight in number, were on board as usual. One of the steam-launches was in the water, and riding at the starboard boom. The crew, excepting those on watch or on post, were turned in. The men of the quarter-watch were distributed about the deck in various places, wherever they could make themselves comfortable within permissible limits as to locality. Some of the officers were in their state-rooms or in the mess-rooms below; others were on the main or upper deck, in

or about the officers' smoking-quarters, which were abaft the after-turret, on the port side, abreast the after-superstructure.

I was in my quarters, sitting on the after-side of the table in the port or admiral's cabin. As previously stated, the *Maine* had been arranged to accommodate both an admiral and a captain. For this purpose her cabin space in the after-superstructure had been divided into two parts, starboard and port, which were perfectly symmetrical in arrangement and fittings. Looking from one cabin into the other through the large communicating doorway, one cabin was like the reflection of the other seen in a mirror. The two cabins were alike even in furniture. In the November article the illustration on page 90 shows me sitting at the starboard-cabin table, in my own cabin, looking at the log-book. At the time of the explosion I was sitting in the port cabin in the corresponding position. The situation would be shown if that illustration were reversed by reflection in a mirror.

About an hour before the explosion I had completed a report called for by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, on the advisability of continuing to place torpedo-tubes on board cruisers and battle-ships. I then wrote a letter home in which I struggled to apologize for having carried in my pocket for ten months a letter to my wife from one of her friends of long standing. The cabin mess-attendant, James Pinckney, had brought me, about an hour before, a civilian's thin coat, because of the prevailing heat; I had taken off my blouse, and was wearing this coat for the only time during the cruise. In the pocket I had found the unopened and undelivered letter. Pinckney, a light-hearted colored man, who spent much of his spare time in singing, playing the banjo, and dancing jigs, was for some reason in an especially happy frame of mind that night. Poor fellow! he was killed, as was also good old John R. Bell, the colored cabin steward, who had been in the navy twenty-seven years.

At taps ("turn in and keep quiet"), ten minutes after nine o'clock, I laid down my pen to listen to the notes of the bugle, which were singularly beautiful in the oppressive stillness of the night. The marine bugler, Newton, who was rather given to fanciful effects, was evidently doing his best. During his pauses the echoes floated back to the ship with singular distinctness, repeating the strains of the bugle fully and exactly. A half-hour later, Newton was dead.

I was inclosing my letter in its envelop when the explosion came. The impression made on different people on board the *Maine* varied somewhat. To me, in my position, well aft, and within the superstructure, it was a bursting, rending, and crashing sound or roar of immense volume, largely metallic in character. It was followed by a succession of heavy, ominous, metallic sounds, probably caused by the overturning of the central superstructure and by falling debris. There was a trembling and lurching motion of the vessel, a list to port, and a movement of subsidence. The electric lights, of which there were eight in the cabin where I was sitting, went out. Then there was intense blackness and smoke.

The situation could not be mistaken: the *Maine* was blown up and sinking. For a moment the instinct of self-preservation took charge of me, but this was immediately dominated by the habit of command. I went up the inclined deck into the starboard cabin, toward the starboard air-ports, which were relieved somewhat against the background of the sky. The sashes were out, and the openings were large. My first intention was to escape through an air-port, but this was abandoned in favor of the more dignified way of making an exit through the passageway leading forward through the superstructure. I groped my way through the cabin into the passage, and along the passage to the outer door. The passage turned to the right, or starboard, near the forward part of the superstructure.

When the turn was reached, some one ran into me violently. It was Private William Anthony, the orderly at the cabin door. He said something apologetic, and reported that the ship had been blown up and was sinking. He was directed to go out on the quarter-deck and I followed him. Anthony has been pictured as making an exceedingly formal salute on that occasion. The dramatic effect of a salute cannot add to his heroism. If he had made a salute it could not have been seen in the blackness of that compartment. Anthony did his whole duty, at great personal risk, at a time when he might have evaded the danger without question, and deserved all the commendation that he received for his act. He hung near me with unflagging zeal and watchfulness that night until the ship was abandoned.

I stood for a moment on the starboard side of the main-deck, forward of the superstructure, looking toward the immense dark mass that loomed up amidships, but could see nothing distinctly.

There I remained for a few seconds in an effort to grasp the situation, and then asked Anthony for the exact time. He replied: "The explosion took place at nine-forty, sir." It was soon necessary to retire from the main-deck, for that part of the ship was sinking rapidly. I then went up on the poop-deck. By this time Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright and others were near me. Everybody was impressed by the solemnity of the disaster, but there was no excitement apparent; perfect discipline prevailed.

The question has been asked many times if I believed then that the *Maine* was blown up from the outside. My answer to this has been that my first order on reaching the deck was to post sentries about the ship. I knew that the *Maine* had been blown up, and believed that she had been blown up from the outside. Therefore I ordered a measure which was intended to guard against attack. There was no need for the order, but I am writing of first impressions. There was the sound of many voices from the shore, suggestive of cheers.

I stood on the starboard side-rail of the poop and held on to the main-rigging in order to see over the poop-awning, which was bagged and covered with debris. I was still trying to take in the situation more completely. The officers were near me and showing a courteous recognition of my authority and responsibility. Directions were given in a low tone to Executive Officer Wainwright, who himself gave orders quietly and directed operations. Fire broke out in the mass amidships. Orders were given to flood the forward magazine, but the forward part of the ship was found to be under water. Inquiry as to the after-magazines and the guncotton magazine in the after-part of the ship showed a like condition of those compartments, as reported by those who had escaped from the ward-room and junior officers' quarters. In the captain's spare pantry in the after-superstructure there was spare ammunition. It was seen that this would soon be submerged, and that precautions in respect to the magazines were unnecessary. The great loss of life was not then fully realized. Our eyes were not yet accustomed to the darkness. Most of us had come from the glare of the electric lights. The flames increased in the central superstructure, and I directed Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright to make an effort to play streams on the fire, if practicable. He went forward on the poop-awning, accompanied by Lieutenant Hood and Naval Cadets Boyd and Cluverius, making a gallant inspection in the region of the fire, but was soon

obliged to report that nothing could be done. The fire-mains and all other facilities were destroyed, and men were not available for the service.

We then began to realize more clearly the full extent of the damage. One of the smoke-stacks was lying in the water on the star-board side. Although it was almost directly under me, I had not at first identified it. As my eyes became more accustomed to the darkness, I could see, dimly, white forms on the water and hear faint cries for help. Realizing that the white forms were our own men, boats were lowered at once and sent to the assistance of the injured and drowning men. Orders were given, but they were hardly necessary: the resourceful intelligence of the officers suggested correct measures in the emergency. Only three of our fifteen boats were available—the barge, the captain's gig, and the whale-boat. The barge was badly injured. Two of these were manned by officers and men jointly. How long they were gone from the ship I cannot recall, but probably fifteen minutes. Those of us who were left on board remained quietly on the poop-deck.

Nothing further could be done; the ship was settling rapidly. There was one wounded man on the poop; he had been hauled from under a ventilator on the main-deck by Lieutenants Hood and Blandin just as the water was rising over him. Other boats, too, were rescuing the wounded and drowning men. Chief among them were the boats from the *Alfonso XII*, and from the steamer *City of Washington*. The visiting boats had arrived promptly, and were unsparing of effort in saving the wounded. The Spanish officers and crews did all that humanity and gallantry could compass. During the absence of our boats the fire in the wreck of the central superstructure became fiercer. The spare ammunition that had been stowed in the pilot-house or thrown up from the magazines below was exploding in detail. It continued to explode at intervals until nearly two o'clock in the morning.

LIEUTENANT RICHMOND PEARSON HOBSON

THE SINKING of the Merrimac was the most celebrated episode of the Spanish-American War. This is part of the history of that futile act of heroism as related by Lieutenant Richmond Pearson Hobson, the officer who commanded the exploit, in the Century, 1898.

Clinging to the Catamaran

THE FIRING HAD ceased. It was evident the enemy had not seen us in the general mass of moving objects; but soon the tide began to set these away, and we were being left alone with the catamaran. The men were directed to cling close in, bodies below and only heads out, close under the edges, and were directed not to speak above a whisper, for the destroyer was near at hand, and pulling boats passed near. We mustered; all were present, and direction was given to remain as we were till further orders, for I was sure that in due time after daylight a responsible officer would come out to reconnoiter. It was evident that we could not swim against the tide to reach the entrance. Moreover, the shores were lined with troops, and the small boats were looking for victims that might escape from the vessel. The only chance lay in remaining undiscovered until the coming of the reconnoitering boat, to which, perhaps, we might surrender without being fired on.

The moon was now low. The shadow of Socapa fell over us, and soon it was dark. The sunken vessel was bubbling up its last lingering breath. The boats looking for refugees pulled closer, peering with lanterns, and again the discipline of the men was put to severe test, for time and again it seemed that the boats would come up, and the impulse to swim away was strong. A suggestion was made to cut the line and let the catamaran drift away. This was also emphatically forbidden, for we should thus miss the reconnoitering boat and certainly fall into less responsible hands. Here, as before, the men strictly obeyed orders, though the impulse for safety was strong to the contrary, and *saue qui peut* would have been justifiable, if it is ever justifiable.

The air was chilly and the water positively cold. In less than five minutes our teeth were chattering; so loud, indeed, did they chatter that it seemed the destroyer or the boats would hear. It was in marked contrast with the parched lips of a few minutes before. In spite of their efforts, two of the men soon began to cough, and it seemed that we should surely be discovered. I worked my legs and body under the raft for exercise, but, in spite of all, the shivers would come and the teeth would chatter.

We remained there probably an hour. Frogs croaked up the bight, and as dawn broke, the birds began to twitter and chirp in the

bushes and trees near at hand along the wooded slopes. Day came bright and beautiful. It seemed that nature disregarded man and went on the same, serene, peaceful, and unmoved. Man's strife appeared a discord, and his tragedy received no sympathy.

About daybreak a beautiful strain went up from a bugle at Punta Gorda battery. It was pitched at a high key, and rose and lingered, long drawn out, gentle and tremulous; it seemed as though an angel might be playing while looking down in tender pity. Could this be a Spanish bugle?

Broad daylight came. The sun spotted the mountain-tops in the distance and glowed on Morro and Socapa heights. The destroyer got up anchor and drew back again up the bight. We were still undiscovered.

Some one announced: "A steam-launch is heading for us, sir." I looked around, and found that a launch of large size, with the curtains aft drawn down, was coming from the bight around Smith Cay and heading straight for us. That must be the reconnoitering party. It swerved a little to the left as if to pass around us, giving no signs of having seen us. No one was visible on board, everybody apparently being kept below the rail. When it was about thirty yards off I hailed. The launch stopped as if frightened, and backed furiously. A squad of riflemen filed out, and formed in a semicircle on the fore-castle, and came to a "load," "ready," "aim." A murmur passed around among my men: "They are going to shoot us." A bitter thought flashed through my mind: "The miserable cowards! A brave nation will learn of this and call for an account." But the volley did not follow. The aim must have been for caution only, and it was apparent that an officer must be on board in control.

I called out in a strong voice to know if there was not an officer in the boat; if so, an American officer wished to speak with him with a view to surrendering himself and seamen as prisoners of war. The curtain was raised; an officer leaned out and waved his hand, and the rifles came down. I struck out for the launch and climbed on board aft with the assistance of the officer, who, hours afterward, we learned was Admiral Cervera himself. Two other officers were present, his juniors. To him I surrendered myself and the men, and took off my revolver-belt, glasses, canteen, and life-preserver. The officers looked astonished at first, perhaps at the singular uniforms and the begrimed condition of all, due to the fine coal and oil that came to the surface; then a current of kindness seemed to pass over

them, and they exclaimed: "Valiente!" Then the launch steamed up to the catamaran, and the men climbed on board, the two who had been coughing being in the last stages of exhaustion and requiring to be lifted. We were prisoners in Spanish hands.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN'S *Everybody's St. Francis* was serialized in the *Century* in 1912 and brought out in a pretty little volume by The *Century Company* in 1913. The ingenious charm of the *Fioretti* is well preserved in the legends which Egan inserts in the more authentic history.

The Wolf of Gubbio

WHETHER THE story of the conversation of St. Francis with the wolf of Gubbio is true or not, or, as has been suggested, it is a sublimated version of his interview with the haughty patricians of Assisi and their former slaves, the plebeians, it is certain that the children and the simple-hearted prefer to believe that the wolf was a real wolf; and children and the simple-hearted are nearer to God than most of us. The story of Francis, who was a saint largely because he was *un uomo de genio*, is so wonderful that to be on the side of the children and of the angels is the only way of understanding it. It cannot be in the least comprehended from the modern analytical point of view. The devil, as Coventry Patmore says, was the first analyst, and we all know what happened to Marguerite after she tore the daisy to pieces.

The story of the wolf of Agobio (Gubbio) is told in the twenty-first chapter of "I *Fioretti*." It seems that at one time Francis dwelt in the city of Gubbio. Now, the citizens were very unhappy because there was a wolf near the town, and the wolf gave them no peace by day or night. Mothers were afraid to let their children play about. The men were armed, but so furious was this beast that even weapons seemed useless against him, or at least the men were afraid to use them. The fright of the men might not have moved Francis, but the terror of the mothers and children he could not endure; and, then, in his opinion both the citizens and the wolf were to blame. The wolf had never been spoken to of Christ, and he acted only according to his nature; for wolves must eat. The citizens had not

remembered that he was God's creature, and that, therefore, they should have made a friend of him. Francis determined to force the beast to hear reason. Despite the advice of the people, he went out to meet the wolf, making the sign of the cross. His brethren accompanied him part of the way, but waited at a safe distance with the people who had come out to view the fearful sight.

The wolf rushed at Francis with open mouth. Francis made over him the sign of the cross, and said gently:

"I command thee, Brother Wolf, on the part of Christ, that you do not do harm to me or anybody."

Upon this the terrible wolf lay down like a lamb at the feet of Francis. He had been addressed properly,—a thing which had never happened before,—and he was willing to hear reason.

"Brother Wolf," continued Francis, "you have done great evil here, hunting and killing God's own without His permission, and not only eating animals, but men created in the image of God; and so you have made yourself a thief and a murderer of the worst kind, and deserve to be hanged like a criminal. And everybody hates you, and voices that hatred. But I would make peace between you and the men of Gubbio, if you will offend no more. They will pardon you, and neither men nor dogs shall molest you."

The wolf, who had not eaten people maliciously or for amusement, but because he was hungry, showed by the expression of his eyes and the movements of his head and tail that he agreed with Francis and was willing to accept his decision. But Francis, according to the manner of the Middle Ages, exacted a symbol of the good faith of the wolf. Brother Wolf must give his paw upon it, on condition that Francis would see that the people of Assisi fed him every day. This peace having been arranged, the wolf, much to the amazement of the citizens, meekly followed Francis to hear him preach. Francis told them that sin was the occasion of the evils that befell them. The flames of God's punishment, he said, with the wolf standing near him and listening attentively, are more terrible than the teeth of an animal that can destroy only the body. "Go, then, dear brethren, to God, and do penance for your offenses against Him, and He will save you from the flames of hell."

And then Francis asked Brother Wolf again to put his right paw into his right hand, in the presence of witnesses, as a pledge that he would keep his part of the agreement; for Francis no doubt felt that it would be hard, unless his brother was impressed with the

KASIMIERZ WALISZEWSKI

nature of the oath, to keep him from returning to his pagan ways; and perhaps, after all, the wolf might be tempted to find amusement by chasing the terrified men of Assisi [*sic*; Gubbio?] into their houses.

Everybody in Gubbio, happy at the prospect of peace, blessed Francis as with one voice. After this, Brother Wolf became a great favorite in Gubbio; he went from house to house, a cherished friend, and the children played with him as though he were a big dog, and the dogs themselves, out of respect for Francis, did not bark at him. Two years later, when Brother Wolf died of old age, Gubbio grieved heartily because "While he went about the place gently," he recalled "vividly the virtues and holiness of St. Francis."

KASIMIERZ WALISZEWSKI

FROM KASIMIERZ WALISZEWSKI'S *Peter the Great* (Appleton, 1897) *we have chosen three passages because of their timeliness today. The first is from the Preface; the second is a description of the buildings confronting the Red Square towards which Western eyes still turn with wondering anxiety; the third suggests that Russian ways of entertaining Western diplomats have not changed in two and a half centuries.*

Russia

PETER IS RUSSIA—her flesh and blood, her temperament and genius, her virtues and her vices. With his various aptitudes, his multiplicity of effort, his tumultuous passions, he rises up before us, a collective being. This makes his greatness. . . .

The face of the world he seems to have called out of chaos may have modified, but the principle of its existence is unchanged. The immeasurable force is there, which, these three centuries past, has defied all calculations, which has transformed Ivan's wretched patrimony,—a sparsely inhabited patch of wild steppe land—. . . into an empire exceeding in size and population every other known sovereignty in Europe, Asia, and Africa. . . . Once upon a time that force was called "Peter the Great." The name is changed now. The characteristics are unchanged. . . .

The eyes of the whole modern world have long been fixed—some in sympathy, others, again, dark with suspicion and hostility—on

the mighty sea of physical and moral energy which surged up suddenly between Old Europe, wearied out with eager life, and Ancient Asia, wearied, too, with the stillness and stagnation of hers. Will the common destinies of the two Continents sink in that huge abyss? Or will its waters prove another Fountain of Jouvence? The whole world hangs over the chasm, on either side, waiting in anxious apprehension, peering into the depths, striving to fathom them. My part is simply to offer certain information to this universal curiosity and dread.

Behold! This may be the appointed hour! The dawn of an unknown day whitens the sky. A mist, where phantom figures seem to float, rises over the broad river. Hark! Was it a horse's hoof that rang on the silent stones? . . .

The Kreml

THE KREML * of the present day—a crowded and haphazard collection of incongruous buildings, utterly devoid, for the most part, of style or character—conveys but a faint conception of the palace of Alexis Mihailovitch, as it appeared at the end of the seventeenth century. The fires of 1701 and 1737, and the reconstruction which took place in 1752, have left the barest traces of the curious Italian Renaissance, introduced, at the close of the fifteenth century, by a daughter of a Paleologus, educated at Rome. Some vestiges still exist of the struggle of the genius of Fioravante, of Solaro, of Alevisse, with Byzantine tradition; a few churches, a few fragments of palaces, and the outer walls—more like those of a fortified camp than of a royal residence, with their far-stretching low ramparts, and their brick towers showing in slim outline, here and there, like warriors on the watch. Without these walls, on the Red Square, the only edifice which powerfully conjures up the vanished past is the Church of Vassili the Blessed. Within them, doubtless, there was the same architectural confusion,—the same violent juxtaposition of the German gothic style with those of India, of Byzantium, and of Italy,—the same tangle of edifices, packed one within the other like a Chinese puzzle,—the same strange, wild orgy of decoration, of form, of colour—a delirium and fever, a veritable surfeit of plastic fancy. Small rooms, surbased vaulted roofs, gloomy corridors, lamps twin-

* The name is thus spelt and pronounced in Russian. Kremlin is a spurious form, of Polish origin [Author's note].

kling out of the darkness, on the walls the lurid glow of mingled ochres and vermilions, iron bars to every window, armed men at every door; a swarming population of monks and warriors everywhere. The palace rubbed shoulders with the church and the monastery, and was scarcely distinguishable from them. The Sovereign, on his throne, was like the neighbouring relic of some Saint, within its shrine. From one end to the other of that strange accumulation of buildings, sacred and secular dwellings, cathedrals and convents by the score, confused noises,—dulled and stifled by massive walls, thick oriental hangings, and the heavy air imprisoned within them,—rose and fell, their echoes intermingling in a vague harmony of sound. From within the churches sounded the voices of chanting priests; from the *terem* came the singing of women—now and then a sharper note would echo from some corner of the palace, scene of a secret orgy, and then a shriller cry, the plaint of some tortured prisoner in his dungeon. But, for the most part, silence reigned; men whispered under their breath; they stepped carefully, feeling their way. Each one watched his neighbour, and his neighbour him. It was a crypt, a seraglio, a gaol, in one.

Peter the Great Entertains the Diplomatic Corps

IN THE IMPERIAL summer residences near Moscow and St. Petersburg, the coarse habits and vulgar tastes of the Sovereign and his immediate circle, were still more freely displayed. Here is a description of a visit to Peterhof, which the Diplomatic Corps was commanded to make in May, 1715:— . . . “When we reached Peterhof at last, we were entertained in the usual manner, for we had to drink so much Tokay wine at dinner, that, when it was time to separate, we could hardly stand on our legs. Notwithstanding this, the Tsarina presented each of us with a glass of brandy, containing about a pint, which we were obliged to swallow. This completely deprived us of our reason, and we gave ourselves up to slumber, some of us in the gardens, some in the woods, and the rest on the ground, in all directions. . . . The Tsar . . . entertained us in the evening in the ordinary fashion, and we were once more given so much liquor that we were unconscious by the time we were sent to bed. Before we had slept an hour and a half, we were woke by one of the Tsar’s favourites, and conducted, in spite of ourselves, into the presence of the Prince of Circassia, who was in bed with his wife. We were obliged to re-

main beside their bed till four o'clock in the morning, drinking wine and brandy, so that we hardly knew how to get back to our own lodgings. About eight o'clock in the morning we were called to breakfast at the castle, but instead of the tea or coffee we expected, we were given large glasses of brandy."

ANDRÉ MAUROIS

ANDRÉ MAUROIS'S *The Edwardian Era*, published by the D. Appleton-Century Company in 1933, is one of the most brilliant books of a brilliant writer. It is touched with the comic spirit but is sympathetic in tone and fundamentally serious and not influenced by the "debunking" school of biographers popular in the nineteen-twenties. Our first excerpt illustrates the confidence—the over-confidence—with which M. Maurois simplifies the intricacies of history. The second is a little scene of high comedy placed against the contrasting background of a royal funeral.

King Edward VII and the Entente Cordiale

TO CITE THESE witnesses as an argument that the King exercised no influence on European politics, would be to fashion another legend, quite different and no doubt equally false. He left marks which were none the less real for being quite human and quite simple. He inspired confidence by his kindness and tact. He liked to be a welcome guest wherever he went, and to be on good terms with every one. He was cosmopolitan, devoid of racial prejudice, concerned for his popularity abroad as at home, always anxious to compose international quarrels, concerned that life should be straightforward and that everybody should be friendly together. A sovereign, a great statesman, men who are the momentary incarnations of a whole people, can wield powers of swift healing, if they are living, natural, good-humored men, able to impress foreign opinion by small symbolic touches. That was what happened in France in 1903. It was natural to suppose that, after so many struggles and rivalries, mutual confidence between France and England would be slow to revive. But actually it all seemed as if a general neurasthenia had been suddenly cured, and the Foreign Office recognized that this was due to the King, personally and alone; the French had been accustomed to regard the King as feeling personal attachment to

their country, and saw in His Majesty's words and actions the guarantee that a political agreement would open the way for a sincere and lasting friendship based upon common interests and aspirations.

Theodore Roosevelt at the Funeral of Edward VII

MR. ROOSEVELT arrived just in time to represent his country at the funeral—a mission which he appreciated to the full. The American Ambassador, knowing that the ex-President had in his trunks the uniform of a Colonel of the Rough Riders, had an anxious day or two; he was afraid that Roosevelt might wish to ride alongside the nine kings who were to follow the coffin. But Roosevelt quietly consented to put on dress clothes and drive in a carriage with M. Stéphen Pichon, the envoy of the French Republic.

The ex-President was invited to the dinner at Buckingham Palace offered to the crowned heads and envoys-extraordinary. They all took their places with faces ravaged by grief or stiffened with awe; but after the first course they seemed to forget the real reason for their being in London. Mr. Roosevelt described later how he listened to the tearful complaints and cares of the King of Greece. He was then buttonholed by the Tsar of Bulgaria, but the Kaiser promptly contrived to tear the American away from this confabulation, whispering to Roosevelt that Ferdinand was quite unworthy to know him. "In your place, I should not speak to him. He is a miserable creature." Roosevelt's account of that dinner-party is like a mixture of *Alice in Wonderland* and Mark Twain's *Yankee at the Court of King Arthur*.

On the day of the funeral M. Pichon called Roosevelt to witness as to the scurvy treatment meted out to republican states. Had not the ex-President observed that their coachman was clad in black, whereas the coachman of the royal carriages wore scarlet liveries? Roosevelt replied that he had not noticed it, and that even if he were given a red and yellow coachman it would not matter to him. His faulty French pronunciation gave M. Pichon the impression that Roosevelt was protesting because his livery was green and scarlet, and he expressed his sympathy. Moreover, theirs was only the eighth carriage, and they had to share it with a Persian prince—more grievances. Roosevelt gloomily gave up trying to placate the self-respect of his ruffled companion.

HERBERT SPENCER

HERBERT SPENCER'S Autobiography was published posthumously by D. Appleton and Company in 1904. The tribute to E. L. Youmans contained in it is here reprinted as part of the history of the House of Appleton. The second excerpt shows the titanic egotism of Spencer set against the background of the fashionable world of Saratoga.

Professor Youmans

PROF. EDWARD L. YOUMANS was of all Americans I have known or heard of, the one most able and most willing to help me. Alike intellectually and morally, he had in the highest degrees the traits conducive to success in diffusing the doctrines he espoused; and from that time [1860] to this [1886] he has devoted his life mainly in spreading throughout the United States the doctrine of evolution. His love of wide generalizations had been shown years before in lectures on such topics as the correlation of the physical forces; and from those who heard him I have gathered that, aided by his unusual powers of exposition, the enthusiasm which contemplation of the larger truths of science produced in him, was in a remarkable degree communicated to his hearers. Such larger truths I have on many occasions observed are those which he quickly seizes—ever passing at once through details to lay hold of essentials; and having laid hold of them, he clearly sets them forth afresh in his own way with added illustrations. But it is morally even more than intellectually that he has proved himself a true missionary of advanced ideas. Extremely energetic—so energetic that no one has been able to check his over-activity—he has expended all his powers in advancing what he holds to be the truth; and not only his powers but his means. It has proved impossible to prevent him from injuring himself in health by his exertions; and it has proved impossible to make him pay due regard to his personal interests. So that towards the close of life he finds himself wrecked in body and impoverished in estate by thirty years of devotion to high ends. Among professed worshippers of humanity, who teach that human welfare should be the dominant aim, I have not yet heard of one whose sacrifices on behalf of humanity will bear comparison with those of my friend.

At Saratoga

ON AUGUST 29 [1882], a drive, a short railway-journey, a ferry passage, and a longer railway-journey, brought us to Albany, where a few hours were spent; mainly in seeing the Capitol. In fulfilment of a pre-arrangement we then went on to Saratoga.

The pre-arrangement was that Prof. Youmans and his wife would meet us there. We found them at the United States Hotel, which my American friend wished me to see as unique—"said to be the biggest hotel in the world—1500 guests," as my diary notes. The sight was, however, partially thrown away on me. I have a vague recollection of the vast dining-room with its long ranges of tables and multitudinous persons; but the persons themselves left no impression. I am a bad observer of humanity in the concrete: being too much given to wandering off into the abstract. My habit of falling into trains of thought is at variance with the habit of watching people around. I suppose I lack a good deal of knowledge to be hence derived, and lose a good deal of amusement. In these latter years, especially, I find that I contemplate so little the faces of those whom I see at parties or elsewhere, that several meetings are commonly needful to make me remember them. Naturally, then, I did not profit much by the opportunity of criticizing a crowd of American fashionables. Neither their manners nor their costumes, both of which would, I suppose, have called remarks from most people, called any remarks from me. Costumes, indeed, I usually notice so little that, unless they are very good or very bad, I retain not the slightest recollections of them. A simple dress which is elegant without the appearance of effort, and a dress which is tawdry, or discordant in its colors, or bad from over-elaboration, I occasionally remark. But unless as presenting one or other of these extremes, the attire of no lady at a dinner party or *soirée* ever leaves the slightest trace in my memory. Such attention as I give is given to the wearers and not to their clothes.

One person whom I saw, however, and one criticism which I passed on him, I do remember. Walking about the hotel garden was a railway magnate, said to be one of the wealthiest of Americans. He was a coarse-featured man: and, I was told, had manners to match. Before I left England, one who had business-relations with him offered me a letter of introduction; saying that, if I behaved civilly and went to dine with him, he would probably give me a free

pass over the railways. But I preferred not to accept the introduction.

F. V. N. PAINTER

F. V. N. PAINTER'S *History of Education* (1886) *was one of the earliest volumes in Appleton's International Education Series. The subject is treated from the point of view of the historian of civilization and is divided into four principal parts: the Orient; the Ancient Classical World; Christianity before the Rise of Protestantism; and From the Rise of Protestantism to the Present Time. It seems appropriate to include here part of Painter's discussion of Horace Mann, because of his influence upon American education, and part of the discussion of Herbert Spencer, because of his association with the House of Appleton.*

Horace Mann

THE MOST distinguished of American educators, perhaps, during the nineteenth century was Horace Mann, of Massachusetts. He may be regarded as the organizer of the public-school system as it exists to-day in this country. The idea of popular education was almost as old as the Massachusetts colony; but Horace Mann, more than any other, was the educational statesman who gave it comprehensive organization and thorough efficiency. He was specially endowed by nature for the work which he was called to do. To an intellect of rare penetration and brilliancy he added a profound moral sense; he was gifted with the eloquence of tongue and pen; and above all, perhaps, he had the enthusiasm and determination that mark the reformer and martyr in every age.

In spite of the beautiful regulation promulgated by the early colonists, the common schools of Massachusetts in 1837 were exceedingly defective. There was no State supervision; and in the separate districts, each of which controlled its educational interests, a class spirit, to a greater or less degree, prevailed. The wealthier part of the community patronized private schools; and as a result, the public schools too frequently degenerated into makeshifts for the poorer classes. The teachers were poorly equipped for their work; the schoolhouses were neglected and shabby; the school term for each year covered only a few months. It was this unfortunate and

undemocratic condition of things that Horace Mann heroically undertook to improve. He wished "to restore the good old custom," as his wife tells us, "of having the rich and the poor educated together; and for that end he desired to make the public schools as good as schools could be made, so that the rich and the poor might not necessarily be coincident with the educated and the ignorant." It was this democratic idea—upon which the welfare of the people and the perpetuity of our institutions depend—to which Horace Mann gave the next twelve laborious years of his life.

Herbert Spencer

HERBERT SPENCER argues with great force against arbitrary punishments. He would have the punishment for any fault or transgression to come in the form of a natural consequence or retribution. He advocates what he calls "natural penalties." "Is it not manifest," he asks, "that, as 'ministers and interpreters of nature,' it is the function of parents to see that their children habitually experience the true consequences of their conduct—the natural reactions; neither warding them off, nor intensifying them, nor putting artificial consequences in place of them?" No unprejudiced reader will hesitate in his assent. For example, if a child litters a room, it should be required to put it in order again; or if it neglects to get ready in time for a walk, it should be left at home. This "measure would be more effective," he thinks, "than that perpetual scolding which ends only in producing callousness." Inasmuch as like begets like, harshness naturally produces harshness; on the other hand, sympathy will as naturally produce confidence and love. Too high a standard of morality in children is not to be expected; we should, as parents and teachers, be satisfied with moderate results. "Be sparing of commands; but when you *do* command, command with decision and consistency." "Bear constantly in mind," Spencer continues, "the truth that the aim of your discipline should be to produce a *self-governing* being, not to produce a being to be *governed by others*. Were your children fated to pass their lives as slaves, you could not too much accustom them to slavery during their childhood; but as they are by and by to be free men, with no one to control their daily conduct, you can not too much accustom them to self-control while they are still under your eye."

GEORGE MOORE

THE THREE PARTS of *George Moore's Hail and Farewell* were published by D. Appleton and Company between 1911 and 1914. For the two-volume edition of 1925 he wrote a special preface entitled "Art without the Artist," from which our first excerpt is taken. In all Moore's abundant reminiscences there is no more amusing episode of high comedy than his narrative of the efforts made by him and William Butler Yeats to collaborate. The second selection is a part of that episode.

Art without the Artist

I WORKED AT Nature's bidding, taking down her many surprising inventions, thinking they were my own because they happened to come my way. For Nature is a sly puss; she sets us working, but we know nothing of her designs; and for years I believed myself to be the author of *Hail and Farewell*, whereas I was nothing more than the secretary, and though the reader may doubt me in the sentence I am now writing, he will believe that I am telling no more than the truth when the narrative leads him to Coole Park and he meets the hieratic Yeats and Lady Gregory out walking, seeking living speech from cottage to cottage, Yeats remaining seated under the stunted hawthorn usually found growing at the corner of the field, Lady Gregory braving the suffocating interior for the sacred cause of Idiom. And the feeling that there is something providential in the art of *Hail and Farewell* will be strengthened when the reader comes upon Yeats standing lost in meditation before a white congregation of swans assembled on the lake, looking himself in his old cloak like a huge umbrella left behind by some picnic party; and raising his eyes from the book, the reader will say: This is Nature, not Art! and his thoughts reverting to the name upon the title page, he will add: A puny author indeed, who merits a severe reprimand, if not punishment: with such a figure as Yeats he should have created something overtopping Don Quixote. He has done well, of course, for with such material he could not have done badly, but . . .

Collaboration at Coole Park

LADY GREGORY came to meet me with news of Yeats. He was still composing; we should have to wait breakfast for him; and we waited till Lady Gregory, taking pity upon me, rang the bell. But the meal we sat down to was disturbed not a little by thoughts of Yeats, who still tarried. The whisper went round the table that he must have been overtaken by some inspiration, and Lady Gregory, fluttered with care, was about to send the servant to inquire if Mr. Yeats would like to have his breakfast in his room. At that moment the poet appeared, smiling and delightful, saying that just as the clocks were striking ten the metre had begun to beat, and abandoning himself to the emotion of the tune, he had allowed his pen to run till it had completed nearly eight and a half lines, and the conversation turned on the embarrassment his prose caused him, forcing him to reconstruct his scenario. He would have written his play in half the time if he had begun writing it in verse.

As soon as he rose from the table Lady Gregory told us we should be undisturbed in the drawing-room till tea-time, and thanking her, we moved into the room. The moment had come, and feeling like a swordsman that meets for the first time a redoubtable rival, I reminded Yeats that in his last letter he had said we must decide in what language the play should be written—not whether it should be written in English or in Irish (neither of us knew Irish), but in what style.

Yes, we must arrive at some agreement as to the style. Of what good will your dialogue be to me if it is written, let us say, in the language of *Esther Waters*?

Nor would it be of any use to you if I were to write it in Irish dialect?

Yeats was not sure on that point; a peasant Grania appealed to him, and I regretted that my words should have suggested to him so hazardous an experiment as a peasant Grania.

We're writing an heroic play. And a long while was spent over the question whether the Galway dialect was possible in the mouths of heroes, I contending that it would render the characters farcical, for it is not until the language has been strained through many minds that tragedy can be written in it. Balzac wrote *Les Contes Drôlatiques* in Old French because Old French lends itself well to droll

stories. Our play had better be written in the language of the Bible. Avoiding all turns of speech, said Yeats, which immediately recall the Bible. You will not write Angus and his son Diarmuid which is in heaven, I hope. We don't want to recall the Lord's Prayer. And for the same reason, you will not use any archaic words. You will avoid words that recall any particular epoch.

I'm not sure that I understand.

The words honour and ideal suggest the Middle Ages, and should not be used. The word glory is charged with modern idea—the glory of God and the glory that shall cover Lord Kitchener when he returns from Africa. You will not use it. The word soldier represents to us a man that wears a red tunic; an equivalent must be found, swordsman or fighting man. Hill is a better word than mountain; I can't give you a reason, but that is my feeling, and the word ocean was not known to the early Irish, only the sea.

We shall have to begin by writing a dictionary of the words that may not be used, and all the ideas that may not be introduced. Last week you wrote begging me not to waste time writing descriptions of Nature. Primitive man, you said, did not look at trees for the beauty of the branches and the agreeable shade they cast, but for the fruits they bore and the wood they furnished for making spear-shafts and canoes. A most ingenious theory, Yeats, and it may be that you are right: but I think it is safer to assume that primitive man thought and felt much as we do. Life in its essentials changes very little, and are we not writing about essentials, or trying to?

Yeats said that the ancient writer wrote about things, and that the softness, the weakness, the effeminacy of modern literature could be attributed to ideas. There are no ideas in ancient literature, only things, and, in support of this theory, reference was made to the sagas, to the Iliad, to the Odyssey, and I listened to him, forgetful of the subject which we had met to discuss. It is through the dialect, he continued, that one escapes from abstract words, back to the sensation inspired directly by the thing itself.

But, Yeats, a play cannot be written in dialect; nor do I think it can be written by turning common phrases which rise up in the mind into uncommon phrases.

That is what one is always doing.

If, for the sake of one's literature, one had the courage to don a tramp's weed—you object to the word don? And still more to weed? Well, if one had the courage to put on a tramp's jacket and wander

EDITH WHARTON

through the country, sleeping in hovels, eating American bacon, and lying five in a bed, one might be able to write the dialect naturally; but I don't think one can acquire the dialect by going out to walk with Lady Gregory. She goes into the cottage and listens to the story, takes it down while you wait outside, sitting on a bit of wall, Yeats, like an old jackdaw, and then filching her manuscript to put style upon it, just as you want to put style on me.

Yeats laughed vaguely; his laugh is one of the most melancholy things in the world, and it seemed to me that I had come to Coole on a fruitless errand—that we should never be able to write *Diarmaid and Grania* in collaboration.

EDITH WHARTON

EDITH WHARTON'S *A Backward Glance*, which was published by the D. Appleton-Century Company in 1934, is not a formal autobiography but a series of reminiscences of her literary life. Henry James, whose "disciple" Mrs. Wharton considered herself to be, is a central figure. The account which she gives of his benevolent disapproval of one of her short stories provides an interesting supplement to the more formal judgments of her books in his letters. The narrative of a visit to Box Hill when she had the privilege of seeing Henry James and George Meredith in converse with one another is worthy of a permanent place among the "literary anecdotes" of the twentieth century. In the paragraph on Matilde Serao we have one woman novelist portraying another. *A Backward Glance* should be read in conjunction with Percy Lubbock's *Portrait of Edith Wharton* which the D. Appleton-Century Company published in 1947.

Henry James

SOMETIMES HIS chaff was not untinged with malice. I remember a painful moment, during one of his visits, when my husband imprudently blurted out an allusion to "Edith's new story—you've seen it in the last 'Scribner'?" My heart sank; I knew it always embarrassed James to be called on, in the author's presence, for an "appreciation". He was himself so engrossed in questions of technique and construction—and so increasingly detached from the short-story form as a medium—that very few "fictions" (as he called them) but his own were of interest to him, except indeed Mr. Wells's, for which

he once avowed to me an incurable liking, "because everything he writes is so alive and kicking". At any rate I always tried to keep my own work out of his way, and once accused him of ferreting out and reading it just to annoy me—to which charge his sole response was a guilty chuckle. In the present instance, as usual, he instantly replied: "Oh, yes, my dear Edward, I've read the little work—of course I've read it." A gentle pause, which I knew boded no good; then he softly continued: "Admirable, admirable; a masterly little achievement." He turned to me, full of a terrifying benevolence. "Of course so accomplished a mistress of the art would not, without deliberate intention, have given the tale so curiously conventional a treatment. Though indeed, in the given case, no treatment *but* the conventional was possible; which might conceivably, my dear lady, on further consideration, have led you to reject your subject as—er—in itself a totally unsuitable one."

A Visit to Box Hill

ANOTHER DAY was memorable in another way. We were motoring from Rye to Windsor, to stay, as usual, with Howard Sturgis, and suddenly James said: "The day is so beautiful that I should like to make a little detour, and show you Box Hill." I was delighted at the prospect of seeing a new bit of English scenery, and perhaps catching a glimpse of George Meredith's cottage on its leafy hillside. But James's next words chilled my ardour: "I want you to know Meredith," he added.

"Oh, no, no!" I protested. I knew enough, by this time, of my inability to profit by such encounters. I was always benumbed by them, and unable to find the right look or the right word, while inwardly I bubbled with fervour, and the longing to express it. I remember once being taken to see Miss Jekyll's famous garden at Great Warley. On that long-desired day I had a hundred questions to ask, a thousand things to learn. I went with a party of fashionable and indifferent people, all totally ignorant of gardens and gardening; I put one timid question to Miss Jekyll, who answered curtly, and turned her back on me to point out a hybrid iris to an eminent statesman who knew neither what a hybrid nor an iris was; and for the rest of the visit she gave me no chance of exchanging a word with her.

To see Meredith and talk with him was a more important affair.

In spite of all reservations, my admiration for certain parts of his work was very great. I delighted in his poetry, and treasured two of his novels—"The Egoist" and "Harry Richmond"—and I should have enjoyed telling him just what it was that I most admired in them. But I foresaw the impossibility of doing so at a first meeting which would probably also be the last. I told James this, and added that the great man's deafness was in itself an insurmountable obstacle, since I cannot make myself heard even by the moderately deaf. James pleaded with me, but I was firm. For months he had been announcing his visit to Meredith, but had always been deterred by the difficulty of getting from Rye to Box Hill without going up to London; and I should really be doing him a great service by allowing him to call there on the way to Windsor. To this, of course, I was obliged to consent; but I stipulated that I should be allowed to wait in the car, and though he tried to convince me that "just to have taken a look at the great man" would be an interesting memory, he knew I hated that kind of human sight-seeing, and did not insist. So we deflected our course to take in Box Hill, and the car climbed the steep ascent to the garden-gate where James was to get out. As he did so he turned to me and said: "Come, my dear! I can't leave you sitting here alone. I should have you on my mind all the time; and supposing somebody were to come out of the house and find you?"

There was nothing for it but to comply; and somewhat sulkily I followed him up the narrow path, between clumps of sweet-william and Scotch pinks. It was a tiny garden patch, and a few steps brought us to the door of a low-studded cottage in a gap of the hanging woods. It was useless to notify Meredith in advance when one went to see him; he had long since been immobilized by illness, and was always there, and always, apparently, delighted to receive his old friends. The maid who announced us at once returned to say that we were to come in, and we were shown into a very small low-ceilinged room, so small and so low that it seemed crowded though there were only four people in it. The four were the great man himself, white of head and beard, and statuesquely throned in a Bath chair; his daughter, the handsome Mrs. Henry Sturgis (wife of Howard's eldest brother), another man who seemed to me larger than life, perhaps on account of the exiguity of the room, and who turned out to be Mr. Morley Roberts—and lastly

a trained nurse, calmly eating her supper at a table only a foot or two from her patient's chair.

It was the nurse's presence—and the way she went on steadily eating and drinking—that I found most disconcerting. The house was very small indeed; but was it really so small that there was not a corner of it in which she could have been fed, instead of consuming her evening repast under our eyes and noses? I have always wondered, and never found the answer.

Meanwhile I was being led up and explained by James and Mrs. Sturgis—a laborious business, and agonizing to me, as the room rang and rang again with my unintelligible name. But finally the syllables reached their destination; and then, as they say in detective novels, the unexpected happened. The invalid stretched out a beautiful strong hand—everything about him was strong and beautiful—and lifting up a book which lay open at his elbow, held it out with a smile. I read the title, and the blood rushed over me like fire. It was my own "Motor Flight through France", then lately published; and he had not known I was to be brought to see him, and he had actually been reading my book when I came in!

At once, in his rich organ tones, he began to say the kindest, most appreciative things; to ask questions, to want particulars—but, alas, my unresonant voice found no crack in the wall of his deafness. I longed to tell him that Henry James had been our companion on most of the travels described in my modest work; and James, joining in, tried to explain, to say kind things also; but it was all useless, and Meredith, accustomed to steering a way through these first difficult moments, had presently taken easy hold of the conversation, never again letting it go till we left.

The beauty, the richness, the flexibility of his voice held me captive, and it is that which I remember, not what he said; except that he was all amenity, all kindness, as if the voice were poured in a healing tide over the misery of my shyness. But the object of the visit was, of course, to give him a chance of talking with James, and presently I drew back and chatted with Mrs. Sturgis and Morley Roberts, while the great bright tide of monologue swept on over my friend. After all, it had been worth coming for; but the really interesting thing about the visit was James's presence, and the chance of watching from my corner the nobly confronted profiles of the two old friends: Meredith's so classically distinguished, from the spring of the wavy hair to the line of the straight nose,

and the modelling of cheek and throat, but all like a slightly idealized bas-relief "after" a greater original; and James's heavy Roman head, so realistically and vigorously his own, not a bas-relief but a bust, wrought in the round by harsher but more powerful hands. As they sat there, James benignly listening, Meredith eloquently discoursing, and their old deep regard for each other burning steadily through the surface eloquence and the surface attentiveness, I felt I was in great company, and was glad.

"Well, my dear," James said to me, as we went out into the dusk, "wasn't I right?" Yes, he had been right, and I had to own it.

Matilde Serao

MATILDE SERAO, for a number of years before the war, made an annual visit to Paris, and had many friends there. She was a broad squat woman, with a red face on a short red neck between round cushiony shoulders. Her black hair, as elaborately dressed as a Neapolitan peasant's, looked like a wig, and must have been dyed or false. Her age was unguessable, though the fact that she was accompanied by a young daughter in short skirts led one to assume that she was under fifty. This strange half-Spanish figure, oddly akin to the *Meniñas* of Velasquez, and described by Bourget as "Dr. Johnson in a ball-dress", was always arrayed in low-necked dresses rather in the style of Mrs. Tom Thumb's—I remember in particular a spreading scarlet silk festooned with black lace, on which her short arms and chubby hands rested like a cherub's on a sunset cloud. With her strident dress and intonation she seemed an incongruous figure in that drawing-room, where everything was in half-shades and semi-tones—but when she began to speak we had found our master. In Latin countries the few women who shine as conversationalists often do so at the expense of the rapid give-and-take of good talk. Not so Matilde Serao. She never tried to vaticinate or to predominate; what interested her was exchanging ideas with intelligent people. Her training as a journalist, first on her husband Edoardo Scarfoglio's newspaper, *Il Mattino*, and later as editor of a sheet of her own, *Il Giorno*, had given her a rough-and-ready knowledge of life, and an experience of public affairs, totally lacking in the drawing-room Corinnes whom she outrivalled in wit and eloquence. She had a man's sense of fair play, listened attentively, never dwelt too long on one point, but

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placed her sallies at the right moment, and made way for the next competitor. But when she was encouraged to talk, and given the field—as, alone with Abel Bonnard, she often was—then her monologues rose to greater heights than the talk of any other woman I have known. The novelist's eager imagination (two or three of her novels are masterly) was nourished on wide reading, and on the varied experience of classes and types supplied by her journalistic career; and culture and experience were fused in the glow of her powerful intelligence.

TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE

ANONYMOUS

AS EXAMPLES OF the style of the letter-press in Appleton's *Picturesque Series*—America, Europe, and Palestine—we have chosen from *Picturesque Europe* (1879) the description of *Stromboli in eruption* and the narrative of *Whymper's and his companions' first ascent of the Matterhorn*, which resulted on the descent in the death of four members of the party of seven. That story is of course famous. We reprint this version of it because it is not unlikely that it was written by John Tyndall. All the contributions to *Picturesque Europe* were anonymous, but Tyndall's close association with the House of Appleton makes the ascription plausible.

Stromboli

STANDING OUT some forty miles from the mainland is Stromboli, the northernmost and most interesting of the Lipari Islands, a group of volcanic rocks rising steeply from the sea and forming a sort of volcanic connecting chain between Vesuvius and Etna. Their bare, rugged features look uninviting to the traveler, but will well repay a visit.

Stromboli differs from Vesuvius, Etna, Hecla, and most of the well-known volcanoes. They are active only at long and, for the most part, very irregular intervals, while Stromboli is in perpetual activity, though not exactly in continuous eruption. It flashes out at curiously regular intervals, so regular and so brightly that any sea-going tourist, if awakened in the night at a few miles from the island, and ignorant of his position, would be quite certain that the intermittent light he saw was that of a flashing or revolving lighthouse. It actually and very practically answers this purpose, standing just where such a lighthouse is needed, and its flash being visible at great distances.

Careful observation at a moderate distance—i. e., within three or four miles—reveals the difference between this flash and that of a lighthouse-lamp. The latter is a small, bright flame thrown by catoptric or dioptric devices in one direction only. It therefore only shows itself, and lights up nothing around it. The open volcanic

light, larger and less brilliant, radiates equally in all directions; and thus, on a dark night, a careful observer is able to see not only a flash of light, but a pale, phantom cone that starts up suddenly from the sea in phosphorescent outline, and then as suddenly vanishes in utter darkness. This insular mountain-ghost is a most fascinating object, and one leans over the bulwarks staring and staring at it still, until it grows fainter and fainter, and finally fades away, as the sea-haze curtain thickens and shuts it out from view.

There is no flame, though the luminous outburst is wondrously like a flame. The regularity of the eruptions enables us to deliberately examine the inner workings of this volcano. We may climb up the cone and look over the crater of actual eruption into the boiling bowels of the earth below. What do we see there? A lake of glaring, melted rock, the surface of which is a skin of semi-solidified and yellow-hot lava. Somehow and somewhere far below, water has become entangled with the incandescent matter. This red-hot water is, of course, in the form of steam, or would-be steam, exerting tremendous expansive pressure; it forces its way upward, expanding as it rises, and at last meets the skin or crust of semi-solid lava on the surface of the lake below the crater. This it lifts up in a huge bubble or blister, which presently bursts, and then comes the great rush of steam like the puff of a cyclopean locomotive. This outburst of steam is the eruptive flash, and its luminosity is due to the reflection of the light of the fiery lake below by the particles of water in the act of condensation.

The same may be seen in miniature when the white cloudy "steam" (as we call it) of a locomotive flashes forth at night and reflects the light of the furnace. It looks then like a flame, but is no flame. The outbursts of Stromboli, seen in daylight, are simply huge jets of such steam with some upshot fragments of the lava-crust. The spectator who peeps over the lip of the crater must be very careful, and when he sees the blister rising to near its bursting point must duck down his head to avoid the scalding steam, and afterward look out for falling fragments of lava.

The Matterhorn

LOWER THAN Monte Rosa, yet exceeding it both in grandeur and reputation, is the Matterhorn. From the east, as we have said, it seems almost an unbroken spire of rock rising abruptly from the level basin of the Furgge Glacier. From Zermatt itself the pyramid widens out and the true form of the mountain begins to be apparent. Then, as we stroll up toward the Zmutt Valley and obtain the view which is given in these pages, we see that the Matterhorn is really a kind of bastion tower at the extremity of a long curtain-wall of rock; but, from whatever side we regard it, the mountain asserts itself to be, both for precipitous steepness and solitary grandeur, unique in the Alps. The story of the many vain attempts to reach its summit and of the terrible catastrophe by which the Matterhorn seemed to revenge itself on its first conquerors is well known, so that we need not linger over the details, further than to point out how they are illustrated by the picture before us. The long ridge which can be traced from near the middle of the final peak to the pine-woods on the left-hand side, standing out against the sky during the lower portion of its course, is that along or near to which the first successful ascent was made; over the other part of this we see in profile the eastern face, with a part of the ridge which descends toward the water-shed; while on the right, partly concealed behind a projecting shoulder, we see the main ridge as it falls down to join the above-named curtain-wall. Along this last several attempts had been made, chiefly by Professor Tyndall and Mr. Whymper, but, though a considerable elevation was reached, they did not succeed in arriving within some hundred feet of the summit. The latter then decided to attack the eastern face of the mountain, after convincing himself by careful observation that the slope was not so great as it appeared. Accompanied by three friends and three guides, he left Zermatt on the 13th of July, 1865, and ascended the eastern face, keeping generally near to the ridge, which is shown in the sketch. On reaching a height of eleven thousand feet, the party halted for the night. The next morning they climbed on, still keeping near the same ridge, which led them to the foot of the final peak. This may be roughly described as being something like a ridge-roof cottage, with one gable-end turned toward Monte Rosa. One edge of this gable is

shown in the sketch clear against the sky on the left; the other is indicated by the border of a patch of snow, and ends at the highest point visible of the snow on the eastern face. It now remained to climb the final peak. The first part or wall was surmounted by scaling the buttresses of rock on the northern face of the mountain. This, though very steep, is not difficult to a practised climber; but, when the slope begins to diminish, the danger decidedly increases. This part of the mountain consists of sloping slabs of rock, something like the tiles on a roof, patched here and there with bits of snow and ice. There is but little firm hold for hand or foot. The ledges of rock have a slightly outward slope, and so cannot be firmly grasped by the fingers, while the patches of frozen snow are too small to allow of steps being cut, and thus only increase the danger. When this last difficulty is surmounted, an easy snow-slope leads to the summit. It was while returning over that difficult part (which in the sketch is about a quarter of an inch from the top of the peak, and just above the buttress of rock so conspicuous in the middle) that the fatal accident happened. The whole party were tied together, Mr. Whymper being at the upper end between two guides. Suddenly one of his friends in front lost his footing, and pulled down three others. The guide before Mr. Whymper was the first to keep his position; the rope snapped in front of him under the strain, and the hapless four in a few moments disappeared over the brink of a precipice. The cliffs in this part of the Matterhorn more nearly approach the vertical than any other; and the bodies of three out of the four did not stop till they reached the snows, nearly four thousand feet below. After considerable danger, Mr. Whymper, with the surviving guides, reached Zermatt on the following day.

Since then their footsteps have been followed by many, and the summit has also been reached from the southern side; but travelers will do well to remember that the ascent of the Matterhorn is not to be rashly undertaken by unpractised persons. There is an art in mountain-climbing, as in all athletic exercises; and there are some parts of the Matterhorn where this art is needed, and where the climber must have full confidence in himself and in the firmness of his grasp. There are several places where a slip must not be made, because, if made, it might cost the lives of the whole party. The descent, as is often the case, is more dangerous than the ascent; but the difficulty of both depends a good deal upon the

JOHN TYNDALL

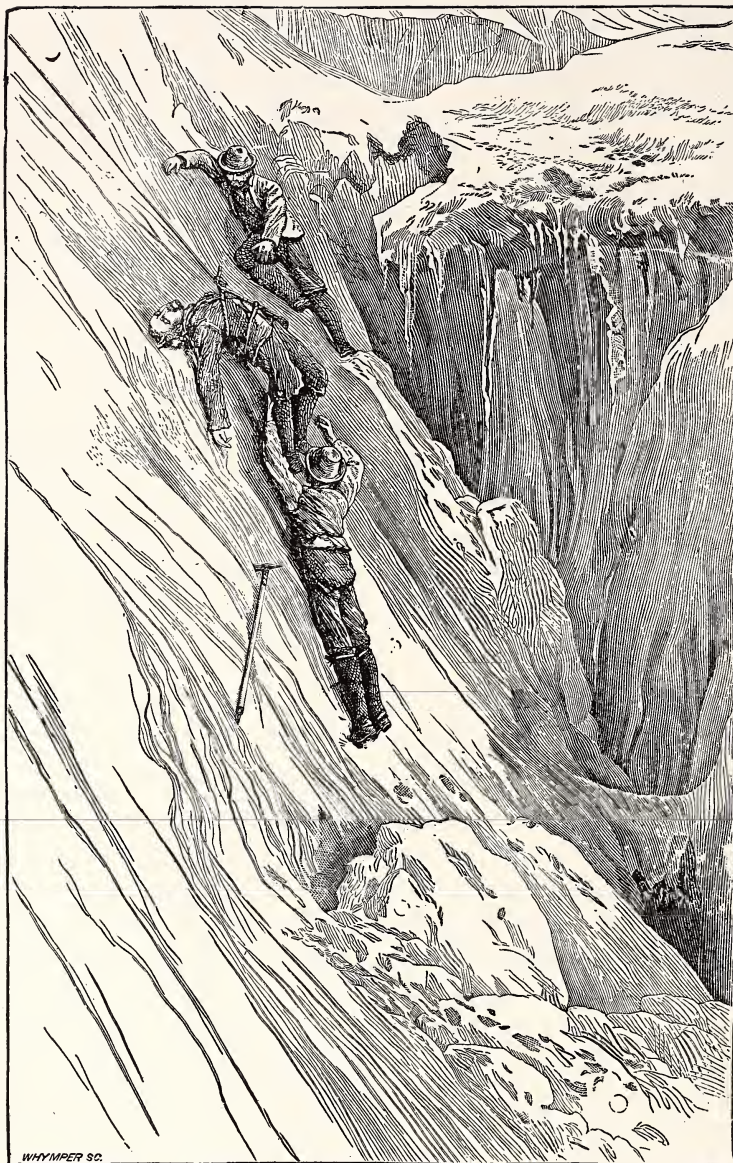
quantity and state of the snow. If the peak were bare rock, there would not be much difficulty. We found it with a good deal of ice, and thus had to descend with great care. Though we had two guides and no other companion, we were half an hour longer in descending the last peak than in ascending. We take this opportunity of expressing an opinion, because we know that it has become rather the thing to "do" the Matterhorn, and thus it is ascended by persons quite unqualified by previous training. If this continues, we have not heard the last of fatal accidents on this peak.

JOHN TYNDALL

JOHN TYNDALL'S *Hours of Exercise in the Alps*, published by Appleton in 1871, is one of the classics of the literature of mountaineering, rivaling the narratives and essays by various members of the Alpine Club which were gathered into *Peaks, Passes and Glaciers* (1859 and 1862). What an expert and courageous Alpinist estimated as "paltry accidents" may not be thought such by an acrophobic reader!

Paltry Accidents

ONCE, HAVING walked for some distance along the edge of a high wedge of ice, we had to descend its left face in order to cross a crevasse. The ice was of that loose granular character which causes it to resemble an aggregate of little polyhedrons jointed together more than a coherent solid. I was not aware that the substance was so utterly disintegrated as it proved to be. To aid me in planting my foot securely on the edge of the crevasse, I laid hold of a projecting corner of the ice. It crumbled to pieces in my hand; I tottered for a moment in the effort to regain my balance, my footing gave way, and I went into the chasm. I heard my companion scream, "O! mon Dieu, il est perdu!" but a ledge about two feet wide jutted from the side of the crevasse; and this received me, my fall not amounting to more than three or four feet. A block of ice which partially jammed up the chasm concealed me from Balmat. I called to him, and he responded by another exclamation, "O! mon Dieu, comme j'ai peur!" He helped me up, and, looking anxiously in my face, demanded "N'avez-vous pas peur?" Afterwards the difficulties lessened by degrees, and we began to gladden ourselves



“RECOVERY OF OUR PORTER”

From Tyndall's Hours of Exercise in the Alps

HENRY JAMES

by mutual expressions of "content" with what we had accomplished. We at length reached the base of the *séracs*; ordinary crevasses were trivial in comparison with those from which we had escaped, so we hastened along the glacier, without halting, to the Tacul.

Here a paltry accident caused me more damage than all the dangers of the day. I was passing a rock, the snow beside it seemed firm, and I placed my bâton upon it, leaning trustfully upon the staff. Through the warmth of the rock, or some other cause, the snow had been rendered hollow underneath; it yielded, I fell forward, and although a cat-like capacity of helping myself in such cases saved me from serious hurt, it did not prevent my knee from being urged with all my weight against an edge of granite. I rested for half an hour in our grotto at the Tacul, and afterwards struggled lamely along the Mer de Glace home to the Montanvert. Blood-shot eyes, burnt cheeks, and blistered lips were the result of the journey, but these soon disappeared, and fresh strength was gained for further action.

HENRY JAMES

HENRY JAMES'S *article on London appeared in the Century, December, 1888. As an example of his ability to capture the genius loci, the opening paragraphs, in which he records his "first impression" of "the murky modern Babylon," are given here. He portrayed various other cities in the Century, but perhaps no other portrait of a place is so appropriate as this, of the city with which he is most intimately associated.*

A First Impression

THERE IS A certain evening that I count as virtually a first impression—the end of a wet, black Sunday, eighteen years ago, about the 1st of March. There had been an earlier vision, but it had turned gray, like faded ink, and the occasion I speak of was a fresh beginning. I know not whether I had a mystic prescience of how fond of the murky modern Babylon I was one day to become; but as I look back I find every small circumstance of those hours of approach and arrival as vivid as if the solemnity of an opening era had breathed upon it. The sense of approach was already almost intolerably strong at Liverpool, where, as I remember, the perception of the



BOW BELLS, CHEAPSIDE
From Henry James's article on London

English character of everything was as acute as a surprise, though it had nothing of surprise in it. It was expectation exquisitely gratified, superabundantly confirmed. There was a kind of wonder, indeed, that England should be as English as, for my entertainment, she took the trouble to be; and the wonder would have been greater and all the pleasure absent, if the sensation had been less. . . .

Spring was already in the air, in the town; there was no rain, but there was still less sun,—one wondered what had become of it, on this side of the world—and the gray mildness, shading away into black at every pretext, appeared in itself a promise. This was how it hung about me, between the window and the fire, in the coffee-room of the hotel—late in the morning for breakfast, as we had been long disembarking. The other passengers had dispersed, knowingly catching trains for London (we had only been a handful); I had the place to myself, and I felt as if I had an exclusive property in the impression. I prolonged it, I sacrificed to it, and it is perfectly recoverable now, with the very taste of the national muffin, the creak of the waiter's shoes as he came and went (could anything be so English as his intensely professional back? It revealed a country of tradition), and the rustle of the newspaper I was too excited to read. . . .

I found myself, on the morrow, in the slowest of Sunday trains, pottering up to London with an interruptedness which might have been tedious without the conversation of an old gentleman who shared the carriage with me and to whom my alien, as well as comparatively youthful, character had betrayed itself. He instructed me as to the sights of London, and impressed upon me that nothing was more worthy of my attention than the great cathedral of St. Paul. "Have you seen St. Peter's in Rome? St. Peter's is more highly embellished, you know; but you may depend upon it that St. Paul's is the better building of the two." The impression I began with speaking of was, strictly, that of a drive from Euston, after dark, to Morley's Hotel, Trafalgar Square. It was not lovely—it was, in fact, rather horrible; but as I move again through the dusky, tortuous miles, in the greasy four-wheeler to which my luggage had compelled me to commit myself, I recognize the first step in an initiation of which the subsequent stages were to abound in pleasant things. . . . The weather had turned wet, and we went deeper and deeper into the Sunday night. The sheep in the fields, on the way from Liverpool, had shown in their demeanour a certain conscious-

ness of the day; but this momentous cab-drive was an introduction to rigidities of custom. The low black houses were as inanimate as so many rows of coal-scuttles, save where at frequent corners, from a gin-shop, there was a flare of light more brutal still than the darkness. The custom of gin—that was equally rigid, and in this first impression the public-houses counted for much. . . .

If at a tolerably early hour the next day I found myself approaching St. Paul's, it was not wholly in obedience to the old gentleman in the railway-carriage; I had an errand in the City, and the City was doubtless prodigious. But what I mainly recall is the romantic consciousness of passing under Temple Bar and the way two lines of "Henry Esmond" repeated themselves in my mind as I drew near to the masterpiece of Sir Christopher Wren. "The stout, red-faced woman" whom Esmond had seen tearing after the staghounds over the slopes at Windsor was not a bit like the effigy "which turns its stony back upon St. Paul's and faces the coaches struggling up Ludgate Hill." As I looked at Queen Anne over the apron of my hansom—she struck me as very small and black, and the vehicle ascended the mild incline without an effort—it was a thrilling thought that the statue had been familiar to the hero of the incomparable novel. All history appeared to live again, and the continuity of things to vibrate through my mind.

To this hour, as I pass along the Strand, I recall the walk I took there that afternoon. I love the place to-day, and that was the commencement of my passion. It appeared to me to present phenomena, and to contain objects, of every kind, of an inexhaustible interest; in particular it struck me as desirable, and even indispensable, that I should purchase most of the articles in most of the shops.

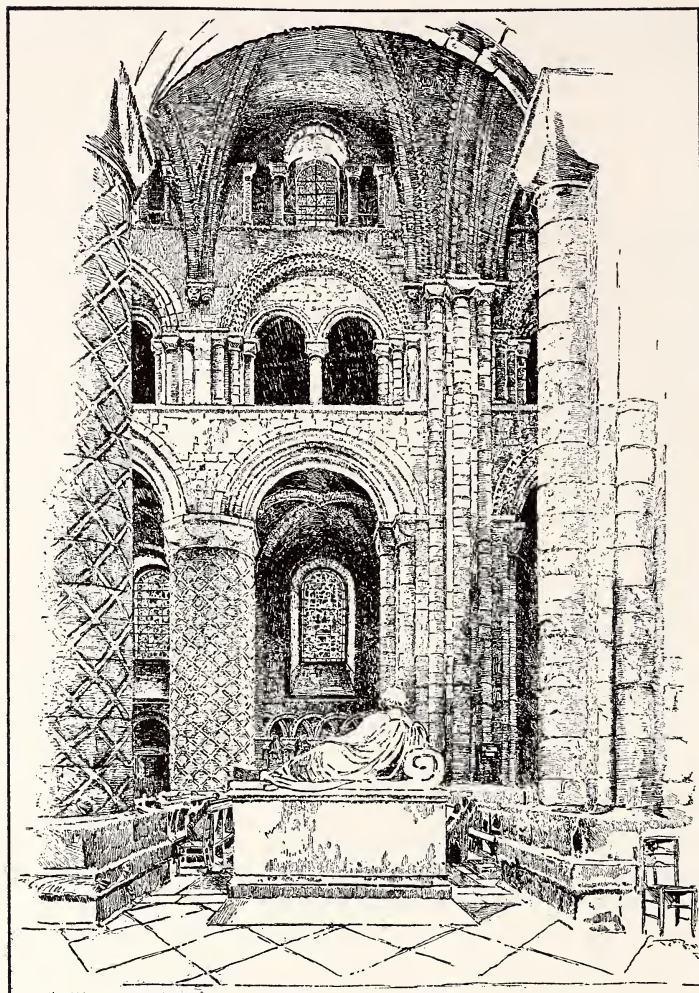
MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER

AFTER RUNNING in the Century, Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer's papers on English Cathedrals were gathered into two sumptuous volumes published by The Century Company in 1892. These are among the finest products of the De Vinne Press, magnificent in format, in amplitude of margins, in typography, and in the quality of the reproductions of Joseph Pennell's illustrations. Twelve cathedrals are studied, beginning with Canterbury and then proceeding chronologically from Peterborough to St. Paul's. The passages chosen exhibit Mrs. Van Rensselaer's powers of description, her

sense of history, her use of the comparative method, and her ability to simplify technicalities.

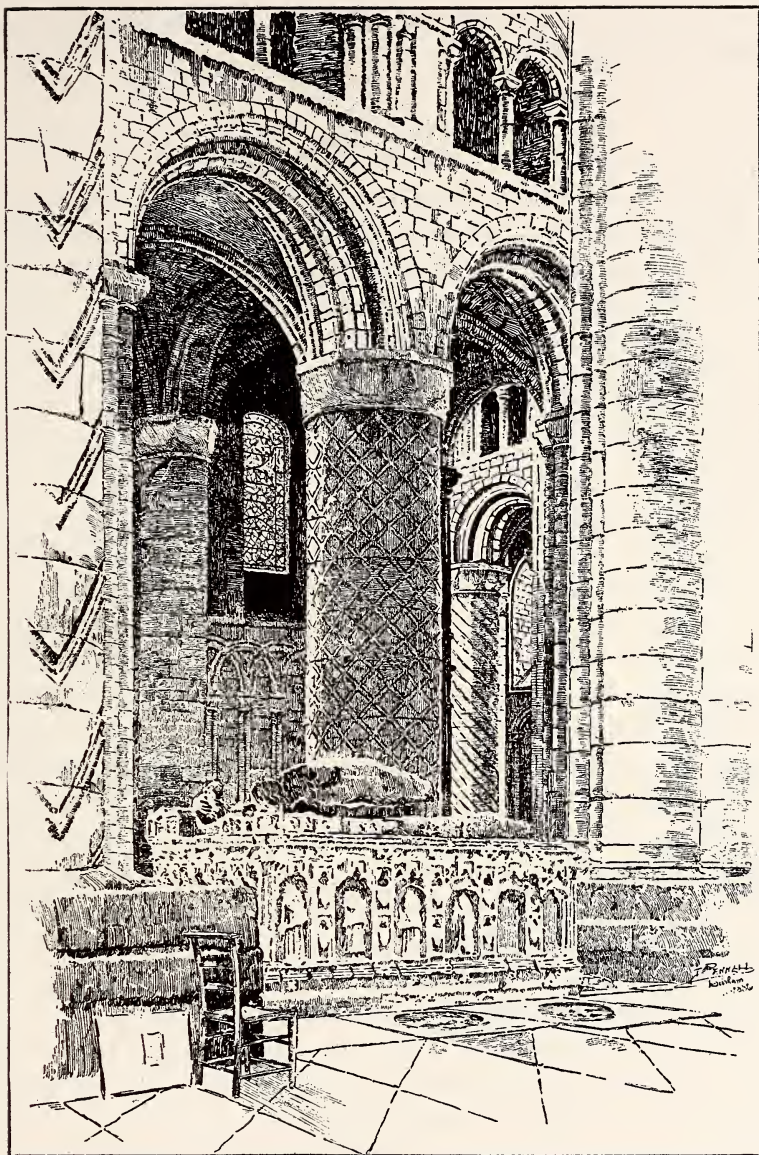
The Nave of Durham Cathedral

ROUND PILLARS occur in the early mediaeval work of every land, varying from slender columns to much sturdier but still columnar forms such as we see in Notre Dame at Paris, and to still more massive shapes where the column is no longer suggested, but the immense body, built up of a multitude of small stones, may be described as a circular piece of walling, and the relatively insignificant capital as a mere cornice curved around it. The Durham piers are of the last-named type, and no others of the type are so magnificent. They cannot anywhere be matched for immense size, for fine proportions, or for the wonderful effectiveness of their incised decoration. With their aid Carilef and Flambard created the most imposing interior of the time. The unusual height of the pier-arcade, which involves of course the same height in the aisles, prevents the tunnel-like effect which distressed us a little at Peterborough and gives a much nobler air of space and freedom, while majesty and beauty are increased by the contrasting outlines of the alternated piers. This interior has not only a titanic solemnity, but a titanic pomp which takes us back to the colonnades of Egypt. But there is none of the grace of Egyptian columns (which are true columns despite their size) in the cylindrical piers of Durham, and the design as a whole is less refined and self-possessed than that of Peterborough; in its audacious immensity it does not so plainly seem to be the perfected result of a long and consistent development. We are half tempted to say that Durham is almost barbaric as compared either with the more reposeful grandeur of Egypt or with the soberer dignity of typical Norman work. Yet its good proportioning and the reticent nature of its decoration, so boldly yet so sparingly applied, speak of cultivated, practised builders, clever of hand and sensitive of eye. In fact, it looks just as it should look,—it seems the work of men born near the centre of contemporary civilization but transplanted to a fresh soil on its outskirts, breathing the air of the adventurous north, and all aflame with pride and vigor from the recent conquest of a realm. Certainly we would not exchange Durham Cathedral, on the spot where it stands, for any other church in the world, and when possessed by the spell of its



DURHAM CATHEDRAL: THE NAVE FROM THE NORTH AISLE

From a drawing by Joseph Pennell



DURHAM CATHEDRAL: VIEW FROM THE NAVE

From a drawing by Joseph Pennell

awful beauty we can hardly remember that any other church in the world is so fine.

Old Sarum

FROM PREHISTORIC days Old Sarum was for centuries a strong and famous place. No spot in all England is of more curious interest now. Who expects in this crowded, living little land to hear of a city wiped utterly from sight, turned into such a "heap" as those cities of the plain whose punishment the prophets foretold? Who expects to see sheep feeding and ploughshares turning where there were once not only Roman roads and ramparts but a great Norman castle and cathedral? Yet this, and nothing but this, we see at Old Sarum.

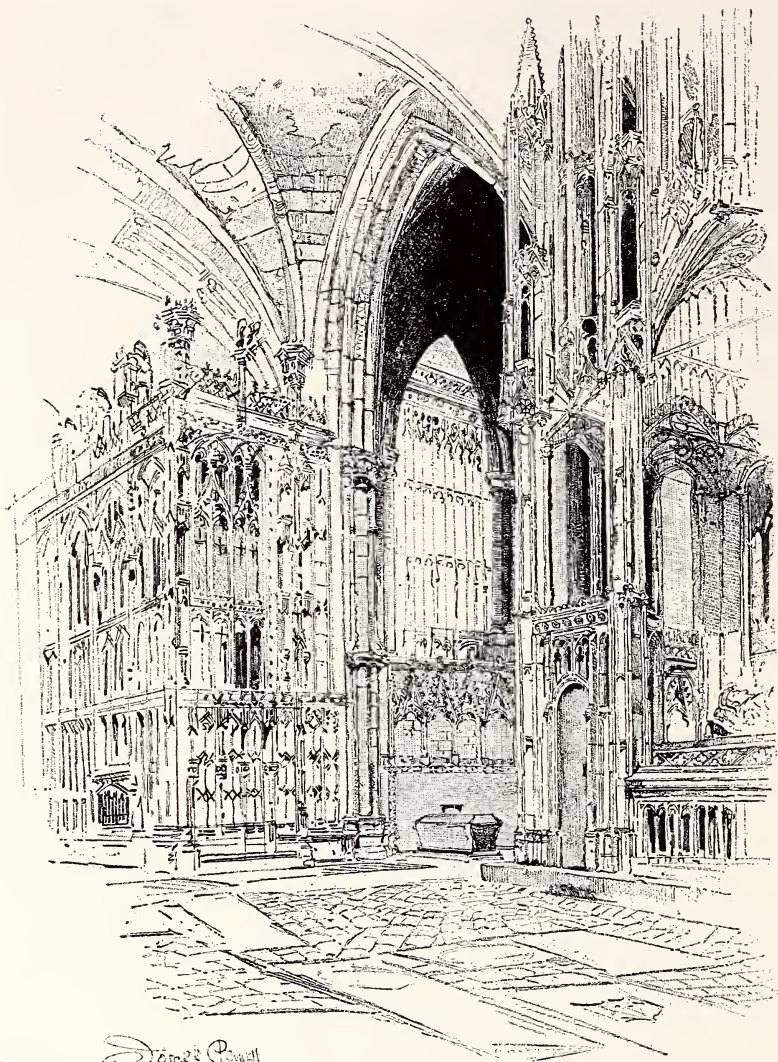
Its broad, desolate hill lies isolated in a valley near the river Avon,* not very far from the skirts of the wide table-land called Salisbury Plain. Even the roadway leaves it at a distance. First we pass through an inn-garden, then cross a long stretch of slightly rising ground, and then climb successive steep and rugged though grassy slopes. These show in scarcely broken lines the trend of the ancient walls and fosses. Their main portions are of Roman origin, but, if we may believe tradition, the outermost line was added by King Alfred when the Danes were on the war-path. Once on top of a hill we find it a broad, rolling plateau, bearing here and there a group of trees, but nowhere a building, and only in two places any relic of man's handiwork—two shattered, ragged bits of wall. Most of it is covered with rough grass, very different from the fresh turf of English lowlands, but far off to the westward there are signs of agricultural labor. This is where the great cathedral stood; and much else once stood where now is an almost Mesopotamian solitude—all the adjuncts of a cathedral, ecclesiastical and domestic; all the parts of a stronghold that was a royal residence as well; and all the streets and structures of a considerable city, stretching down the hill and out into the valley. Hence, as from an important centre, once radiated six Roman roads. Here Briton and Saxon fought, and the victors held their parliaments, and were in their turn assaulted by the Dane. Hither were summoned all the states of the realm to do homage to William the Norman, and, a century later, all its

* This is not Shakespere's Avon, but another of the name which flows southward to the Channel [Author's note].

great men to pay reverence to that young son of Henry I who was to perish in the wreck of the White Ship. Here was drawn up the "Ordinal of Offices for the Use of Sarum" which became the ritual rule for the whole south of England. Here, in a word, for several centuries and under the dominion of five successive races—British, Roman, English, Norman, and again in the new sense English—was a great centre of ecclesiastical and military power. To-day it is nothing but a heap. Citadel and lordly keep, royal hall and chapel, cathedral, chapter-house, and close, convents, parish churches, municipal buildings, burghers' homes and streets, and the mighty walls which once inclosed them, all have been swept away, and their very stones removed for use in distant spots. The colossal earth-works which once bore the walls are not greatly damaged; the little village of Stratford-under-the-Castle marks, perhaps, the site of a valley-suburb; and the two forlorn patches of wall may still stand for generations.

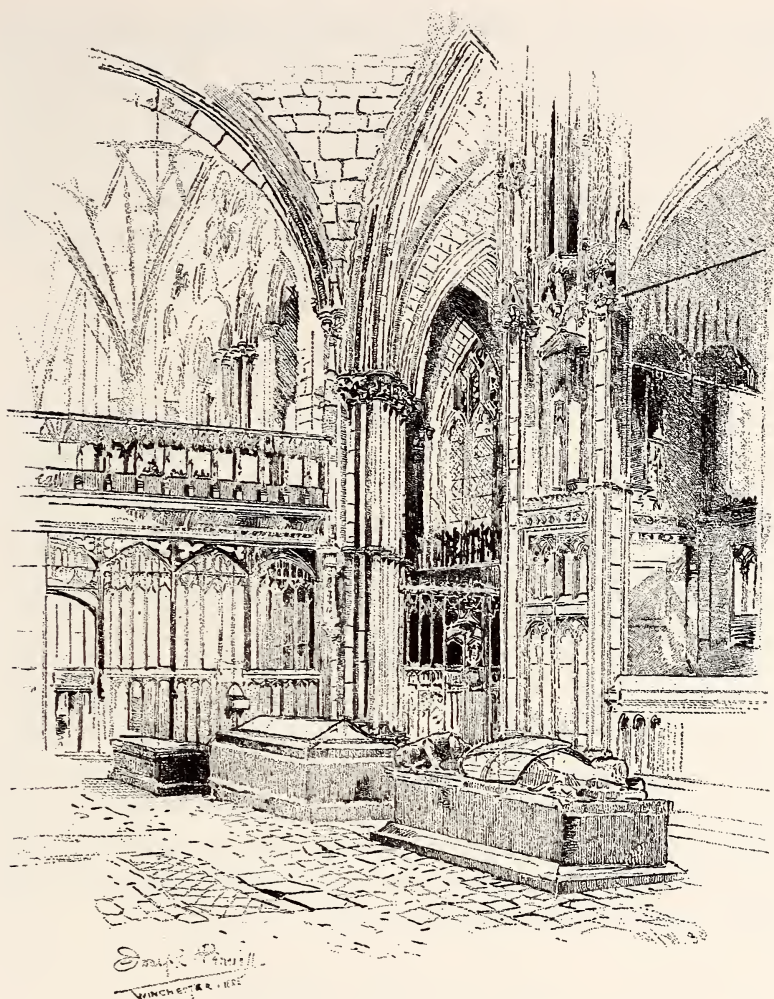
Winchester Profaned

NOT EVEN THE Puritan bore as heavily on Winchester as the earlier Reformer who called himself a churchman still. No cathedral in the kingdom was more richly furnished. We would give much to see it to-day with all its glass and carving and color intact, and with the gifts of Egbert, Emma, and Canute beginning an endless list of sumptuous works of art bestowed, during seven hundred years, by royal visitor and lordly prelate and a host of pilgrims to St. Swithun's shrine. But in the time of Edward VI the church was systematically despoiled. Many treasures vanished in the smoke of the melting-pot, where everything fusible was cast for the mere value of its metal, and many others were hewn and hacked to bits. Then came Bishop Horne, pulling down the monastic buildings and selling the lead from the cathedral roofs. And then came the soldiers of the Commonwealth, bribed to spare the town of Winchester by getting free play in the cathedral. In they marched, horse and foot together, with smoking muskets, sounding drums, and flaring flags; and, after breaking the tombs and pelting the glass with the bones of the saints, out they marched again to parade the streets in the sacred vestments, and to burn the altar-table in an ale-house. Waller was their commander; he had once been a boy at Wykeham's school, and he stopped the devastation at last, and



WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL: THE RETROCHOIR

From a drawing by Joseph Pennell



WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL: THE RETROCHOIR

From a drawing by Joseph Pennell

perhaps protected the effigy of his far-off benefactor while so many others were beheaded and spat upon. Modern devotion has done what it could to hide the myriad scars which disgrace the memory of the Anglican and the Puritan alike. But the art of to-day is not the art of Old England, nor does the Church of to-day sanction the magnificence of Rome. Protestantism can never redeem its ravages inside a cathedral, as outside it may, with the help of Mother Nature's pacifying touch.

The Cloister of Gloucester

THIS, I THINK, is the most magnificent series of cloister-walks in England, and in no other are signs of former usefulness so well preserved. Instead of the open arcades, characteristic of earlier generations, we find rows of great glazed windows which insure complete protection from the weather. In the north walk the wall projects a little to give room for the lavatories,—a hollowed stone bench of considerable length,—while opposite is a closet for towels; and the south walk is lined to nearly half its height by a range of little cells, one lying beneath each window. Set thus far away from the distractions of the world, these cells, or "carols," served as studies for the monks; and so peaceful, so ancient, yet so serviceable seems the spot that we half expect, as each tiny chamber is passed, to see a sable gown and a shaven poll bending over some ponderous work of ghostly counsel, or some Book of Hours where brilliant initial letters are slowly growing on the page.

Constructional Timidity

IN FRANCE THE central alley and the aisles were always much wider than in England; as the Gothic style developed, a second pair of aisles was usually added beyond the first pair—if not in the nave, at all events in the choir; and lateral chapels were often formed by inclosing the spaces between the deep buttresses. When we enter an English church after coming from the Continent, we feel almost as much cramped and oppressed by the nearness of its walls as by the low sweep of its vaulted ceiling; and there is a closer connection between its narrowness and its lowness than may at first thought appear.

In the first place, a degree of height which the eye may accept in

a very narrow church would be intolerable in a broad one; York itself gives proof that even a small increase in the width of the central alley required the raising of the ceiling. Then, of course, there could be no lateral chapels where, to form their partition walls and to suggest their inclosure, there were none of those deep buttresses which very tall clerestories prescribed. And finally, an aisle tall enough to admit with good effect of another beyond it would have required a loftier pier-arcade than Englishmen liked to build, and this would naturally have involved, for the sake of good proportions, a corresponding increase in the altitude of the upper walls. An eye which understands architectural drawings does not need to compare cross-sections of French and English cathedrals to realize which nation was the bolder builder. It can decide the question by comparing ground-plans only; for it will know that churches as broad as the French ones must be very tall, and that, being very tall, they could not stand without a daringly scientific system of buttresses. But even an untrained eye, when it sees how far into the air spring the flying-buttresses of France, and how widely they extend to span the doubled aisles and find firm footing beyond them, can gauge the relative constructional timidity of English architects. Of course we cannot positively say whether it was conscious timidity, deliberately deciding that, in spite of the greater beauty which might result, it would not attempt very tall walls and very wide vaults; or whether it was unconscious, merely expressing an instinctive national preference for lowness and narrowness combined with immense length. But in either case it was timidity—if not timidity of hand, then timidity of imagination. And we are once more inclined to think that timidity of hand was responsible, to a certain degree at least, for English proportions, when we find that the ceilings of both nave and choir at York have always been vaults of wood, not stone.

ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL (*Mrs. Joseph Pennell*) was a prolific contributor to the *Century*. Her articles on art and travel are attractive in their own right and not merely as the letter-press to accompany her husband's beautiful drawings. Mrs. Van Rensselaer planned to write a book on the cathedrals of France but gave it up, and the subject was turned over to Mrs. Pennell, who produced *French Ca-*

thedrals, Monasteries and Abbeys, and Sacred Sites of France (*The Century Company, 1909*). *She is more impressionistic than Mrs. Van Rensselaer and has less to say of history and of architectural technicalities and more of the life of the people. The first part of our excerpt appeared originally in the Century, volume XLVI (July, 1893).*

The Most Picturesque Place in the World

WE HAD ALWAYS been hunting for it. We had always felt sure that somewhere, some day, we should find the perfect place which was to combine the charm of the Middle Ages with the comfort of the nineteenth century—the Albert Dürer town which could be reached in a railway-train, with medieval streets through which the dinner-bell would make a pleasant sound, where there would be plenty of picturesque dirt in other people's houses, plenty of fresh water and clean rooms in our own hotel. Perhaps this is a *bourgeois* idea. But, then, that is our affair. . . .

Eight years of wandering had brought us no closer to our undiscovered country when, last summer, as we were traveling in the mountains of—but no! why should we tell the name? Why break the serenity of its hilly streets with the rush of personally conducted parties, or of easel-laden artists? Why turn it into another Barbizon or Grez, another Chester or Nuremberg? Besides, we have exploited so many places in our day; we have, in our recklessness, presented the painter, the illustrator, the magazine-writer with more motives than they can exhaust in a generation; we have, by our enterprise, developed the cycling trade to an incalculable extent, and, by our praise, made the fortune of half the hotel-keepers of Provence. And the result for us? Not a cycle manufacturer would give us a machine if we asked for it, not a landlord would throw us a crust were we starving, not an art-student would find a spare moment to thank us. No; the name of the most Picturesque Place in the World we shall keep to ourselves. It is foolish deliberately to court the fate of Columbus or Stanley.

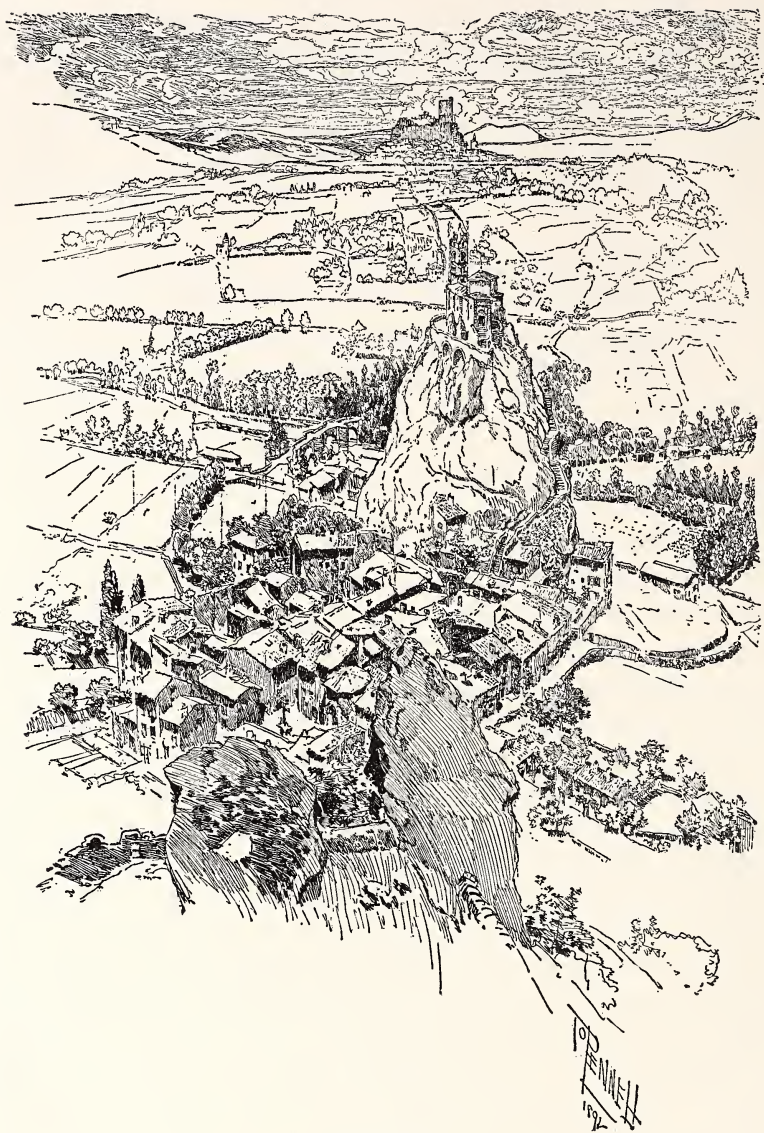
We were riding, then, among the hills of a land that shall be nameless, bound on a mission which, as yet, need be nobody's business but our own, when, one bright sunny afternoon, as we came over the top of the high pass, suddenly we looked down upon a landscape that might have been a picture by one of the Primitives

—every feature in it sharply defined, the composition well balanced and carefully composed, the whole effect artificial, theatrical, impossible. The engineer and the capitalist had been there before us, and a railroad makes its way through the hills. From the train, as it rushes out of a long tunnel, the eyes of the traveler will rest upon another oddly composed view, no less Düreresque and incredible. . . .

We did not have to go into church or museum, in the usual fashion, to hunt for our medievalism. It was everywhere about us. The landscape was as rich in strong contrasts as our daily life. It was always primitive, always like a background borrowed from an old woodcut or altar-piece; but it had its degrees of strangeness and beauty. Its effects were ever varying. There were hours when it was more fantastic, more dramatic, than others. At sunset the hillside, with its climbing houses and campanili, fairly shone. . . .

But the country did not depend upon the mere contrasts between day and night, between dawn and sunset, for its variety. It had numberless resources of its own. We could not walk through the streets of the town, we could not venture beyond the houses, without its considerably arranging itself into a new and original composition for our benefit. At every turn peaks and plain, river and road, churches and houses, came together in a new way to make a new picture for us. And the best of it was that we never missed the harmonious proportions, the well-balanced arrangement, the conventional emphasizing of detail, which had so struck us in the first of the long series of designs our undiscovered country spread out before us. Now, we chanced upon so telling and impressive a subject as a lonely rocky peak with flying buttresses of natural rock, and surmounted by a colossal statue of the Virgin and Child. Again, when, in search of still another point of view, we went wandering into the hills, from the path winding upward we saw, like a map below, a most wonderful grouping of both natural and artificial elements. No matter whether we kept to the plain or to the mountains, no matter in which direction we followed, there was always new and irresistible material to be had. Nor did we begin to exhaust it, though we stayed in that enchanted world day after day, week after week, month after month. Mountains, plains, cliffs, towers, bridges, streams—the “motives” were without end.

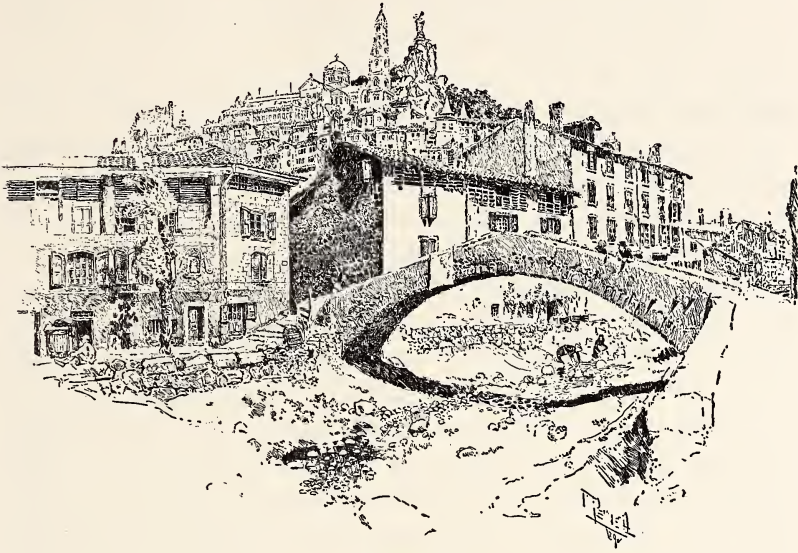
Town and country, then, were perfection, and the hotel was no less irreproachable. And yet all these advantages cost us no more



LE PUY

From a drawing by Joseph Pennell

than life in exploited Barbizon or artist-ridden Concarneau. Within easy reach were two large busy towns; the capital was not much farther away, though to tell its name would be to put the envious on the trail. On each side of the hills two great railways connected important commercial centers. We were in the very heart of a prosperous country, but at the same time entirely out of the world, and in a town that seemed unknown to any one save the natives. In-



LE PUY

From a drawing by Joseph Pennell

deed, the chances are that we would run small risk of its discovery should the publisher see fit, as we humbly suggest, to offer a prize—but not at our expense—to the first reader of this chapter who could name the locality.

The place does exist, though we ourselves certainly would never have believed in it without seeing. We have not between us the imagination to invent a scene so unreal, so melodramatic, so nearly grotesque. The drawings are the purest realism. We will give no hints, geographical or geological, statistical or social, historical or humanitarian, mechanical or moral, political or intellectual, as to the site of the city forgotten by Cook, neglected by Murray. We will only ask triumphantly, tantalizingly, “Do you not wish you knew where to find the most Picturesque Place in the World?”

I need hardly say that the above description of Le Puy, rather rapturous and with the twang of youth, is the article written eighteen years ago for "The Century Magazine," to which I have already referred. I republish it now in all its rapturous exaggeration, changing nothing, modifying nothing, omitting nothing, for two reasons. In the first place, it has for me an autobiographical value in my experiences among cathedral towns. Not one I had hitherto seen, or was still to see, ever gave me so wonderful a moment as when, that summer afternoon, I first looked down on Le Puy, with its strange rocks and churches and statues, set in the midst of the Düreresque landscape. Other towns and other cathedrals interested me as much in other ways and from other causes. But, for sheer picturesqueness, none could rival it, and with my arrival there I reached the high-water mark of the pleasure spread over so many years of my cathedral journeying.

My second reason for republishing the article is less personal. I think, immature and frankly ecstatic as it may be, it is a genuine tribute to Le Puy, expressing in its own precipitate way the strength of the impression that town makes upon the traveler. In fact, I know it does from the number of letters and inquiries it has brought, year after year, even indeed until only yesterday. If it is a trifle breathless, breathlessness is the chief quality of one's amazement and joy in entering into actual possession of such an unbelievable place. It, of all the world's wonders, takes your breath away if there is meaning in the phrase, and anything short of breathlessness in writing of it would seem but a prosaic attempt to record its picturesqueness.

EDITH WHARTON

EDITH WHARTON'S *studies of Italian Villas and Their Gardens*, after serialization in the *Century*, reappeared in book form in 1904 (*The Century Company*). At that time the taste for the baroque and the rococo was not so prevalent as it has since become. Violet Paget ("Vernon Lee") had led the way into the Italian eighteenth century along which Mrs. Wharton followed, but except to the most informed and "advanced" connoisseurs her emphasis was quite new. Charm was found not in the winding paths and the informal flowerbeds à l'anglais but in the "permanent effects" of ilexes, terraces, fountains, and precisely placed statuary and vases. Moreover, Mrs.

Wharton looked for most of her examples not in the environs of Florence familiar to readers of Howells but in Rome, in the smaller Tuscan towns, in the neighborhood of Milan, and along the shores of the lakes of North Italy. Her approach was not sentimental but technical. Agreeing with her that the illustrations to her book by Maxfield Parrish are inappropriate, we have not reproduced any of his color-plates.

Castello

AS IS USUAL IN Italian gardens built against a hillside, the retaining-wall at the back serves for the great decorative motive at Castello. It is reached by wide marble steps, and flanked at the sides by symmetrical lemon-houses. On the central axis of the garden, the wall has a wide opening between columns, and on each side an arched recess, equidistant between the lemon-houses and the central opening. Within the latter is one of those huge grottoes which for two centuries or more were the delight of Italian garden-architects. The roof is decorated with masks and arabesques in coloured shell-work, and in the niches of the tufa of which the background is formed are strange groups of life-sized animals, a camel, a monkey, a stag with real antlers, a wild boar with real tusks, and various small animals and birds, some made of coloured marbles which correspond with their natural tints; while beneath these groups are basins of pink-and-white marble, carved with sea-creatures and resting on dolphins. Humour is the quality which soonest loses its savour, and it is often difficult to understand the grotesque side of the old garden-architecture; but the curious delight in the representations of animals, real or fantastic, probably arose from the general interest in those strange wild beasts of which the travellers of the Renaissance brought home such fabulous descriptions. As to the general use of the grotto in Italian gardens, it is a natural development of the need for shade and coolness, and when the long-disused waterworks were playing, and cool streams gushed over quivering beds of fern into the marble tanks, these retreats must have formed a delicious contrast to the outer glare of the garden.

Villa Gamberaia

HERE, ALSO, may be noted in its fullest expression that principle of old gardening which the modern "landscapist" has most completely unlearned, namely, the value of subdivision of spaces. Whereas the modern gardener's one idea of producing an effect of space is to annihilate his boundaries, and not only to merge into one another the necessary divisions of the garden, but also to blend this vague whole with the landscape, the old garden-architect proceeded on the opposite principle, arguing that, as the garden is but the prolongation of the house, and as a house containing a single huge room would be less interesting and less serviceable than one divided according to the varied requirements of its inmates, so a garden which is merely one huge outdoor room is also less interesting and less serviceable than one which has its logical divisions. Utility was doubtless not the only consideration which produced this careful portioning off of the garden. Æsthetic impressions were considered, and the effect of passing from the sunny fruit-garden to the dense grove, thence to the wide-reaching view, and again to the sheltered privacy of the pleached walk or the mossy coolness of the grotto—all this was taken into account by a race of artists who studied the contrast of æsthetic emotions as keenly as they did the juxtaposition of dark cypress and pale lemon-tree, of deep shade and level sunlight. But the real value of the old Italian garden-plan is that logic and beauty meet in it, as they should in all sound architectural work. Each quarter of the garden was placed where convenience required, and was made accessible from all the others by the most direct and rational means; and from this intelligent method of planning the most varying effects of unexpectedness and beauty were obtained.

The Gardens of the Villa d'Este

THE CENTRAL room opens on the great two-storied portico or loggia, whence one descends by an outer stairway to a terrace running the length of the building, and terminated at one end by an ornamental wall, at the other by an open loggia overlooking the Campagna. From this upper terrace, with its dense wall of box and laurel, one looks down on the towering cypresses and ilexes of the

lower gardens. The grounds are not large, but the impression produced is full of a tragic grandeur. The villa towers above so high and bare, the descent from terrace to terrace is so long and steep, there are such depths of mystery in the infinite green distances and in the cypress-shaded pools of the lower garden, that one has a sense of awe rather than of pleasure in descending from one level to another of darkly rustling green. But it is the omnipresent rush of water which gives the Este gardens their peculiar character. From the Anio, drawn up the hillside at incalculable cost and labour, a thousand rills gush downward, terrace by terrace, channelling the stone rails of the balusters, leaping from step to step, dripping into mossy conchs, flashing in spray from the horns of sea-gods and the jaws of mythical monsters, or forcing themselves in irrepressible overflow down the ivy-matted banks. The whole length of the second terrace is edged by a deep stone channel, into which the stream drips by countless outlets over a quivering fringe of maidenhair. Every side path or flight of steps is accompanied by its sparkling rill, every niche in the retaining-walls has its water-pouring nymph or gushing urn; the solemn depths of green reverberate with the tumult of innumerable streams. "The Anio," as Herr Tuckermann says, "throbs through the whole organism of the garden like its inmost vital principle."

Isola Bella

SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY travellers were unanimous in extolling the Isola Bella, though, as might have been expected, their praise was chiefly for those elaborations and ingenuities of planning and engineering which give least pleasure in the present day. Toward the middle of the eighteenth century a critical reaction set in. Tourists, enamoured of the new "English garden," and of Rousseau's descriptions of the "bosquet de Julie," could see nothing to admire in the ordered architecture of the Borromean Islands. The sentimental sight-seer, sighing for sham Gothic ruins, for glades planted "after Poussin," and for all the laboured naturalism of Repton and Capability Brown, shuddered at the frank artifice of the old Italian garden-architecture. The quarrel then begun still goes on, and sympathies are divided between the artificial-natural and the frankly conventional. The time has come, however, when it is recognized that both these manners are manners, the one as artificial as the

other, and each to be judged, not by any ethical standard of "sincerity," but on its own æsthetic merits. This has enabled modern critics to take a fairer view of such avowedly conventional compositions as the *Isola Bella*, a garden in comparison with which the grounds of the great Roman villas are as naturalistic as the age of Rousseau could have desired.

Thus impartially judged, the *Isola Bella* still seems to many too complete a negation of nature; nor can it appear otherwise to those who judge of it only from pictures and photographs, who have not seen it in its environment. For the landscape surrounding the Borromean Islands has precisely that quality of artificiality, of exquisitely skilful arrangement and manipulation, which seems to justify, in the garden-architect, almost any excesses of the fancy. The Roman landscape, grandiose and ample, seems an unaltered part of nature; so do the subtly modelled hills and valleys of central Italy: all these scenes have the deficiencies, the repetitions, the meannesses and profusions, with which nature throws her great masses on the canvas of the world; but the lake scenery appears to have been designed by a lingering and fastidious hand, bent on eliminating every crudeness and harshness, and on blending all natural forms, from the bare mountain-peak to the melting curve of the shore, in one harmony of ever-varying and ever-beautiful lines.

The effect produced is undoubtedly one of artificiality, of a chosen exclusion of certain natural qualities, such as gloom, barrenness, and the frank ugliness into which nature sometimes lapses. There is an almost forced gaiety about the landscape of the lakes, a fixed smile of perennial loveliness. And it is as a complement to this attitude that the Borromean gardens justify themselves. Are they real? No; but neither is the landscape about them. Are they like any other gardens on earth: No; but neither are the mountains and shores about them like earthly shores and mountains. They are Armida's gardens anchored in a lake of dreams, and they should be compared, not with this or that actual piece of planted ground, but with a page of Ariosto or Boiardo.

The Castle of Cattajo

MANY DELIGHTFUL examples of the Venetian *maison de plaisance* are still to be found in the neighbourhood of Padua and Treviso, along the Brenta, and in the country between the Euganeans and the Monti Berici. Unfortunately, in not more than one or two instances have the old gardens of these houses been preserved in their characteristic form; and, by a singular perversity of fate, it happens that the villas which have kept their gardens are not typical of the Venetian style. One of them, the castle of Cattajo, at Battaglia in the Euganean Hills, stands in fact quite apart from any contemporary style. This extraordinary edifice, built for the Obizzi of Venice about 1550, is said to have been copied from the plans of a castle in Tartary brought home by Marco Polo. It shows, at any rate, a deliberate reversion, in mid-cinque-cento, to a kind of Gothicism which had become obsolete in northern Italy three hundred years earlier; and the mingling of this rude style with classic detail and Renaissance sculpture has produced an effect picturesque enough to justify so quaint a tradition.

Cattajo stands on the edge of the smiling Euganean country, its great fortress-like bulk built up against a wooded knoll with a little river at its base. Crossing the river by a bridge flanked by huge piers surmounted with statues, one reaches a portcullis in a massive gate-house, also adorned with statues. The portcullis opens on a long narrow court planted with a hedge of clipped euonymus; and at one end a splendid balustraded stairway *à cordon* leads up to a flagged terrace with yew-trees growing between the flags. To the left of this terrace is a huge artificial grotto, with a stucco Silenus lolling on an elephant, and other life-size animals and figures, a composition recalling the zoological wonders of the grotto at Castello. This Italian reversion to the grotesque, at a time when it was losing its fascination for the Northern races, might form the subject of an interesting study of race æsthetics. When the coarse and sombre fancy of mediæval Europe found expression in grinning gargoyles and baleful or buffoonish images, Italian art held serenely to the beautiful, and wove the most tragic themes into a labyrinth of lovely lines; but in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when the classical graces had taken possession of northern Europe, the chimerical animals, the gnomes and goblins, the gargoyles and

broomstick-riders, fled south of the Alps, and reappeared in the queer fauna of Italian grottoes and in the leering dwarfs and satyrs of the garden-walk.

CHARLES DARWIN

CHARLES DARWIN'S *Journal of Researches into the Natural History and Geology of the Countries Visited during the Voyage of H. M. S. Beagle Round the World* was first published in 1839, and the American market had been supplied with editions published by the Harpers for twenty-five years before, in 1871, it was attracted into the Appleton orbit which contained the "authorized editions" of other books by Darwin. Because of his long and close association with the House of Appleton and because the *Journal* is the most nearly "popular" of his works, we reprint three entertaining episodes and the brief conclusion in which he points to the advantages a young naturalist may derive from travel. In 1890 the Appletons brought out a new edition of the *Journal* with illustrations by R. T. Pritchett.

Fuegians

WHILE GOING ONE day on shore near Wollaston Island, we pulled alongside a canoe with six Fuegians. These were the most abject and miserable creatures I anywhere beheld. On the east coast the natives, as we have seen, have guanaco cloaks, and on the west they possess seal-skins. Amongst these central tribes the men generally have an otter-skin, or some small scrap about as large as a pocket-handkerchief, which is barely sufficient to cover their backs as low down as their loins. It is laced across the breast by strings, and according as the wind blows, it is shifted from side to side. But these Fuegians in the canoe were quite naked, and even one full-grown woman was absolutely so. It was raining heavily, and the fresh water, together with the spray, trickled down her body. In another harbour not far distant, a woman, who was suckling a recently-born child, came one day alongside the vessel, and remained there out of mere curiosity, whilst the sleet fell and thawed on her naked bosom, and on the skin of her naked baby! These poor wretches were stunted in their growth, their hideous faces bedaubed with white paint, their skins filthy and greasy, their hair entangled, their voices discordant, and their gestures violent. Viewing such men, one can

hardly make one's self believe that they are fellow-creatures, and inhabitants of the same world. It is a common subject of conjecture what pleasure in life some of the lower animals can enjoy: how much more reasonably the same question may be asked with respect to these barbarians! At night, five or six human beings, naked and scarcely protected from the wind and rain of this tempestuous climate, sleep on the wet ground coiled up like animals. Whenever it is low water, winter or summer, night or day, they must rise to pick shell-fish from the rocks; and the women either dive to collect sea-eggs, or sit patiently in their canoes, and with a baited hair-line without any hook, jerk out little fish. If a seal is killed, or the floating carcass of a putrid whale is discovered, it is a feast; and such miserable food is assisted by a few tasteless berries and fungi.

They often suffer from famine: I heard Mr. Low, a sealing-master intimately acquainted with the natives of this country, give a curious account of the state of a party of one hundred and fifty natives on the west coast, who were very thin and in great distress. A succession of gales prevented the women from getting shell-fish on the rocks, and they could not go out in their canoes to catch seal. A small party of these men one morning set out, and the other Indians explained to him, that they were going a four days' journey for food: on their return, Low went to meet them, and he found them excessively tired, each man carrying a great square piece of putrid whale's-blubber with a hole in the middle, through which they put their heads, like the Gauchos do through their ponchos or cloaks. As soon as the blubber was brought into a wigwam, an old man cut off thin slices, and muttering over them, broiled them for a minute, and distributed them to the famished party, who during this time preserved a profound silence. Mr. Low believes that whenever a whale is cast on shore, the natives bury large pieces of it in the sand, as a resource in time of famine; and a native boy, whom he had on board, once found a stock thus buried. The different tribes when at war are cannibals. From the concurrent, but quite independent evidence of the boy taken by Mr. Low, and of Jemmy Button, it is certainly true, that when pressed in winter by hunger, they kill and devour their old women before they kill their dogs: the boy, being asked by Mr. Low, why they did this, answered, "Doggies catch otters, old women no." This boy described the manner in which they are killed by being held over smoke and thus choked; he imitated their screams as a joke, and described the parts of their bodies which

are considered best to eat. Horrid as such a death by the hands of their friends and relatives must be, the fears of the old women, when hunger begins to press, are more painful to think of; we are told that they then often run away into the mountains, but that they are pursued by the men and brought back to the slaughter-house at their own firesides!

Chilian Suspicions

ONE DAY, A German collector in natural history, of the name of Renous, called, and nearly at the same time an old Spanish lawyer. I was amused at being told the conversation which took place between them. Renous speaks Spanish so well, that the old lawyer mistook him for a Chilian. Renous, alluding to me, asked him what he thought of the King of England sending out a collector to their country, to pick up lizards and beetles, and to break stones? The old gentleman thought seriously for some time, and then said, "It is not well,—*hay un gato encerrado aqui* (there is a cat shut up here.) No man is so rich as to send out people to pick up such rubbish. I do not like it: if one of us were to go and do such things in England, do not you think the King of England would very soon send us out of his country?" And this old gentleman, from his profession, belongs to the better informed and more intelligent classes! Renous himself, two or three years before, left in a house at San Fernando some caterpillars, under charge of a girl to feed, that they might turn into butterflies. This was rumoured through the town, and at last the padres and governor consulted together, and agreed it must be some heresy. Accordingly, when Renous returned, he was arrested.

Tortoises of Galapagos

THE INHABITANTS believe that these animals are absolutely deaf; certainly they do not overhear a person walking close behind them. I was always amused when overtaking one of these great monsters, as it was quietly pacing along, to see how suddenly, the instant I passed, it would draw in its head and legs, and uttering a deep hiss fall to the ground with a heavy sound, as if struck dead. I frequently got on their backs, and then giving a few raps on the hinder part of their shells, they would rise up and walk away;—but I found it very

difficult to keep my balance. The flesh of this animal is largely employed, both fresh and salted; and a beautifully clear oil is prepared from the fat. When a tortoise is caught, the man makes a slit in the skin near its tail, so as to see inside its body, whether the fat under the dorsal plate is thick. If it is not, the animal is liberated and it is said to recover soon from this strange operation. In order to secure the tortoise, it is not sufficient to turn them like turtle, for they are often able to get on their legs again.

The Advantages of Travel

IN CONCLUSION, it appears to me that nothing can be more improving to a young naturalist, than a journey in distant countries. It both sharpens, and partly allays that want and craving, which, as Sir J. Herschel remarks, a man experiences although every corporeal sense be fully satisfied. The excitement from the novelty of objects, and the chance of success, stimulate him to increased activity. Moreover, as a number of isolated facts soon become uninteresting, the habit of comparison leads to generalization. On the other hand, as the traveller stays but a short time in each place, his descriptions must generally consist of mere sketches, instead of detailed observations. Hence arises, as I have found to my cost, a constant tendency to fill up the wide gaps of knowledge, by inaccurate and superficial hypotheses.

But I have too deeply enjoyed the voyage, not to recommend any naturalist, although he must not expect to be so fortunate in his companions as I have been, to take all chances, and to start, on travels by land if possible, if otherwise on a long voyage. He may feel assured, he will meet with no difficulties or dangers, excepting in rare cases, nearly so bad as he beforehand anticipates. In a moral point of view, the effect ought to be, to teach him good-humoured patience, freedom from selfishness, the habit of acting for himself, and of making the best of every occurrence. In short, he ought to partake of the characteristic qualities of most sailors. Travelling ought also to teach him distrust; but at the same time he will discover, how many truly kind-hearted people there are, with whom he never before had, or ever again will have any further communication, who yet are ready to offer him the most disinterested assistance.

FRANK T. BULLEN

THE FIRST AND most famous of Frank T. Bullen's narratives of his experiences at sea is *The Cruise of the "Cachalot,"* which was published in London in 1898 and by Appleton in the following year. This book appealed to the imagination of a generation which had forgotten Moby Dick; and even today a reader weary of the allegorical and philosophical overtones of Melville's book will find refreshment in Bullen's exciting, unpretentious account of an encounter with a great whale.

The Whale

WHETHER WE HAD overrun our distance, or the whale, who was not "making a passage," but feeding, had changed his course, I do not know; but, anyhow, he broke water close ahead, coming straight for our boat. His great black head, like the broad bow of a dumb barge, driving the waves before it, loomed high and menacing to me, for I was not forbidden to look ahead now. But coolly, as if coming alongside the ship, the mate bent to the big steer-oar, and swung the boat off at right angles to her course, bringing her back again with another broad sheer as the whale passed foaming. This manoeuvre brought us side by side with him before he had time to realize that we were there. Up till that instant he had evidently not seen us, and his surprise was correspondingly great. To see Louis raise his harpoon high above his head, and with a hoarse grunt of satisfaction plunge it into the black, shining mass beside him up to the hitches, was indeed a sight to be remembered. Quick as thought he snatched up a second harpoon, and as the whale rolled from us it flew from his hands, burying itself like the former one, but lower down the body. The great impetus we had when we reached the whale carried us a long way past him, out of all danger from his struggles. No hindrance was experienced from the line by which we were connected with the whale, for it was loosely coiled in a space for the purpose in the boat's bow to the extent of two hundred feet, and this was cast overboard by the harpooner as soon as the fish was fast. He made a fearful to-do over it, rolling completely over several times backward and forward, at the same time smiting the sea with his mighty tail, making an almost deafening noise and pother. But we were comfortable enough, while we un-

shipped the mast and made ready for action, being sufficiently far away from him to escape the full effect of his gambols. It was impossible to avoid reflecting, however, upon what *would* happen if, in our unprepared and so far helpless state, he were, instead of simply tumbling about in an aimless, blind sort of fury, to rush at the boat and try to destroy it. Very few indeed would survive such an attack, unless the tactics were radically altered. No doubt they would be, for practices grow up in consequence of the circumstances with which they have to deal.

After the usual time spent in furious attempts to free himself from our annoyance, he betook himself below, leaving us to await his return, and hasten it as much as possible by keeping a severe strain upon the line. Our efforts in this direction, however, did not seem to have any effect upon him at all. Flake after flake ran out of the tubs, until we were compelled to hand the end of our line to the second mate to splice his own on to. Still it slipped away, and at last it was handed to the third mate, whose two tubs met the same fate. It was now Mistah Jones' turn to "bend on," which he did with many chuckles as of a man who was the last resource of the unfortunate. But his face grew longer and longer as the never-resting line continued to disappear. Soon he signalled us that he was nearly out of line, and two or three minutes after he bent on his "drogue" (a square piece of plank with a rope tail spliced into its centre, and considered to hinder a whale's progress at least as much as four boats), and let go the end. We had each bent on our drogues in the same way, when we passed our ends to one another. So now our friend was getting along somewhere below with 7200 feet of 1½-inch rope, and weight additional equal to the drag of sixteen 30-foot boats.

Of course we knew that, unless he were dead and sinking, he could not possibly remain much longer beneath the surface. The exhibition of endurance we had just been favoured with was a very unusual one, I was told, it being a rare thing for a cachalot to take out two boats' lines before returning to the surface to spout.

Therefore, we separated as widely as was thought necessary, in order to be near him on his arrival. It was, as might be imagined, some time before we saw the light of his countenance; but when we did, we had no difficulty in getting alongside of him again. My friend Goliath, much to my delight, got there first, and succeeded in picking up the bight of the line. But having done so, his chance of

distinguishing himself was gone. Hampered by the immense quantity of sunken line which was attached to the whale, he could do nothing, and soon received orders to cut the bight of the line and pass the whale's end to us. He had hardly obeyed, with a very bad grace, when the whale started off to windward with us at a tremendous rate. The other boats, having no line, could do nothing to help, so away we went alone, with barely a hundred fathoms of line, in case he should take it into his head to sound again. The speed at which he went made it appear as if a gale of wind was blowing, and we flew along the sea surface, leaping from crest to crest of the waves with an incessant succession of cracks like pistol-shots. The flying spray drenched us and prevented us from seeing him, but I fully realized that it was nothing to what we should have to put up with if the wind freshened much. One hand was kept bailing the water out which came so freely over the bows, but all the rest hauled with all their might upon the line, hoping to get a little closer to the flying monster. Inch by inch we gained on him, encouraged by the hoarse objurgations of the mate, whose excitement was intense. After what seemed a terribly long chase, we found his speed slackening, and we redoubled our efforts. Now we were close upon him; now, in obedience to the steersman, the boat sheered out a bit, and we were abreast of his labouring flukes; now the mate hurls his quivering lance with such hearty good-will that every inch of its slender shaft disappears within the huge body. "Lay off! Off with her, Louey!" screamed the mate; and she gave a wide sheer away from the whale, not a second too soon. Up flew that awful tail, descending with a crash upon the water not two feet from us. "Out oars! Pull, two! starn, three!" shouted the mate; and as we obeyed our foe turned to fight. Then might one see how courage and skill were such mighty factors in the apparently unequal contest. The whale's great length made it no easy job for him to turn, while our boat, with two oars a-side, and the great leverage at the stern supplied by the nineteen-foot steer-oar, circled, backed, and darted ahead like a living thing animated by the mind of our commander. When the leviathan settled, we gave a wide berth to his probable place of ascent; when he rushed at us, we dodged him; when he paused, if only momentarily, in we flew, and got home a fearful thrust of the deadly lance.

All fear was forgotten now—I panted, thirsted for his life. Once, indeed, in a sort of frenzy, when for an instant we lay side by side

CAPTAIN JOSHUA SLOCUM

with him, I drew my sheath-knife, and plunged it repeatedly into the blubber, as if I were assisting in his destruction. Suddenly the mate gave a howl: "Starn all—starn all! oh, starn!" and the oars bent like canes as we obeyed. There was an upheaval of the sea just ahead; then slowly, majestically, the vast body of our foe rose into the air. Up, up it went, while my heart stood still, until the whole of that immense creature hung on high, apparently motionless, and then fell—a hundred tons of solid flesh—back into the sea. On either side of that mountainous mass the waters rose in shining towers of snowy foam, which fell in their turn, whirling and eddying around us as we tossed and fell like a chip in a whirlpool. Blinded by the flying spray, bailing for very life to free the boat from the water with which she was nearly full, it was some minutes before I was able to decide whether we were still uninjured or not. Then I saw, at a little distance, the whale lying quietly. As I looked he spouted, and the vapour was red with his blood. "Starn all!" again cried our chief, and we retreated to a considerable distance. The old warrior's practised eye had detected the coming climax of our efforts, the dying agony or "flurry" of the great mammal. Turning upon his side, he began to move in a circular direction, slowly at first, then faster and faster, until he was rushing round at tremendous speed, his great head raised quite out of water at times, clashing his enormous jaws. Torrents of blood poured from his spout-hole, accompanied by hoarse bellowings, as of some gigantic bull, but really caused by the labouring breath trying to pass through the clogged air passages. The utmost caution and rapidity of manipulation of the boat was necessary to avoid his maddened rush, but this gigantic energy was short-lived. In a few minutes he subsided slowly in death, his mighty body reclined on one side, the fin uppermost waving limply as he rolled to the swell, while the small waves broke gently over the carcass in a low, monotonous surf, intensifying the profound silence that had succeeded the tumult of our conflict with the late monarch of the deep.

CAPTAIN JOSHUA SLOCUM

CAPTAIN JOSHUA SLOCUM, *a Nova Scotian who became an American citizen, had already experienced many perils of the sea before he accomplished the voyage narrated in Sailing Alone Around the World which after serialization in the Century was brought out as a book in 1900. The sloop Spray—37 feet long and weighing nine*

tons net—was so seaworthy that in reasonably calm weather Slocum could lash the rudder and sleep soundly, trusting to the vessel to hold her course. The unboastful simplicity with which his feat of high-hearted gallantry is told is as winning as the artless excellence of the captain's style. It was suspected by some readers that the narrative was compiled in the Century's office from logs and letters, but the fact is that Slocum's manuscript needed but the minimum of editorial correction. He possessed a good style because his mind was upon what he had to tell, not upon the manner of the telling. Slocum could not swim, having been reared, as he explained, in Newfoundland where the water was too cold for comfort. Besides, as he added, he did not expect to fall overboard when his ship was in port, and if he fell over in mid-ocean he might as well drown first as last.

Off Tierra del Fuego

IT WAS THE 3rd of March when the *Spray* sailed from Port Tamar direct for Cape Pillar, with the wind from the northeast, which I fervently hoped might hold till she cleared the land; but there was no such good luck in store. It soon began to rain and thicken in the northwest, boding no good. The *Spray* neared Cape Pillar, rapidly, and, nothing loath, plunged into the Pacific Ocean at once, taking her first bath of it in the gathering storm. There was no turning back even had I wished to do so, for the land was now shut out by the darkness of night. The wind freshened, and I took in a third reef. The sea was confused and treacherous. In such a time as this the old fisherman prayed, "Remember, Lord, my ship is small and thy sea is so wide!" I saw now only the gleaming crests of the waves. They showed white teeth while the sloop balanced over them. "Everything for an offing," I cried, and to this end I carried on all the sail she would bear. She ran all night with a free sheet, but on the morning of March 4 the wind shifted to southwest, then back suddenly to northwest, and blew with terrific force. The *Spray* stripped of her sails, then bore off under bare poles. No ship in the world could have stood up against so violent a gale. Knowing that this storm might continue for many days, and that it would be impossible to work back to the westward along the coast outside of Tierra del Fuego, there seemed nothing to do but to keep on and go east about, after all. Anyhow, for my present safety the only course lay in keep-

ing her before the wind. And so she drove southeast, as though about to round the Horn, while the waves rose and fell and bel-
lowed their never-ending story of the sea; but the Hand that held these held also the *Spray*. She was running now with a reefed fore-
staysail, the sheets flat amidship. I paid out two long ropes to steady
her course and to break combing seas astern, and I lashed the helm
amidship. In this trim she ran before it, shipping never a sea. Even
while the storm raged at its worst, my ship was wholesome and
noble. My mind as to her seaworthiness was put to ease for aye.

When all had been done that I could do for the safety of the ves-
sel, I got to the fore-scuttle, between seas, and prepared a pot of
coffee over a wood fire, and made a good Irish stew. Then, as before
and afterward on the *Spray*, I insisted on warm meals. In the tide-
race off Cape Pillar, however, where the sea was marvellously high,
uneven, and crooked, my appetite was slim, and for a time I post-
poned cooking. (Confidentially, I was seasick!)

The first day of the storm gave the *Spray* her actual test in the
worst sea that Cape Horn or its wild regions could afford, and in no
part of the world could a rougher sea be found than at this particu-
lar point, namely, off Cape Pillar, the grim sentinel of the Horn.

Farther offshore, while the sea was majestic, there was less appre-
hension of danger. There the *Spray* rode, now like a bird on the crest
of a wave, and now like a waif deep down in the hollow between
seas; and so she drove on. Whole days passed, counted as other
days, but with always a thrill—yes, of delight.

On the fourth day of the gale, rapidly nearing the pitch of Cape
Horn, I inspected my chart and pricked off the course and distance
to Port Stanley, in the Falkland Islands, where I might find my way
and refit, when I saw through a rift in the clouds a high mountain,
about seven leagues away on the port beam. The fierce edge of the
gale by this time had blown off, and I had already bent a square-
sail on the boom in place of the mainsail, which was torn to rags.
I hauled in the trailing ropes, hoisted this awkward sail reefed, the
forestaysail being already set, and under this sail brought her at
once on the wind heading for the land, which appeared as an island
in the sea. So it turned out to be though not the one I had supposed.

I was exultant over the prospect of once more entering the Strait
of Magellan and beating through again into the Pacific, for it was
more than rough on the outside coast of Tierra del Fuego. It was
indeed a mountainous sea. When the sloop was in the fiercest

squalls, with only the reefed forestaysail set, even that small sail shook her from keelson to truck when it shivered by the leech. Had I harboured the shadow of a doubt for her safety, it would have been that she might spring a leak in the garboard at the heel of the mast; but she never called me once to the pump. Under pressure of the smallest sail I could set she made for the land like a race-horse, and steering her over the crests of the waves so that she might not trip was nice work. I stood at the helm now and made the most of it.

Night closed in before the sloop reached the land, leaving her feeling the way in pitchy darkness. I saw breakers ahead before long. At this I wore ship and stood offshore, but was immediately startled by the tremendous roaring of breakers again ahead and on the lee bow. This puzzled me, for there should have been no broken water where I supposed myself to be. I kept off a good bit, then wore round, but finding broken water also there, threw her head again offshore. In this way, among dangers, I spent the rest of the night. Hail and sleet in the fierce squalls cut my flesh till the blood trickled over my face; but what of that? It was daylight, and the sloop was in the midst of the Milky Way of the sea, which is northwest of Cape Horn, and it was the white breakers of a huge sea over sunken rocks which had threatened to engulf her through the night. It was Fury Island I had sighted and steered for, and what a panorama was before me now and all around! It was not the time to complain of a broken skin. What could I do but fill away among the breakers and find a channel between them, now that it was day? Since she had escaped the rocks through the night, surely she would find her way by daylight. This was the greatest sea adventure of my life. God knows how my vessel escaped.

The sloop at last reached inside of small islands that sheltered her in smooth water. Then I climbed the mast to survey the wild scene astern. The great naturalist Darwin looked over his seascape from the deck of the *Beagle*, and wrote in his journal, "Any landsman seeing the Milky Way would have nightmare for a week." He might have added, "or seaman" as well.

The *Spray's* good luck followed fast. I discovered, as she sailed along through a labyrinth of islands, that she was in the Cockburn Channel, which leads into the Strait of Magellan at a point opposite Cape Froward, and that she was already passing Thieves' Bay, suggestively named. And at night, March 8, behold, she was at anchor

in a snug cove at the Turn! Every heart-beat on the *Spray* now counted thanks.

Here I pondered on the events of the last few days, and, strangely enough, instead of feeling rested from sitting or lying down, I now began to feel jaded and worn; but a hot meal of venison stew soon put me right, so that I could sleep. As drowsiness came on I sprinkled the deck with tacks, and then I turned in, bearing in mind the advice of my old friend Samblich that I was not to step on them myself. I saw to it that not a few of them stood "business end" up; for when the *Spray* passed Thieves' Bay two canoes had put out and followed in her wake, and there was no disguising the fact any longer that I was not alone.

Now, it is well known that one cannot step on a tack without saying something about it. A pretty good Christian will whistle when he steps on the "commercial end" of a carpet-tack; a savage will howl and claw the air, and that was just what happened that night about twelve o'clock, while I was asleep in the cabin, where the savages thought they "had me," sloop and all, but changed their minds when they stepped on deck, for then they thought that I or somebody else had them. I had no need of a dog; they howled like a pack of hounds. I had hardly use for a gun. They jumped pell-mell, some into their canoes and some into the sea, to cool off, I suppose, and there was a deal of free language over it as they went. I fired several guns when I came on deck, to let the rascals know that I was home, and then I turned in again, feeling sure I should not be disturbed any more by people who left in so great a hurry.

The Fuegians, being cruel, are naturally cowards; they regard a rifle with superstitious fear. The only real danger one could see that might come from their quarter would be from allowing them to surround one within bow-shot, or to anchor within range where they might lie in ambush. As for their coming on deck at night, even had I not put tacks about, I could have cleared them off by shots from the cabin and hold. I always kept a quantity of ammunition within reach in the hold and in the cabin and in the forepeak, so that retreating to any of these places I could "hold the fort" simply by shooting up through the deck.

Perhaps the greatest danger to be apprehended was from the use of fire. Every canoe carries fire; nothing is thought of that, for it is their custom to communicate by smoke-signals. The harmless brand that lies smouldering in the bottom of one of their canoes might be

ablaze in one's cabin if he were not on the alert. The port captain of Sandy Point warned me particularly of this danger. Only a short time before they had fired a Chilean gunboat by throwing brands in through the stern windows of the cabin. The *Spray* had no openings in the cabin or deck, except two scuttles, and these were guarded by fastenings which could not be undone without waking me if I were asleep.

From Juan Fernandez to Samoa

TO BE ALONE forty-three days would seem a long time, but in reality, even here, winged moments flew lightly by, and instead of my hauling in for Nukahiva, which I could have made as well as not, I kept on for Samoa, where I wished to make my next landing. This occupied twenty-nine days more, making seventy-two days in all. I was not distressed in any way during that time. There was no end of companionship; the very coral reefs kept me company, or gave me no time to feel lonely, which is the same thing, and there were many of them now in my course to Samoa.

First among the incidents of the voyage from Juan Fernandez to Samoa (which were not many) was a narrow escape from collision with a great whale that was absent-mindedly plowing the ocean at night while I was below. The noise from his startled snort and the commotion he made in the sea, as he turned to clear my vessel, brought me on deck in time to catch a wetting from the water he threw up with his flukes. The monster was apparently frightened. He headed quickly for the east; I kept on going west. Soon another whale passed, evidently a companion, following in its wake. I saw no more on this part of the voyage, nor did I wish to.

Hungry sharks came about the vessel often when she neared islands or coral reefs. I own to a satisfaction in shooting them as one would a tiger. Sharks, after all, are the tigers of the sea. Nothing is more dreadful to the mind of a sailor, I think, than a possible encounter with a hungry shark.

A number of birds were always about; occasionally one poised on the mast to look the *Spray* over, wondering, perhaps, at her odd wings, for she now wore her Fuego mainsail, which, like Joseph's coat, was made of many pieces. Ships are less common on the Southern seas than formerly. I saw not one in the many days crossing the Pacific.

My diet on these long passages usually consisted of potatoes and salt cod and biscuits, which I made two or three times a week. I had always plenty of coffee, tea, sugar, and flour. I carried usually a good supply of potatoes, but before reaching Samoa I had a mishap which left me destitute of this highly prized sailors' luxury. Through meeting at Juan Fernandez the Yankee Portuguese named Manuel Carroza, who nearly traded me out of my boots, I ran out of potatoes in mid-ocean, and was wretched thereafter. I prided myself on being something of a trader; but this Portuguese from the Azores by way of New Bedford, who gave me new potatoes for the older ones I had got from the *Colombia*, a bushel or more of the best, left me no ground for boasting. He wanted mine, he said, "for changee the seed." When I got to sea I found that his tubers were rank and unedible, and full of fine yellow streaks of repulsive appearance. I tied the sack up and returned to the few left of my old stock, thinking that maybe when I got right hungry the island potatoes would improve in flavour. Three weeks later I opened the bag again, and out flew millions of winged insects! Manuel's potatoes had all turned to moths. I tied them up quickly and threw all into the sea.

Manuel had a large crop of potatoes on hand, and as a hint to whalemén, who are always eager to buy vegetables, he wished me to report whales off the island of Juan Fernandez, which I have already done, and big ones at that, but they were a long way off.

Taking things by and large, as sailors say, I got on fairly well in the matter of provisions even on the long voyage across the Pacific. I found always some small stores to help the fare of luxuries; what I lacked of fresh meat was made up in fresh fish, at least while in the trade-winds, where flyingfish crossing on the wing at night would hit the sails and fall on deck, sometimes two or three of them, sometimes a dozen. Every morning except when the moon was large I got a bountiful supply by merely picking them up from the lee scuppers. All tinned meats went begging.

On the 16th of July, after considerable care and some skill and hard work, the *Spray* cast anchor at Apia, in the kingdom of Samoa, about noon. My vessel being moored, I spread an awning, and instead of going at once on shore I sat under it till late in the evening, listening with delight to the musical voices of the Samoan men and women.

A canoe coming down the harbour, with three young women in it, rested her paddles abreast the sloop. One of the fair crew, hailing

with the naive salutation, "Talofa lee" ("Love to you, chief"), asked:

"Schoon come Melike?"

"Love to you," I answered, and said, "Yes."

"You man come 'lone?"

Again I answer, "Yes."

"I don't believe that. You had other mans, and you eat 'em."

At this sally the others laughed. "What for you come long way?" they asked.

"To hear you ladies sing," I replied.

"Oh, talofa lee!" they all cried, and sang on. Their voices filled the air with music that rolled across to the grove of tall palms on the other side of the harbour and back.

Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee Celebrated on Thursday Island

THE 22ND WAS the great day on Thursday Island, for then we had not only the jubilee, but a jubilee with a grand corroboree in it, Mr. Douglas having brought some four hundred native warriors and their wives and children across from the mainland to give the celebration the true native touch, for when they do a thing on Thursday Island they do it with a roar. The corroboree was, at any rate, a howling success. It took place at night, and the performers, painted in fantastic colours, danced or leaped about before a blazing fire. Some were rigged and painted like birds and beasts, in which the emu and kangaroo were well represented. One fellow leaped like a frog. Some had the human skeleton painted on their bodies, while they jumped about threateningly, spear in hand, ready to strike down some imaginary enemy. The kangaroo hopped and danced with natural ease and grace, making a fine figure. All kept time to music, vocal and instrumental, the instruments (save the mark!) being bits of wood, which they beat one against the other, and saucer-like bones, held in the palm of the hands, which they knocked together, making a dull sound. It was a show at once amusing, spectacular, and hideous.

FREDERICK O'BRIEN

THE LAST OF *the Century's long line of famous travel-books* was *Frederick O'Brien's White Shadows in the South Seas*, which was serialized in 1919 and published as a book in the same year. Its success was very great, for it came at a propitious moment when the public was weary of war and war-books, skeptical of the advantages of white "civilization," and eager to escape imaginatively to the South Seas. As a boy O'Brien had been drawn towards the islands of the Pacific by reading Herman Melville; and he repaid this debt, for undoubtedly *White Shadows* contributed to the revival of interest in Melville in the nineteen-twenties. The Century Company also published O'Brien's *Mystic Isles of the South Seas* (1921) and *Atolls of the Sun* (1922).

The Fate of the Marquesans

ALL MARQUESANS live in the shadow of that day. They see it without fear, but with a melancholy so tragic and deep that the sorrow of it is indescribable.

"I have seen many go as Aumia has gone," said Father David to me. "All these lovable races are dying. All Polynesia is passing. Some day the whites here will be left alone amid the ruins of plantations and houses, unless they bring in an alien race to take the places of the dead."

A hundred years ago there were a hundred and sixty thousand Marquesans in these islands. Twenty years ago there were four thousand. To-day I am convinced that there remain not twenty-one hundred.

A century ago an American naval captain reckoned nineteen thousand fighting men on the island of Nukahiva alone. In a valley where three thousand warriors opposed him, there are to-day four adults. I visited Hanamate, an hour from Atuona, where fifty years ago hundreds of natives lived. Not one survived to greet me.

Consumption came first to Hanavave, on the island of Fatu-hiva. One of the tribe of merciless American whaling captains having sent ashore a sailor dying of tuberculosis, the tattooed cannibals received him in a Christ-like manner, soothed his last hours, and breathed the germs that have carried off more than four-fifths of their race, and to-day are killing the remnant.

The white man brought the Chinese, and with them leprosy. The Chinese were imported to aid the white in stealing the native land of the Marquesan, and to keep the Chinese contented, opium was brought with him. Finding it eagerly craved by the ignorant native, the foolish white fastened this vice also upon his other desired slave. The French Government, for forty thousand francs, licensed an opium farmer to sell the drug still faster, and not until alarmed by the results and shamed by the outcry in Europe, did it forbid the devastating narcotic. Too late!

Smallpox came with a Peruvian slave-ship that stole thousands of the islanders and carried them off to work out their lives for the white in his own country. This ship left another more dread disease, which raged in the islands as a virulent epidemic, instead of running the slow chronic course it does nowadays when all the world has been poisoned by it.

The healthy Marquesans had no anti-toxins in their pure blood to overcome the diseases which with us, hardened Europeans and descendants of Europeans, are not deadly. Here they raged and destroyed hundreds in a few days or weeks.

The survivors of these pestilences, seeing their homes and villages desolated, their friends dying, their people perishing, supposed that these curses were inflicted upon them by the God of the foreigners and by the missionaries, who said that they were his servant. In their misery, they not only refused to listen to the gospels, but accused the missionaries in prayer before their own god, begging to be saved from them. Often when the missionaries appeared to speak to the people, the deformed and dying were brought out and laid in rows before them, as evidences of the evilness and cruelty of their white god.

But after one has advanced all tangible reasons and causes for the depopulation of the Marquesans, there remains another, mysterious, intangible, but it may be, more potent than the others. The coming of the white has been deadly to all copper-colored races everywhere in the world. The black, the yellow, the Malay, the Asiatic and the negro flourish beside the white; the Polynesian and the red races of America perished or are going fast. The numbers of those dead from war and epidemics leave still lacking the full explanation of the fearful facts. Seek as far as you will, pile up figures and causes and prove them correct; there still remains to take into account the shadow of the white on the red. . . .

I am persuaded that the Polynesians, from Hawaii to Tahiti, are dying because of the suppression of the play-instinct, an instinct that had its expression in most of their customs and occupations. Their dancing, their tattooing, their chanting, their religious rites, and even their warfare, had very visible elements of humor and joyousness. They were essentially a happy people, full of dramatic feeling, emotional, and with a keen sense of the ridiculous. The rule of the trader crushed all these native feelings.

To this restraint was added the burden of the effort to live. With the entire Marquesan economic and social system disrupted, food was not so easily procurable, and they were driven to work by commands, taxes, fines, and the novel and killing incentives of rum and opium. The whites taught the men to sell their lives, and the women to sell their charms.

Happiness and health were destroyed because the white man came here only to gratify his cupidity. The priests could bring no inspiration sufficient to overcome the degradation caused by the traders. The Marquesan saw that Jesus had small influence over their rulers. Civilization lost its opportunity because it gave precept, but no example.

Even to-day, one white man in a valley sets the standard of sobriety, of kindness, and honor. Jansen, the frank and handsome Dane who works for the Germans at Taka-Uka who was in the breadline in New York and swears he will never return to civilization, told me that when he kept a store in Hanamenu, near Atuona, to serve the bare handful of unexterminated tribesmen there, the people imitated him in everything, his clothes, his gestures, his least-studied actions.

"I was the only white. I planted a fern in a box. Every one came to my store and, feigning other reasons, asked for boxes. Soon every *paepae* had its box of ferns. I asked a man to snare four or five goats for me in the hills. They were the first goats tethered or enclosed in the valley. Within a week the mountains were harried for goats, and the village was noisy with their bleating. I ate my goats; they ate theirs. Not one was left. When I forsook Hanamenu, the whole population moved with me. Sure, I was decent to them, that was all.

"I never want to see the white man's country again. I have starved in the big cities, and worked like a dog for the banana trust in the West Indies. I have begged a cup of coffee in San Francisco, and been fanned by a cop's club. Here I make almost nothing, I have many friends and no superiors, and I am happy."

Had these lovable savages had a few fine souls to lead them, to shield them from the dregs of civilization heaped on them for a century, they might have developed into a wonder race to set a pace in beauty, courage, and natural power that would have surprised and helped Europe.

They needed no physical regeneration. They were better born into health and purity—bloody as were some of their customs—than most of us. Their bodies had not become a burden on the soul, but, light and strong and unrestrained, were a part of it. They did not know that they had bodies; they only leaped, danced, flung themselves in and out of the sea, part of a large, happy, and harmonious universe.

If to that superb, almost perfect, physical base that nature had given these Marquesans, to that sweetness, simplicity, generosity, and trust acknowledged by all who know them, there could have been added a knowledge of the things we have learned; if by example and kindness they could have been given rounded and informed intelligence, what living there would have been in these islands!

All they needed was a brother who walked in the sunlight and showed the way.

GEORGE KENNAN

AFTER serialization in the Century in 1888-9, George Kennan's Siberia and the Exile System was brought out in two volumes by The Century Company in 1891. Of the passages we have chosen to re-print, the first is a picture of the old Russia that is dying or perhaps dead; but the other two have certainly not lost their timeliness after sixty years.

"The Mother of God Is Coming Home"

ABOUT FOUR MILES from the town we saw ahead a great crowd of men and women marching towards us in a dense, tumultuous throng, carrying big three-armed crosses, white and colored banners, and huge glass lanterns mounted on long black staves.

"What is that?" I inquired of the driver.

"The Mother of God is coming home," he replied, with reverent gravity.

As they came nearer I could see that the throng was densest in the middle of the muddy road, under what seemed to be a large gilt-

framed picture which was borne high in air at the end of a long, stout wooden pole. The lower end of this pole rested in a socket in the middle of a square framework which had handles on all four sides, and which was carried by six bareheaded peasants. The massive frame of the portrait was made either of gold or of silver gilt, since it was manifestly very heavy, and half a dozen men steadied, by means of guy ropes, the standard which supported it, as the bearers, with their faces bathed in perspiration, staggered along under their burden. In front of the picture marched a bareheaded, long-haired priest with a book in his hands, and on each side were four or five black-robed deacons and acolytes, carrying embroidered silken banners, large three-armed gilt crosses, and peculiar church lanterns, which looked like portable street gas-posts with candles burning in them. The priest, the deacons, and all the bareheaded men around the picture were singing in unison a deep, hoarse, monotonous chant as they splashed along through the mud, and the hundreds of men and women who surged around the standard that supported the portrait were constantly crossing themselves, and joining at intervals in the chanted psalm or prayer. Scores of peasant women had taken off their shoes and stockings and slung them over their shoulders, and were wading with bare feet and legs through the black, semi-liquid mire, and neither men nor women seemed to pay the slightest attention to the rain, which beat upon their unprotected heads and trickled in little rivulets down their hard, sunburned faces. The crowd numbered, I should think, four or five hundred persons, more than half of whom were women, and as it approached the town it was constantly receiving accessions from the groups of pedestrians that we had overtaken and passed.

Since entering Siberia I had not seen such a strange and medieval picture as that presented by the black-robed priest and acolytes, the embroidered banners, the lighted lanterns, the gilded crosses, and the great throng of bare-headed and bare-legged peasants, tramping along the black, muddy road through the forest in the driving rain, singing a solemn ecclesiastical chant. I could almost imagine that we had been carried back to the eleventh century and were witnessing the passage of a detachment of Christian villagers who had been stirred up and excited by the eloquence of Peter the Hermit, and were marching with crosses, banners, and chanting to join the great host of the crusaders.

When the last stragglers in the rear of the procession had passed,

and the hoarse, monotonous chant had died away in the distance, I turned to Mr. Frost and said, "What do you suppose is the meaning of all that?"

"I haven't the least idea," he replied. "It is evidently a church procession, but what it has been doing out here in the woods I can't imagine."

By dint of persistent questioning I finally succeeded in eliciting from our driver an intelligible explanation of the phenomenon. There was, it appeared, in one of the churches of Ishím, a very old *ikón*, or portrait of "the Mother of God," which was reputed to have supernatural powers and to answer the prayers of faithful believers. In order that the country people who were unable to come to Ishím might have an opportunity to pray to this miracle-working image, and to share in the blessings supposed to be conferred by its mere presence, it was carried once a year, or once in two years, through all the principal villages of the Ishím *ókrug*, or district. Special services in its honor were held in the village churches, and hundreds of peasants accompanied it as it was borne with solemn pomp and ceremony from place to place. It had been on such a tour when we saw it, and was on its way back to the church in Ishím, where it belonged, and our driver had stated the fact in the simplest and most direct way when he said, "The Mother of God is coming home."

The Tomsk Forwarding Prison

A SCENE OF more pitiable human misery than that which was presented to us as we entered the low, wretched shed can hardly be imagined. It was literally packed with hundreds of weary-eyed men, haggard women, and wailing children, sitting or lying in all conceivable attitudes upon two long lines of rough plank sleeping-benches, which ran through it from end to end, leaving gangways about four feet in width in the middle and at the sides. I could see the sky through cracks in the roof; the floor of unmatched boards had given way here and there, and the inmates had used the holes as places into which to throw refuse and pour slops and excrement; the air was insufferably fetid on account of the presence of a great number of infants and the impossibility of giving them proper physical care; wet underclothing, which had been washed in camp-kettles, was hanging from all the cross-beams; the gangways were obstructed by piles of gray bags, bundles, bedding, and domestic utensils; and in

this chaos of disorder and misery hundreds of human beings, packed together so closely that they could not move without touching one another, were trying to exist, and to perform the necessary duties of everyday life. It was enough to make one sick at heart to see, subjected to such treatment and undergoing such suffering, hundreds of women and children who had committed no crime, but had merely shown their love and devotion by going into Siberian exile with the husbands, the fathers, or the brothers who were dear to them.

As we walked through the narrow gangways from one end of the shed to the other, we were besieged by unhappy men and women who desired to make complaints or petitions.

"Your High Nobility," said a heavy-eyed, anxious-looking man to the warden, "it is impossible to sleep here nights on account of the cold, the crowding, and the crying of babies. Can't something be done?"

"No, brother," replied the warden kindly; "I can't do anything. You will go on the road pretty soon, and then it will be easier."

"Dai Bogh!" (God grant it!) said the heavy-eyed man as he turned with a mournful look to his wife and a little girl who sat near him on the sleeping-bench.

"Bátiuskha!" (My little father! My benefactor!) cried a pale-faced woman with an infant at her naked breast; "won't you, for God's sake, let me sleep in the bath-house with my baby? It's so cold here nights; I can't keep him warm."

"No, mátushka" (my little mother), said the warden; "I can't let you sleep in the bath-house. It is better for you here."

Several other women made in succession the same request, and were refused in the same way; and I finally asked the warden, who seemed to be a kind-hearted and sympathetic man, why he could not let a dozen or two of these unfortunate women, who had young babies, go to the bath-house to sleep. "It is cold here now," I said, "and it must be much worse at night. These thin walls of cotton-sheeting don't keep out at all the raw night air."

"It is impossible," replied the warden. "The atmosphere of the bath-house is too hot, close, and damp. I tried letting some of the nursing women sleep there, but one or two of their babies died every night, and I had to stop it."

I appreciated the hopelessness of the situation, and had nothing more to say. As we emerged from the *balagán*, we came upon Mr.

Pépeláief engaged in earnest conversation with one of the exiles, a good-looking, blond-bearded man about thirty-five years of age, upon whose face there was an expression of agitation and excitement, mingled with a sort of defiant despair.

"I have had only one shirt in months," the exile said in a trembling voice, "and it is dirty, ragged, and full of vermin."

"Well!" said Mr. Pépeláief with contemptuous indifference, "you'll get another when you go on the road."

"But when will I go on the road?" replied the exile with increasing excitement. "It may be three months hence."

"Very likely," said Mr. Pépeláief coldly, but with rising temper, as he saw us listening to the colloquy.

"Then do you expect a man to wear one shirt until it drops off from him?" inquired the exile with desperate indignation.

"Silence!" roared Mr. Pépeláief, losing all control of himself. "How dare you talk to me in that way? I'll take the skin off from you! You'll get another shirt when you go on the road, and not before. Away!"

The exile's face flushed, and the lump in his throat rose and fell as he struggled to choke down his emotion. At last he succeeded, and, turning away silently, entered the *balagán*.

The Convict Mines of Kará

WE REACHED the settlement at the Lower Diggings just before dark. It proved to be a spacious but straggling Siberian village of low whitewashed cabins, long unpainted log barracks, officers' tin-roofed residences, with wattle-inclosed yards, and a black, gloomy, weather-beaten log prison of the usual East-Siberian type. The buildings belonging to the Government were set with some show of regularity in wide open spaces or along a few very broad streets; and they gave to the central part of the village a formal and official air that was strangely at variance with the disorderly arrangement of the unpainted shanties and dilapidated driftwood cabins of the ticket-of-leave convicts which were huddled together, here and there, on the outskirts of the settlement or along the road that led to Ust Kará. On one side of an open square, around which stood the prison and the barracks, forty or fifty convicts in long gray overcoats with yellow diamonds on their backs were at work upon a new log building, surrounded by a cordon of Cossacks in sheepskin *shúbas*,



CONVICTS RETURNING AT NIGHT FROM THE MINES

From a drawing by G. A. Frost

felt boots, and muff-shaped fur caps, who stood motionless at their posts, leaning upon their Berdan rifles and watching the prisoners. At a little distance was burning a camp-fire, over which was hanging a tea-kettle, and around which were standing or crouching a dozen more Cossacks, whose careless attitudes and stacked rifles showed that they were temporarily off duty. In the waning light of the cold, gloomy autumnal afternoon, the dreary snowy square, the gray group of convicts working listlessly as if hopeless or exhausted, and the cordon of Cossacks leaning upon their bayoneted rifles made up a picture that for some reason exerted upon me a chilling and depressing influence. It was our first glimpse of convict life at the mines.

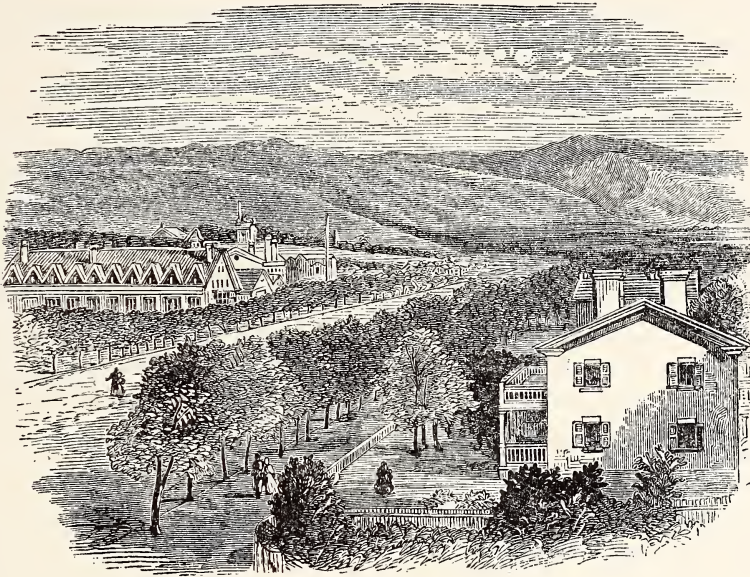
WILLIAM H. SEWARD

WILLIAM H. SEWARD'S *Travels Around the World* was published by D. Appleton and Company in 1873. When Seward made this long journey his reputation as a statesman was very high, and as a former Secretary of State he was accorded many official honors. The accounts of receptions given him are still, as the reader will see, lively and amusing. But he was also a shrewd and experienced observer and had weighty reflections to record on the political and economic affairs, the present state and future prospects of the countries he visited. Visiting Berlin so shortly after the Prussian victory over France, he remarked: "Germany, if her magnanimity shall be equal to her prosperity, will be content hereafter to promote the welfare of mankind through the arts of peace, rather than to seek greater dominion by war and violence." The wise old man was careful to make his prophecy conditional.

A Visit to Brigham Young

THE PRESIDENT came with carriages, and drove us first to visit his wife Emeline, a matron of fifty, with her ten children, from the ages of twenty-five downward. Thence to the house of Amelia, who seems thirty-five years. She has been married two or three years, and has no children. She invited the ladies to try her new piano. We then drove to the dwelling of the first wife. This house, the first which Brigham Young built in the city, shows him to be a skilful mechanic, with a considerable knowledge of architecture. She was surrounded

by her sons, Hiram Young, Brigham Young, Jr., and their several wives, who all seemed to regard their aged mother with proper filial affection. Thence we repaired to the "Bee-hive," a complex building, or group of buildings, in which the remaining families of Brigham Young reside. They have different suites of apartments, connected by corridors or piazzas with the garden, a common dining-room, and a saloon used as a music-hall and chapel. The furniture and ap-



BRIGHAM YOUNG'S RESIDENCE

From Seward's Travels Around the World

pointments of the "Bee-hive," like those of the other houses, are frugal but comfortable, and order and cleanliness prevail in them all. We were received here by eight wives and their children. The children, a large proportion of whom are girls, with blue eyes and flaxen hair, strongly resemble their father and each other. All are educated upon the academic standard of the Western country. All we saw were healthful, intelligent, sprightly, happy and mutually affectionate, without regard to the difference of mothers; equally free from boldness and awkwardness. The mothers, women of sad deportment, are entirely devoted to their children. All the wives are uneducated, except Amelia, who was before marriage an accomplished school-teacher. If there is any jealousy among them, it

escaped our penetration. The mind of the first wife is impaired either by age or by trouble. She spoke severely of Gentile censoriousness. We were served at every house with the choicest of native fruits and native wine. Except the coachman, we saw no servants. At the "Bee-hive," each mother sits with her children at table, and the several families are served in the order in which they are arranged. Family worship is conducted night and morning by the patriarch, and attended by the entire household. Brigham Young's manner toward his wives is respectful, and toward his children dignified and affectionate. In presenting them severally as they came in groups, with a kind smile for the particular mother, he spoke in this way: "This is our delicate little Lucy," "This is our musical daughter," "This is our son George, who has a mathematical genius," and so on. At the end of the visit here, Brigham Young said to Mr. Seward: "You have seen eleven of the sixteen wives with whom I live, and nearly all of my forty-nine surviving children."

"But," said Mr. Seward, "you are represented as saying that you do not know how many wives you have." The President explained that, besides the wives who are married for time, the Mormons believe in sealing other wives only for eternity, and, in regard to such women, he may have made the remark attributed to him.

The Mikado Grants an Audience

WHEN THEY HAD gone round the knoll, the lodge which now contained the heaven-derived Majesty of Japan came to view. It stands five feet above the ground, is one story high, and consists of four square rooms of equal size, with sliding partitions, the ceilings six feet high, and the whole building surrounded by a veranda. All the rooms were thrown open, and were without furniture. The visitors entered the apartment, which was at their left, and, looking directly forward, saw only Ishtabashi surrounded by a crowd of official persons, all crouched on the floor. Having reached the exact centre of the room, Mr. Seward was requested to turn to the right. He did this without changing his place. The United States minister and the consul stood at his right hand. In this position he directly confronted the Mikado, who was sitting on a throne raised on a dais two feet above the floor. The throne is a large arm-chair, apparently of burnished gold, not different in form or ornament from the thrones which are used on ceremonial occasions in European

courts. All the cabinet ministers and many other officials had arranged themselves below the dais, and behind and around the throne. The Mikado was dressed in a voluminous robe of reddish-brown brocade, which covered his whole person. His head-dress differed in fashion from that which was worn by Sawa in our audience with him, only in this, that a kind of curved projecting prong was attached to the boat-shaped cap, and bent upward, the corresponding appurtenance of the minister's cap being shorter, and bent downward. What with the elevation of the dais, and the height of his elongated cap, the emperor's person, though in a sitting posture, seemed to stretch from the floor to the ceiling. His appearance in that flowing costume, surrounded by a mass of ministers and courtiers, enveloped in variegated and equally redundant silken folds, resting on the floor, reminded Mr. Seward of some of the efforts in mythology to represent a deity sitting in the clouds. His dark countenance is neither unintelligent nor particularly expressive. He was motionless as a statue. He held a sceptre in his right hand, and at his left side wore one richly-ornamented, straight sword. What the Mikado and his court thought of the costumes of his visitors, with their uncovered heads, square, swallow-tailed dress-coats, tight white cravats, tighter pantaloons, and stiff, black boots, we shall never know. Who shall pronounce between nations in matters of costume? The Mikado raised his sceptre, and the prime-minister, kneeling, then announced to the United States minister, by the aid of Ishtabashi, also kneeling, that he might speak. Mr. De Long advanced a step or two, and bowing three several times, said: "I hope I find your Majesty in good health."

The prime-minister, kneeling again, presented to the Mikado a written paper, open, and as large as a sheet of foolscap. The Emperor, after looking at its contents, touched it with his sceptre. The prime-minister read it aloud in Japanese. Ishtabashi, again kneeling, brought his head to the floor, and, then raising it, read, from a translation which lay before him on the floor, his Majesty's gracious answer: "I am very well; I am glad to see you here."

The Behavior of Americans in Japan

WE SAW NOT one act of rudeness, and heard not one word of ill-temper, in the country. Heaven knows that, in the arrogant assumption by foreigners of superiority among them, the people have pro-

vocations enough for both! One of the Japanese ambassadors to the United States in 1867 was robbed at Baltimore of a richly-mounted sword. Neither he nor his government made any complaint. Mr. Seward fortunately recovered and restored it, with a national apology. Foreign residents in Japanese cities are often timid, jealous, and suspicious. Some are prone to exaggerate inconveniences into offences. Others are dogmatic and contemptuous. Even one of the most generous of American citizens, when driving Mr. Seward through the streets of Yeddo, could not forbear from cracking his whip over the bare heads of the native crowd. Mr. Seward endured this flourish silently, but he vehemently and earnestly implored his impetuous friend to spare a litter of sleeping puppies which lay in the way. Women and children shrieked as they caught up the mangled brutes behind the carriage-wheels, but the relentless charioteer only said: "It will never do to stop for such things; let them learn to keep their streets clear." Intimidation and menace naturally provoke anger and resentment. European and American fleets are always hovering over the coasts of Japan. Though the eye of the Japanese is long and curved, it sees as clearly as the foreign eye, which is round and straight. Human nature is the same in all races. Who could wonder if the Asiatics fail to love, where they are taught only to fear?

Hindoo and Parsee Disposition of the Dead

IN OUR DRIVE yesterday, we passed a gate which disclosed an open area filled with the blaze of Hindoo pyres. We stopped to inquire into the form of the ceremony. Religion as well as custom requires that the nearest of kin shall apply the torch and watch the flames. The devout Bramin does not doubt that this act of piety performed by a son secures an instant opening of the gates of paradise to the departed parent. They tell us that until lately these burning ghauts were open on all sides, that they were found offensive, and that the British Government made strenuous efforts to induce the Bramins to discontinue the practice of cremation, or at least to remove the scene to a more secluded place. The only change, however, which could be secured, was the consent that a wall might be erected around the ghaut.

A large enclosure adjoins the ghauts. It is a Mohammedan cemetery. Their monuments and graves are not unlike our own. Last of

all, we came to the Parsee's home of the dead. It is a hill, enclosed with a very high wall. On the summit there is a dense grove of lofty palms; in the centre of this grove, and high above its foliage, rises the "Tower of Silence." The tower encloses and protects a dark, deep, open well, and across the top of the tower is a firmly-fixed grating of iron bars. The dead body is laid upon this iron grate, the flesh to be the food of the birds of the air; the bones, as they fall asunder from exposure and decay, to drop into the promiscuous pit below. The Parsee who was our guide protests that this giving up the remains of friends and kindred to the vulture, the eagle, and the raven, seems horrible to him; wherefore, when he was not long ago called upon to deposit the remains first of a wife, then of a daughter, he protected them with a strong metallic screen, so that the remains were left to natural decomposition from the sacred heat of the sun, and were absorbed in the pure atmosphere which he enlightens. We, of course, commended this refinement of his, although, to our minds, the truest mode of disposing of the body from which the spirit has departed is "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

British Prospects in India

IT IS BUT TOO apparent that the native population of India have not yet, under British rule, established any firm advance. If the British Government should withdraw itself from Hindostan to-day, the country must inevitably relapse into the wretched condition in which it was found by the Europeans. But Great Britain has a difficult task. India cannot be colonized by British subjects, or European races, as North America and Australia were. Climate forbids this, even if caste does not. On the other hand, Great Britain, now constantly present in India, and in all parts of it, with her arts and her arms, protects and coöperates with the philanthropists who come as missionaries and educators. These can hardly fail under such circumstances to produce a change in the practices, habits, and languages, of the people of India. The work of regeneration must indeed be slow, for it requires nothing less than the destruction of caste, the restoration of woman, and the conversion of the natives, if not to Christianity, at least to a religion more rational and practical than the Braminical faith. Through this slow process, the idea of the dignity and rights of man may be expected to de-

velop. It may seem sanguine to expect that, among the vicissitudes inherent in all political affairs, British control in India will last long enough to secure this great consummation. But, even if this should not be so, the Western powers which should relieve Great Britain in India must necessarily assume her responsibilities. I do not think her situation in India precarious; certainly no European power has now the ability to displace her from the position she has attained through long perseverance and at great cost. The perils of British authority in India, if there are any, are those which threaten the stability and peace of the realm. So long as Great Britain shall be content to employ Sepoys, and subsidize native princes, she will be quite safe in India, and during all that time the habit of submission to British law may be expected to increase, and so reduce gradually the difficulties of the situation. We have not found the British residents in India one-half so hopeful of the regeneration of the country as this, but all great and benevolent enterprises, however slow in progress, are sure to be successful at last.

The Ladies Visit the Seraglio

THE NUBIAN LED the way, and the ladies, attended by the four slave-women, were ushered into a large, pleasant room, furnished in the Oriental manner—that is, with luxurious divans along its sides, and low, downy cushions of yellow damask; bright persian rugs on the floor, lace curtains at the windows, and a table in the centre of the room, covered with porcelain and glass vases and other ornaments, but no books, music, pictures, or statuary, were to be seen. Fifteen minutes had elapsed when a lady entered, accompanied by six slave-girls. She was quite petite, perhaps forty-five years old, and was dressed in a simple white-muslin gown, with a single band of blue tulle on her head, fastened with an enormous sapphire, the only ornament she wore. Acknowledging the presence of her guests only by a distant inclination of the head, she seated herself on a divan, drawing her slippered feet under her, and embracing her white poodle-dog. She spoke not, and seemed absorbed in scanning, with no happy expression, the elaborate toilets of her morning visitors. They, of course, said nothing, for the lady-princess had not condescended to announce herself, or to be announced by eunuch or slave. Mrs. Brown speaks Turkish fluently, but her attempts to win the hostess into conversation were fruitless, and there was

"silence" in the harem for half the time that St. John at Patmos marked the period of "silence in heaven." But it was an ominous silence. The princess then proceeded to interrogate her Occidental visitors after the fashion of the Orient: "How old are you?" "Have you any brothers or sisters?" "How many?" "How old are they?" "Why do you come so far from home; how can you fatigue yourselves so much?" "Why do you not stop and rest?" And, finally, as if giving utterance to the displeasure too long suppressed: "Why did you come here in such a hurry this morning, and give us no time to dress?"

This conversation was only interrupted by puffs of smoke from cigarettes, which were successively served to her from a jewelled case by a Circassian slave-girl. Encouraged by her freedom, the visitors essayed speech in their turn. They said, "We understood that we had the honor of being expected here this morning"; to which the princess replied, "I know nothing about it." The ladies expressed their regret, but said the gentlemen must have made some mistake. She again replied, "I know nothing about it." Turning this extraordinary conversation, the visitors asked:

"How do you amuse yourself?"

"I look at the Bosphorus, and smoke."

"What is the name of your pretty dog?"

"He has no name."

"How do you call him?"

"I say, 'Dog.'"

Chibouques, coffee, and sweetmeats, being now served, conversation ended, and the ladies were invited to examine the furniture and ornaments around them. During this time two other Turkish ladies entered and joined the princess on the divan, while the number of slave-girls increased to fifty—many of them very pretty and interesting, by their gentle ways. The princess commanded one of the girls to sing. She seated herself on the floor and executed a plaintive recitative, accompanying herself with a lute, the strings of which she struck with a tortoise-shell wand.

NATHANIEL PITT LANGFORD

NATHANIEL PITT LANGFORD, in two articles on "*The Wonders of the Yellowstone*" published in *Scribner's Monthly*, May and June, 1871, described that marvelous region for the first time. D. E. Folson had

penetrated the district in 1869 but had been driven back by Indians. From Folson and from reports of trappers Langford was inspired to organize the expedition under the command of General H. D. Washburn (after whom Mount Washburn is named) which explored what is now Yellowstone Park in the late summer of 1870. Travel was at the rate of five miles a day through tangled underbrush and fallen trees and amid the perils of bears, mountain lions, and other fierce beasts, and the ever-present possibility that bands of hostile Indians might be near. Our excerpts from his narrative give his pictures of two of the most celebrated parts of the area—Yellowstone Lake and the Upper Geyser Basin. When Yellowstone National Park was created by act of Congress in 1872, Langford became the first superintendent.

Yellowstone Lake

WE STOPPED A moment to examine another spring of boiling mud, and then pursued our route over hills covered with artemisia (sage brush), through ravines and small meadows, into a dense forest of pines filled with prostrate trunks which had piled upon each other for years to the height of many feet. Our passage of two miles through this forest to the bank of the lake, unmarked by any trail, was accomplished with great difficulty, but the view which greeted us at its close was amply compensatory. There lay the silvery bosom of the lake, reflecting the beams of the setting sun, and stretching away for miles, until lost in the dark foliage of the interminable wilderness of pines surrounding it. Secluded amid the loftiest peaks of the Rocky Mountains, 8,337 feet above the level of the ocean, possessing strange peculiarities of form and beauty, this watery solitude is one of the most attractive natural objects in the world. . . .

In form, it was by one of our party not inaptly compared to a "human hand with the fingers extended and spread apart as much as possible. The main portion of the lake is the northern, which would represent the palm of the hand. There is a large southwest bay, nearly cut off, that would represent the thumb, while there are about the same number of narrow southern inlets as there are fingers on the hand." Enclosing this watery palm, is a dense forest of pines, until now untraversed by man. It was filled with trunks of trees in various stages of decay, which had been prostrated by the mountain blasts, rendering it almost impassable; but as the

beach of the lake was in many places impracticable, there was no alternative but to recede altogether or work our way through it.

Geysers! Geysers!

WE BADE ADIEU to Yellowstone Lake, surfeited with the wonders we had seen, and in the belief that the interesting portion of our journey was over. The desire for home had superseded all thought of further exploration. We had seen the greatest wonders on the



CRATER OF THE GRAND GEYSER

From Langford's "Wonders of the Yellowstone"

continent, and were convinced that there was not on the globe another region where, within the same limits, nature had crowded so much of novelty and wonder. Our only care was to return home as rapidly as possible. Three days of active travel from the headwaters of the Madison, would find us among the settlers in the beautiful lower valley of that picturesque river, and within twelve miles of Virginia City. . . .

Judge, then, what must have been our astonishment, as we entered the basin at mid-afternoon of our second day's travel, to see in the clear sunlight, at no great distance, an immense volume of clear, sparkling water projected into the air to the height of one hundred and twenty-five feet. "Geysers! geysers!" exclaimed one of

our company, and spurring our jaded horses, we soon gathered around this wonderful phenomenon. It was indeed a perfect geyser. . . . It spouted at regular intervals nine times during our stay, the columns of boiling water being thrown from ninety to one hundred and twenty-five feet at each discharge, which lasted from fifteen to twenty minutes. We gave it the name of "Old Faithful." . . .

On the summit of a cone, twenty feet high, was a boiling spring, seven feet in diameter, surrounded with beautiful incrustations, on the slopes of which we gathered twigs and pine-tree cones, encased in a silicious crust a quarter of an inch in thickness. But all of the curiosities of this basin sink into insignificance in comparison with the geysers. We saw, during our brief stay of but twenty-two hours, twelve in action. Six of these, from vents varying from three to five feet, threw water to the height of from fifteen to twenty-five feet, but in the presence of others of immense dimensions, these soon ceased to attract attention. . . .

This entire country is seemingly under a constant and active internal pressure from volcanic forces, which seek relief through numberless springs, jets, volcanoes, and geysers exhibited on its surface, and which, but for these vents, might burst forth in one terrific eruption and form a volcano of vast dimensions.

MAJOR JOHN WESLEY POWELL

IN 1868, while on an expedition of exploration, Major John Wesley Powell first saw the gorges of the Green and Colorado rivers and conceived the plan to explore them by boat. Financed by the Smithsonian Institution and by an appropriation from Congress, Powell and his companions accomplished their perilous journey of nearly nine hundred miles between May 24 and August 29, 1869. His report to the Smithsonian Institution was not published till 1875; concurrently with it he contributed "The Cañons of the Colorado" to Scribner's Monthly.

Down the Green River

BELOW BEE-HIVE Point we came to dangerous rapids, where we toiled along for some days, making portage or letting our boats down the stream with lines. Now and then we had an exciting ride; the river rolled down at a wonderful rate, and where there were

no rocks in the way, we made almost railroad speed. Here and there the water rushed into a narrow gorge, the rocks on the sides rolled it into the center in great waves, and the boats went bounding over these like things of life. Sometimes the waves would break and their waters roll over the boats, which made much bailing



"THE START FROM GREEN RIVER"

From Powell's "Cañons of the Colorado"

necessary, and obliged us to stop occasionally for that purpose. At one time we made a run of twelve miles in an hour, including stoppages.

The spring before, I had a conversation with an old Indian, who told me about one of his tribe attempting to run this cañon: "The rocks," he said, holding his hands above his head, his arms vertical, and looking between them to the heavens, "the rocks h-e-a-p, h-e-a-p high; the water go h-oo-woogh, h-oo-woogh; water-pony (boat) h-e-a-p buck; water catch 'em! no see 'em Injun any more!

no see 'em squaw any more! no see 'em pappoose any more!" Those who have seen these wild Indian ponies rearing alternately before and behind, or "bucking," as it is called in the vernacular, will appreciate his description.

One day we came to calm water, but a threatening roar was heard in the distance below. Slowly approaching the point from which the sound issued, we came near the falls and tied up just above them on the left. Here we were compelled to make a portage; so we unloaded the boats, fastened a long line to the bow, and one to the stern of the little boat, and moored her close to the brink of the fall. Then the bow-line was taken below and made fast, the stern-line was held by five or six men, and the boat let down as long as they could hold her against the rushing waters; then, letting go one end of the line, it ran through the ring, the boat leaped over the fall, and was caught by the lower rope. In this way the boats were passed beyond the fall. Then we built a trail among the rocks, along which we carried our stores, rations and clothing, and the portage was completed after a day's labor. On a high rock, by which our trail passed, we found the inscription: "Ashley 18-5;" the third figure was obscure, some of the party reading the date 1835, some 1855.

James Baker, an old-time mountaineer, once told me about a party of men starting down the river, and Ashley was named as one of them. The story runs that the boat was swamped and some of the party drowned in one of the cañons below.

The word "Ashley" was a warning to us, and we resolved on great caution. We named the cataract "Ashley Falls." The river is very narrow at that point, the right wall vertical for two or three hundred feet, and the left towering to a great height with a vast pile of broken rock lying between the foot of the cliff and the water. Some of the rocks broken from the ledge above have tumbled into the channel and caused this fall. One great cubical block, thirty or forty feet high, stands in the middle of the stream, and the waters, parting to either side, plunge down about twelve feet and are broken again by smaller rocks into a rapid below. Immediately below the falls the water occupies the entire channel, there being no talus at the foot of the cliffs.

The Grand Cañon

THE WALLS WERE now more than a mile in height. Stand on the south steps of the Treasury Building in Washington and look down Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol Park, measure the distance with your eye, and imagine cliffs extending to that altitude, and you will understand what I mean. Or, stand at Canal Street in New York and look up Broadway to Grace Church, and you have about the distance; stand at Lake Street Bridge in Chicago and look down to the Union Dépôt, and you have it again.

A thousand feet of this is up through granite crags, then slopes and perpendicular cliffs rise one above the other to the summit. The gorge is black and narrow below, red and gray and flaring above, and crags and angular projections on walls which, cut in many places by side cañons, seem to be a vast wilderness of rocks. Down through these gloomy depths we glided, always listening; for the mad waters kept up their roar; always watching and peering ahead—for the narrow cañon was winding and the river was closed so that we could see but a few hundred yards, and what might be below we knew not. We strained our ears for warning of the falls and watched for rocks, or stopped now and then in the bay of a recess to admire the gigantic scenery; and ever as we went, there was some new pinnacle or tower, some crag or peak, some distant view of the upper plateau, some deep, narrow side cañon, or some strangely shaped rock. On we went, through this solemn, mysterious way. The river was very deep, the cañon very narrow and still obstructed, so that there was no steady flow of the stream, but the waters wheeled, and rolled, and boiled, and we were scarcely able to determine where we could go with greatest safety. Now the boat was carried to the right, perhaps close to the wall, again she was shot into the stream and dragged over to the other side, where, caught in a whirlpool, she spun about like a chip. We could neither land nor run as we pleased; the boats were entirely unmanageable; now one, now another was ahead, each crew looking after its own safety.

We came to another rapid; two of the boats ran it perforce; one succeeded in landing, but there was no foothold by which to make a portage, and she was pushed out again into the stream; the next minute a great reflex wave filled the open compartment; she was

water-logged, and drifted at the mercy of the waters. Breaker after breaker rolled over her, and one tossed her deck downward. The men were thrown out, but they clung to the boat, and she drifted down alongside of us, and we were able to catch her. She was soon bailed out and the men were aboard once more, but the oars were lost; their place being supplied by a pair from the "Emma Dean."

Clouds were playing in the cañon that day. Sometimes they rolled down in great masses, filling the gorge with gloom; sometimes they hung above from wall to wall, covering the cañon with a roof of impending storm, and we could peer long distances up and down this cañon corridor, with its cloud roof overhead, its walls of black granite, and its river bright with the sheen of broken waters. Then a gust of wind would sweep down a side gulch and make a rift in the clouds, revealing the blue heavens, and a stream of sunlight poured in. Again the clouds drifted away into the distance and hung around crags and peaks, and pinnacles, and towers, and walls, covering them with a mantle that lifted from time to time and set them all in sharp relief. Then baby clouds crept out of side cañons, glided around points, and crept back again into more distant gorges. Other clouds stretched in strata across the cañon, with intervening vista views to cliffs and rocks beyond.

Then the rain came down. Little rills were formed rapidly above; these soon grew into brooks, and the brooks into creeks, which tumbled over the walls in innumerable cascades, adding their wild music to the roar of the river. When the rain ceased, the rills, brooks, and creeks ran dry. The waters that fall during the rain on these steep rocks are gathered at once into the river; they could scarcely be poured in more suddenly if some vast spout ran from the clouds to the stream itself. When a storm bursts over the cañon a side gulch is a dangerous place, for a sudden flood may come, and the inpouring water raise the river so as to drown the rocks before your very eyes.

On the 16th of August we were compelled to stop once more and dry our rations and make oars.

The Colorado is never a clear stream, and, owing to the rains which had been falling for three or four days, and the floods which were poured over the walls, bringing down great quantities of mud, it was now exceedingly turbid. A little affluent entered opposite our camp—a clear, beautiful creek, or river, as it would be termed in the Western country, where streams are not so abundant. We

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

had named one stream, above, in honor of the great chief of the bad angels, and as this was a beautiful contrast to that, we concluded to name it "Bright Angel River."

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THAT THEODORE ROOSEVELT *practised the strenuous life long before he preached it explicitly to his countrymen may be seen from these three vivid sketches of "Ranch Life in the Far West," published in the Century, volume XXXV (February, 1888).*

A Cow Town

A TRUE "COW TOWN" is worth seeing—such a one as Miles City, for instance, especially at the time of the annual meeting of the great Montana Stock-raisers' Association. Then the whole place is full to overflowing, the importance of the meeting and the fun of the attendant frolics, especially the horse-races, drawing from the surrounding ranch country many hundreds of men of every degree, from the rich stock-owner worth his millions to the ordinary cowboy who works for forty dollars a month. It would be impossible to imagine a more typically American assemblage . . . and on the whole it would be difficult to gather a finer body of men, in spite of their numerous shortcomings. . . .

A town in the cattle country, when for some cause it is thronged with men from the neighborhood round about, always presents a picturesque sight on the wooden sidewalks of the broad, dusty streets. The men who ply the various industries known only to frontier existence jostle one another as they saunter to and fro or lounge lazily in front of the straggling cheap-looking board houses: hunters in their buckskin shirts and fur caps, greasy and unkempt, but with resolute faces and sullen, watchful eyes, that are ever on the alert; teamsters, surly and self-contained, with slouch hats and great cowhide boots; stage-drivers, their faces seamed by hardship and exposure during their long drives with every kind of team, through every kind of country, and in every kind of weather, who, proud of their really wonderful skill as reinsmen and conscious of their high standing in any frontier community, look down on and sneer at the plodding teamsters; trappers and wolfers, whose business it is to poison wolves, with shaggy, knock-kneed ponies to

carry their small bales and bundles of fur—beaver, wolf, fox, and occasionally otter; silent sheep-herders, with cast-down faces, never able to forget the absolute solitude and monotony of their dreary lives, nor to rid their minds of the thought of the woolly idiots they pass their days in tending—these are the men who have come to town, either on business or else to frequent the flaunting saloons and gaudy hells of all kinds in search of the coarse, vicious excitement that in the minds of many of them does duty as pleasure, the only form of pleasure they have ever had a chance to know. Indians too, wrapped in blankets and with stolid, emotionless faces, stalk silently round among the whites, or join in the gambling and horse-racing. If the town is on the borders of the mountain country, there will also be sinewy lumbermen, rough-looking miners and packers, whose business it is to guide the long mule trains that go where wagons can not and whose work in packing needs special and peculiar skill; and mingled with and drawn from all these classes are desperadoes of every grade, from the gambler up through the horse-thief to the murderous professional bully, or, as he is locally called, “bad man”—now, however, a much less conspicuous object than formerly.

Bad Men

THE “BAD MEN”, or professional fighters and man-killers, are of a different stamp, quite a number of them being, according to their light, perfectly honest. These are the men who do most of the killing in frontier communities; yet it is a noteworthy fact that the men who are killed generally deserve their fate. These men are, of course, used to brawling, and are not only sure shots, but, what is equally important, able to “draw” their weapons with marvelous quickness. They think nothing whatever of murder, and are the dread and terror of their associates; yet they are very chary of taking the life of a man of good-standing, and will often weaken and back down at once if confronted fearlessly. With many of them their courage arises from confidence in their own powers and knowledge of the fear in which they are held; and men of this type often show the white feather when they get in a tight place. Others, however, will face any odds without flinching. On the other hand, I have known of these men fighting, when mortally wounded, with a cool, ferocious despair that was terrible. As elsewhere, so here, very

quiet men are often those who in an emergency show themselves best able to hold their own. These desperadoes always try to "get the drop" on a foe—that is, to take him at a disadvantage before he can use his own weapon. I have known more men killed in this way, when the affair was wholly one-sided, than I have known to be shot in fair fight; and I have known fully as many who were shot by accident. It is wonderful, in the event of a street-fight, how few bullets seem to hit the men they are aimed at.

The Night Herd

FROM 8 in the evening till 4 in the morning the day herd becomes a night herd. Each wagon in succession undertakes to guard it for a night, dividing the time into watches of two hours apiece, a couple of riders taking each watch. This is generally chilly and tedious; but at times it is accompanied by intense excitement and danger, when the cattle become stampeded, whether by storm or otherwise. The first and last watches are those chosen by preference; the others are disagreeable, the men having to turn out cold and sleepy, in the pitchy darkness, the two hours of chilly wakefulness completely breaking the night's rest. The first guards have to bed the cattle down, though the day-herders often do this themselves: it simply consists in hemming them into as small a space as possible, and then riding round them until they lie down and fall asleep. Often, especially at first, this takes some time—the beasts will keep rising and lying down again. When at last most become quiet, some perverse brute of a steer will deliberately hook them all up; they keep moving in and out among one another, and long strings of animals suddenly start out from the herd at a stretching walk, and are turned back by the nearest cowboy only to break forth at a new spot. When finally they have lain down and are chewing their cud or slumbering, the two night guards begin riding round them in opposite ways, often, on very dark nights, calling or singing to them, as the sound of the human voice on such occasions seems to have a tendency to quiet them. . . . Usually the watch passes off without incident, but on rare occasions the cattle become restless and prone to stampede. Anything may then start them—the plunge of a horse, the sudden approach of a coyote, or the arrival of some outside steers or cows that have smelt them and come up. Every animal in the herd will be on its feet in an instant,



IN A STAMPEDE

From a drawing by Frederick Remington

FREDERICK REMINGTON

as if by an electric shock, and off with a rush, horns and tails up. Then, no matter how rough the ground nor how pitchy black the night, the cowboys must ride for all there is in them and spare neither their own nor their horses' necks. Perhaps their charges break away and are lost altogether; perhaps, by desperate galloping, they may head them off, get them running in a circle, and finally stop them. Once stopped, they may break again, and possibly divide up, one cowboy, perhaps, following each band. . . . The riding in these night stampedes is wild and dangerous to a degree, especially if the man gets caught in the rush of the beasts.

FREDERICK REMINGTON

FREDERICK REMINGTON, *who illustrated Theodore Roosevelt's articles on the West, was a writer on his own account. This impression of a desert march is taken from his article, "A Scout with the Buffalo-Soldiers," in the Century, volume XXXVII (April, 1889).*

Marching in the Desert

IN ABOUT AN hour we were clear of the descent and could ride along together, so that conversation made the way more interesting. We dismounted to go down a steep drop from the high mesa into the valley of the Gila, and then began a day warmer even than imagination had anticipated. The awful glare of the sun on the desert, the clouds of white alkaline dust which drifted up until lost above, seemingly too fine to settle again, and the great heat cooking the ambition out of us, made the conversation lag and finally drop altogether. The water in my canteen was hot and tasteless, and the barrel of my carbine, which I touched with my ungloved hand, was so heated that I quickly withdrew it. Across the hot-air waves which made the horizon rise and fall like the bosom of the ocean we could see a whirlwind or sand-storm winding up in a tall spiral until it was lost in the deep blue sky above. Lizards started here and there; a snake hissed a moment beside the trail, then sought the cover of a dry bush; the horses moved along with downcast heads and drooping ears. The men wore a solemn look as they rode along, and now and then one would nod as though giving over to sleep. The pack-mules no longer sought fresh feed along the way, but attended strictly to business. A short halt was

made, and I alighted. Upon remounting I threw myself violently from the saddle, and upon examination found that I had brushed up against a cactus and gotten my corduroys filled with thorns. The soldiers were overcome with great glee at this episode, but they volunteered to help me pick them from my dress. Thus we marched all day, and with canteens empty we "pulled into" Fort Thomas that afternoon. I will add that forageless cavalry commands with pack-animals do not halt until a full day's march is completed, as the mules cannot be kept too long under their burdens.

At the fort we enjoyed that hospitality which is a kind of free-masonry among army officers. The colonel made a delicious concoction of I know not what, and provided a hammock in a cool place while we drank it. Lieutenant F—— got cigars that were past praise, and another officer provided a bath. Captain B—— turned himself out of doors to give us quarters, which graciousness we accepted while our consciences pricked. But for all that Fort Thomas is an awful spot, hotter than any other place on the crust of the earth. The siroccos continually chase each other over the desert, the convalescent wait upon the sick, and the thermometer persistently reposes at the figures 125° F. Soldiers are kept in the Gila Valley posts for only six months at a time before they are relieved, and they count the days.

JOHN MUIR

JOHN MUIR, *explorer and naturalist, was single-minded in his devotion to the mountains. He took no interest in tales of adventure at sea. Of Captain Joshua Slocum's narrative, Sailing Alone Around the World, he said: "It was just nosing about the foundations of the world like a fish. No, man, go to the hills!" His experiences and observations in the hills were recounted in many articles contributed to the Century and gathered into The Mountains of California (1894) and The Yosemite (1912), published by The Century Company. Our first six selections are taken from the former book and the last three from the latter. This is a large amount of space to devote to Muir, but he is one of the most delightful of American naturalists and no reader will begrudge our attention to him. The paragraphs on Hetch Hetchy Valley show him as a valiant fighter in the cause of the conservation of regions of exceptional loveliness and grandeur.*

Discovering a Glacier

EARLY NEXT morning I set out to trace the grand old glacier that had done so much for the beauty of the Yosemite region back to its farthest fountains, enjoying the charm that every explorer feels in Nature's untrodden wildernesses. The voices of the mountains were still asleep. The wind scarce stirred the pine-needles. The sun was up, but it was yet too cold for the birds and the few burrowing animals that dwell here. Only the stream, cascading from pool to pool, seemed to be wholly awake. Yet the spirit of the opening day called to action. The sunbeams came streaming gloriously through the jagged openings of the *col*, glancing on the burnished pavements and lighting the silvery lakes, while every sun-touched rock burned white on its edges like melting iron in a furnace. Passing round the north shore of my camp lake I followed the central stream past many cascades from lakelet to lakelet. The scenery became more rigidly arctic, the Dwarf Pines and Hemlocks disappeared, and the stream was bordered with icicles. As the sun rose higher rocks were loosened on shattered portions of the cliffs, and came down in rattling avalanches, echoing wildly from crag to crag.

The main lateral moraines that extend from the jaws of the amphitheater into the Illilouette Basin are continued in straggling masses along the walls of the amphitheater, while separate boulders, hundreds of tons in weight, are left stranded here and there out in the middle of the channel. Here, also, I observed a series of small terminal moraines ranged along the south wall of the amphitheater, corresponding in size and form with the shadows cast by the highest portions. The meaning of this correspondence between moraines and shadows was afterward made plain. Tracing the stream back to the last of its chain of lakelets, I noticed a deposit of fine gray mud on the bottom except where the force of the entering current had prevented its settling. It looked like the mud worn from a grindstone, and I at once suspected its glacial origin, for the stream that was carrying it came gurgling out of the base of a raw moraine that seemed in process of formation. Not a plant or weather-stain was visible on its rough, unsettled surface. It is from 60 to over 100 feet high, and plunges forward at an angle of 38° . Cautiously picking my way, I gained the top of the moraine and was delighted to see a small but well characterized glacier swooping down from the

gloomy precipices of Black Mountain in a finely graduated curve to the moraine on which I stood. The compact ice appeared on all the lower portions of the glacier, though gray with dirt and stones embedded in it. Farther up the ice disappeared beneath coarse granulated snow. The surface of the glacier was further characterized by dirt bands and the outcropping edges of the blue veins, showing the laminated structure of the ice. The uppermost crevasse, or "bergschrand," where the *névé* was attached to the mountain, was from 12 to 14 feet wide, and was bridged in a few places by the remains of snow avalanches. Creeping along the edge of the schrand, holding on with benumbed fingers, I discovered clear sections where the bedded structure was beautifully revealed. The surface snow, though sprinkled with stones shot down from the cliffs, was in some places almost pure, gradually becoming crystalline and changing to whitish porous ice of different shades of color, and this again changing at a depth of 20 or 30 feet to blue ice, some of the ribbon-like bands of which were nearly pure, and blended with the paler bands in the most gradual and delicate manner imaginable. A series of rugged zigzags enabled me to make my way down into the weird under-world of the crevasse. Its chambered hollows were hung with a multitude of clustered icicles, amid which pale, subdued light pulsed and shimmered with indescribable loveliness. Water dripped and tinkled overhead, and from far below came strange, solemn murmurings from currents that were feeling their way through veins and fissures in the dark. The chambers of a glacier are perfectly enchanting, notwithstanding one feels out of place in their frosty beauty. I was soon cold in my shirt-sleeves, and the leaning wall threatened to engulf me; yet it was hard to leave the delicious music of the water and the lovely light. Coming again to the surface, I noticed boulders of every size on their journeys to the terminal moraine—journeys of more than a hundred years, without a single stop, night or day, winter or summer.

The sun gave birth to a network of sweet-voiced rills that ran gracefully down the glacier, curling and swirling in their shining channels, and cutting clear sections through the porous surface-ice into the solid blue, where the structure of the glacier was beautifully illustrated.

The series of small terminal moraines which I had observed in the morning, along the south wall of the amphitheater, correspond in every way with the moraine of this glacier, and their distribution

with reference to shadows was now understood. When the climatic changes came on that caused the melting and retreat of the main glacier that filled the amphitheater, a series of residual glaciers were left in the cliff shadows, under the protection of which they lingered, until they formed the moraines we are studying. Then, as the snow became still less abundant, all of them vanished in succession, except the one just described; and the cause of its longer life is sufficiently apparent in the greater area of snow-basin it drains, and its more perfect protection from wasting sunshine. How much longer this little glacier will last depends, of course, on the amount of snow it receives from year to year, as compared with melting waste.

Midst Steadfastness Change

COULD WE HAVE been here to observe during the glacial period, we should have overlooked a wrinkled ocean of ice as continuous as that now covering the landscapes of Greenland; filling every valley and cañon with only the tops of the fountain peaks rising darkly above the rock-encumbered ice-waves like islets in a stormy sea—those islets the only hints of the glorious landscapes now smiling in the sun. Standing here in the deep, brooding silence all the wilderness seems motionless, as if the work of creation were done. But in the midst of this outer steadfastness we know there is incessant motion and change. Ever and anon, avalanches are falling from yonder peaks. These cliff-bound glaciers, seemingly wedged and immovable, are flowing like water and grinding the rocks beneath them. The lakes are lapping their granite shores and wearing them away, and every one of these rills and young rivers is fretting the air into music, and carrying the mountains to the plains. Here are the roots of all the life of the valleys, and here more simply than elsewhere is the eternal flux of nature manifested. Ice changing to water, lakes to meadows, and mountains to plains. And while we thus contemplate Nature's methods of landscape creation, and, reading the records she has carved on the rocks, reconstruct, however imperfectly, the landscapes of the past, we also learn that as these we now behold have succeeded those of the pre-glacial age, so they in turn are withering and vanishing to be succeeded by others yet unborn.

The High Passes

TO THE TIMID traveler, fresh from the sedimentary levels of the lowlands, these highways, however picturesque and grand, seem terribly forbidding—cold, dead, gloomy gashes in the bones of the mountains, and of all Nature's ways the ones to be most cautiously avoided. Yet they are full of the finest and most telling examples of Nature's love; and though hard to travel, none are safer. For they lead through regions that lie far above the ordinary haunts of the devil, and of the pestilence that walks in darkness. True, there are innumerable places where the careless step will be the last step; and a rock falling from the cliffs may crush without warning like lightning from the sky; but what then? Accidents in the mountains are less common than in the lowlands, and these mountain mansions are decent, delightful, even divine, places to die in, compared with the doleful chambers of civilization. Few places in this world are more dangerous than home. Fear not, therefore, to try the mountain-passes. They will kill care, save you from deadly apathy, set you free, and call forth every faculty into vigorous, enthusiastic action. Even the sick should try these so-called dangerous passes, because for every unfortunate they kill, they cure a thousand.

Mono Indians

AT LENGTH, as I entered the pass, the huge rocks began to close around in all their wild, mysterious impressiveness, when suddenly, as I was gazing eagerly about me, a drove of gray hairy beings came in sight, lumbering toward me with a kind of boneless, wallowing motion like bears.

I never turn back, though often so inclined, and in this particular instance, amid such surroundings, everything seemed singularly unfavorable for the calm acceptance of so grim a company. Suppressing my fears, I soon discovered that although as hairy as bears and as crooked as summit pines, the strange creatures were sufficiently erect to belong to our own species. They proved to be nothing more formidable than Mono Indians dressed in the skins of sage-rabbits. Both the men and the women begged persistently for whisky and tobacco, and seemed so accustomed to denials that I found it impossible to convince them that I had none to give. Excepting the

names of these two products of civilization, they seemed to understand not a word of English; but I afterward learned that they were on their way to Yosemite Valley to feast awhile on trout and procure a load of acorns to carry back through the pass to their huts on the shore of Mono Lake.

Occasionally a good countenance may be seen among the Mono Indians, but these, the first specimens I had seen, were mostly ugly, and some of them altogether hideous. The dirt on their faces was fairly stratified, and seemed so ancient and so undisturbed it might almost possess a geological significance. The older faces were, moreover, strangely blurred and divided into sections by furrows that looked like the cleavage-joints of rocks, suggesting exposure on the mountains in a cast-away condition for ages. Somehow they seemed to have no right place in the landscape, and I was glad to see them fading out of sight down the pass.

The Douglas Squirrel

GO WHERE YOU will throughout the noble woods of the Sierra Nevada, among the giant pines and spruces of the lower zones, up through the towering Silver Firs to the storm-bent thickets of the summit peaks, you everywhere find this little squirrel the master-existence. Though only a few inches long, so intense is his fiery vigor and restlessness, he stirs every grove with wild life, and makes himself more important than even the huge bears that shuffle through the tangled underbrush beneath him. Every wind is fretted by his voice, almost every bole and branch feels the sting of his sharp feet. How much the growth of the trees is stimulated by this means it is not easy to learn, but his action in manipulating their seeds is more appreciable. Nature has made him master forester and committed most of her coniferous crops to his paws. Probably over fifty per cent. of all the cones ripened on the Sierra are cut off and handled by the Douglas alone, and of those of the Big Trees perhaps ninety per cent. pass through his hands: the greater portion is of course stored away for food to last during the winter and spring, but some of them are tucked separately into loosely covered holes, where some of the seeds germinate and become trees. . . .

All the true squirrels are more or less birdlike in speech and movements; but the Douglas is preëminently so, possessing, as he does, every attribute peculiarly squirrelish enthusiastically concen-

trated. He is the squirrel of squirrels, flashing from branch to branch of his favorite evergreens crisp and glossy and undiseased as a sun-beam. Give him wings and he would outfly any bird in the woods. His big gray cousin is a looser animal, seemingly light enough to float on the wind; yet when leaping from limb to limb, or out of one tree-top to another, he sometimes halts to gather strength, as if making efforts concerning the upshot of which he does not always feel exactly confident. But the Douglas, with his denser body, leaps and glides in hidden strength, seemingly as independent of common muscles as a mountain stream. He threads the tasseled branches of the pines, stirring their needles like a rustling breeze; now shooting across openings in arrowy lines; now launching in curves, glinting deftly from side to side in sudden zigzags, and swirling in giddy loops and spirals around the knotty trunks; getting into what seem to be the most impossible situations without sense of danger; now on his haunches, now on his head; yet ever graceful, and punctuating his most irrepressible outburst of energy with little dots and dashes of perfect repose. He is, without exception, the wildest animal I ever saw,—a fiery, sputtering little bolt of life, luxuriating in quick oxygen and the woods' best juices. One can hardly think of such a creature being dependent, like the rest of us, on climate and food. But, after all, it requires no long acquaintance to learn he is human, for he works for a living.

Wind in the Sierras

MOST PEOPLE like to look at mountain rivers, and bear them in mind; but few care to look at the winds, though far more beautiful and sublime, and though they become at times about as visible as flowing water. When the north winds in winter are making upward sweeps over the curving summits of the High Sierra, the fact is sometimes published with flying snow-banners a mile long. Those portions of the winds thus embodied can scarce be wholly invisible, even to the darkest imagination. And when we look around over an agitated forest, we may see something of the wind that stirs it, by its effects upon the trees. Yonder it descends in a rush of water-like ripples, and sweeps over the bending pines from hill to hill. Nearer, we see detached plumes and leaves, now speeding by on level currents, now whirling in eddies, or, escaping over the edges of the whirls, soaring aloft on grand, upswelling domes of air, or tossing on

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flame-like crests. Smooth, deep currents, cascades, falls, and swirling eddies, sing around every tree and leaf, and over all the varied topography of the region with telling changes of form, like mountain rivers conforming to the features of their channels.



A WIND-STORM IN THE CALIFORNIA FORESTS

From a sketch by John Muir

After tracing the Sierra streams from their fountains to the plains, marking where they bloom white in falls, glide in crystal plumes, surge gray and foam-filled in boulder-choked gorges, and slip through the woods in long, tranquil reaches—after thus learning their language and forms in detail, we may at length hear them chanting all together in one great anthem, and comprehend them all in clear inner vision, covering the range like lace. But even this spectacle is far less sublime and not a whit more substantial than

what we may behold of these storm-streams of air in the mountain woods.

A Ride on an Avalanche

FEW YOSEMITE visitors ever see snow avalanches and fewer still know the exhilaration of riding on them. In all my mountaineering I have enjoyed only one avalanche ride, and the start was so sudden and the end came so soon I had but little time to think of the danger that attends this sort of travel, though at such times one thinks fast. One fine Yosemite morning after a heavy snowfall, being eager to see as many avalanches as possible and wide views of the forest and summit peaks in their new white robes before the sunshine had time to change them, I set out early to climb by a side cañon to the top of a commanding ridge a little over three thousand feet above the Valley. On account of the looseness of the snow that blocked the cañon I knew the climb would require a long time, some three or four hours as I estimated; but it proved far more difficult than I had anticipated. Most of the way I sank waist deep, almost out of sight in some places. After spending the whole day to within half an hour or so of sundown, I was still several hundred feet below the summit. Then my hopes were reduced to getting up in time to see the sunset. But I was not to get summit views of any sort that day, for deep trampling near the cañon head, where the snow was strained, started an avalanche, and I was swished down to the foot of the cañon as if by enchantment. The wallowing ascent had taken nearly all day, the descent only about a minute. When the avalanche started I threw myself on my back and spread my arms to try to keep from sinking. Fortunately, though the grade of the cañon is very steep, it is not interrupted by precipices large enough to cause outbounding or free plunging. On no part of the rush was I buried. I was only moderately imbedded on the surface or at times a little below it, and covered with a veil of back-streaming dust particles; and as the whole mass beneath and about me joined in the flight there was no friction, though I was tossed here and there and lurched from side to side. When the avalanche swedged and came to rest I found myself on top of the crumpled pile without a bruise or scar. This was a fine experience. Hawthorne says somewhere that steam has spiritualized travel; though unspiritual smells, smoke, etc., still attend steam travel. This flight in what might be called a milky way

of snow-stars was the most spiritual and exhilarating of all the modes of motion I have ever experienced. Elijah's flight in a chariot of fire could hardly have been more gloriously exciting.

Earthquake in the Yosemite

THE AVALANCHE taluses, leaning against the walls at intervals of a mile or two, are among the most striking and interesting of the secondary features of the Valley. They are from about three to five hundred feet high, made up of huge, angular, well-preserved, unshifting boulders, and instead of being slowly weathered from the cliffs like ordinary taluses, they were all formed suddenly and simultaneously by a great earthquake that occurred at least three centuries ago. And though thus hurled into existence in a few seconds or minutes, they are the least changeable of all the Sierra soil-beds. Excepting those which were launched directly into the channels of swift rivers, scarcely one of their wedged and interlacing boulders has moved since the day of their creation; and though mostly made up of huge blocks of granite, many of them from ten to fifty feet cube, weighing thousands of tons with only a few small chips, trees and shrubs make out to live and thrive on them. . . .

At half-past two o'clock of a moonlit morning in March, I was awakened by a tremendous earthquake, and though I had never before enjoyed a storm of this sort, the strange thrilling motion could not be mistaken, and I ran out of my cabin, both glad and frightened, shouting: "A noble earthquake! A noble earthquake!" feeling sure I was going to learn something. The shocks were so violent and varied, and succeeded one another so closely, that I had to balance myself carefully in walking as if on the deck of a ship among waves, and it seemed impossible that the high cliffs of the Valley could escape being shattered. In particular, I feared that the sheer-fronted Sentinel Rock, towering above my cabin, would be shaken down, and I took shelter back of a large yellow pine, hoping that it might protect me from at least the smaller outbounding boulders. For a minute or two the shocks became more and more violent—flashing horizontal thrusts mixed with a few twists and battering, explosive, upheaving jolts,—as if Nature were wrecking her Yosemite temple, and getting ready to build a still better one.

I was now convinced before a single boulder had fallen that earthquakes were the talus-makers and positive proof soon came. It was

a calm moonlight night, and no sound was heard for the first minute or so, save low, muffled, underground, bubbling rumblings, and the whispering and rustling of the agitated trees, as if Nature were holding her breath. Then, suddenly, out of the strange silence and strange motion there came a tremendous roar. The Eagle Rock on the south wall, about a half a mile up the Valley, gave way and I saw it falling in thousands of the great boulders I had so long been studying, pouring to the Valley floor in a free curve luminous from friction, making a terribly sublime spectacle—an arc of glowing, passionate fire, fifteen hundred feet span, as true in form and as serene in beauty as a rainbow in the midst of the stupendous, roaring rock-storm. The sound was so tremendously deep and broad and earnest, the whole earth like a living creature seemed to have at last found a voice and to be calling to her sister planets. In trying to tell something of the size of this awful sound it seems to me that if all the thunder of all the storms I had ever heard were condensed into one roar it would not equal this rock-roar at the birth of a mountain talus. Think, then, of the roar that arose to heaven at the simultaneous birth of all the thousands of ancient cañon-taluses throughout the length and breadth of the Range!

The first severe shocks were soon over, and eager to examine the new-born talus I ran up the Valley in the moonlight and climbed upon it before the huge blocks, after their fiery flight, had come to complete rest. They were slowly settling into their places, chafing, grating against one another, groaning, and whispering; but no motion was visible except in a stream of small fragments pattering down the face of the cliff. A cloud of dust particles, lighted by the moon, floated out across the whole breadth of the Valley, forming a ceiling that lasted until after sunrise, and the air was filled with the odor of crushed Douglas spruces from a grove that had been mowed down and mashed like weeds.

Hetch Hetchy Valley

SAD TO SAY, this most precious and sublime feature of the Yosemite National Park, one of the greatest of all our natural resources for the uplifting joy and peace and health of the people, is in danger of being dammed and made into a reservoir to help supply San Francisco with water and light, thus flooding it from wall to wall and burying its gardens and groves one or two hundred feet deep. This

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grossly destructive commercial scheme has long been planned and urged (though water as pure and abundant can be got from sources outside of the people's park, in a dozen different places), because of the comparative cheapness of the dam and of the territory which it is sought to divert from the great uses to which it was dedicated in the Act of 1890 establishing the Yosemite National Park.

The making of gardens and parks goes on with civilization all over the world, and they increase both in size and number as their value is recognized. Everybody needs beauty as well as bread, places to play in and pray in, where Nature may heal and cheer and give strength to body and soul alike. This natural beauty-hunger is made manifest in the little window-sill gardens of the poor, though perhaps only a geranium slip in a broken cup, as well as in the carefully tended rose and lily gardens of the rich, the thousands of spacious city parks and botanical gardens, and in our magnificent National parks—the Yellowstone, Yosemite, Sequoia, etc.—Nature's sublime wonderlands, the admiration and joy of the world. Nevertheless, like anything else worth while, from the very beginning, however well guarded, they have always been subject to attack by despoiling gain-seekers and mischief-makers of every degree from Satan to Senators, eagerly trying to make everything immediately and selfishly commercial, with schemes disguised in smug-smiling philanthropy, industriously, shampiously crying, "Conservation, conservation, panutilization," that man and beast may be fed and the dear Nation made great. Thus long ago a few enterprising merchants utilized the Jerusalem temple as a place of business instead of a place of prayer, changing money, buying and selling cattle and sheep and doves; and earlier still, the first forest reservation, including only one tree, was likewise despoiled. Ever since the establishment of the Yosemite National Park, strife has been going on around its borders and I suppose this will go on as part of the universal battle between right and wrong, however much its boundaries may be shorn, or its wild beauty destroyed.

JOHN BURROUGHS

JOHN BURROUGHS loved all living creatures but most of all he loved birds; and that is why he was often called "John o' Birds." The tender intimacy and poetic quality of his descriptions of them are shown in these sentences drawn from an article in Scribner's

Monthly, volume XV (January, 1878). His devotion to the region in which he lived is beautifully expressed in the two short excerpts from an article on "The Heart of the Southern Catskills" in the Century, volume XXXVI (August, 1888).

Birds

BIRDS ARE perhaps the most human of creatures, and I should not be surprised if told we all carry more or less of them in our hearts and brains. I have seen the hawk looking out of the human face many a time, and I think I have seen the eagle; I credit those who say they have seen the owl. Are not the buzzards and unclean birds terribly suggestive? The song-birds were surely all brooded and hatched in the human heart. They are typical of its highest aspirations, and nearly the whole gamut of human passion and emotion is expressed more or less fully in their varied songs. . . . I have thoughts that follow the migrating fowls northward and southward, and that go with the sea-birds into the desert of the ocean, lonely and tireless as they. I sympathize with the watchful crow perched yonder on that tree, or walking about the fields. I hurry outdoors when I hear the clarion of the wild gander; his comrade in my heart sends back the call. . . .

The European cuckoo builds no nest, but puts its eggs out to be hatched, as does our cow blackbird, and our cuckoo is master of only the mere rudiments of nest-building. No bird in the woods builds so shabby a nest; it is the merest make-shift—a loose scaffolding of twigs through which the eggs can be seen. . . .

The nightingale . . . is but little short of perfect in all the qualities. We have no one bird that combines such strength or vivacity with such melody. The mocking-bird doubtless surpasses it in variety and profusion of notes; but falls short, I imagine, in sweetness and effectiveness. The nightingale will sometimes warble twenty seconds without pausing to breathe, and when the condition of the air is favorable its song fills a space a mile in diameter. There are perhaps songs in our woods as mellow and brilliant as is that of the closely allied species, the water-thrush; but our bird's song has but a mere fraction of the nightingale's volume and power. . . .

But let me change the strain and contemplate for a few moments this feathered bandit—this bird with the mark of Cain upon him—(*Collyris borealis*), the great shrike or butcher-bird. Usually, the

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character of a bird of prey is well defined; there is no mistaking him. His claws, his beak, his head, his wings, in fact his whole build point to the fact that he subsists upon live creatures; he is armed to catch them and to slay them. Every bird knows a hawk and knows him from the start, and is on the lookout for him. The hawk takes life, but he does it to maintain his own, and it is a public and universally known fact. Nature has sent him abroad in that character



CEDAR BIRDS

From a drawing in Scribner's Monthly, 1878

and has advised all creatures of it. Not so with the shrike; here she has concealed the character of a murderer under a form as innocent as that of the robin. Feet, wings, tail, color, head and general form and size are all those of a song-bird—very much, indeed, like that master songster, the mocking-bird—yet this bird is a regular Blue-beard among its kind. . . . It is the assassin of the small birds, whom it often destroys in pure wantonness, or merely to sup on their brains, as the Gaucho slaughters a wild cow or bull for its tongue. It is a wolf in sheep's clothing. Apparently its victims are unacquainted with its true character and allow it to approach them, when the fatal blow is given. . . .

I have often wondered how this bird was kept in check; in the struggle for existence, it would appear to have greatly the advantage of other birds. It cannot, for instance, be beset with one-tenth of the

dangers that threaten the robin, and yet apparently there are a thousand robins to every shrike. It builds a warm, compact nest in the mountains and dense woods, and lays six eggs, which would indicate a rapid increase. The pigeon lays but two eggs, and is preyed upon by both man and beast, millions of them meeting a murderous death every year; yet always some part of the country is swarming with untold numbers of them. But the shrike is one of our rarest birds. . . .

Our cedar or cherry bird is the most silent bird we have. Our neutral-tinted birds, like him, as a rule, are our finest songsters; but he has no song or call, uttering only a fine bead-like note on taking flight. It is the cedar-berry rendered back into sound. . . . But in lieu of music, what a pretty compensation are those minute, almost artificial-like, plumes of orange and vermilion that tip the ends of his primaries. Nature could not give these and a song too. She has given the humming-bird a jewel upon his throat, but no song, save the hum of his wings.

A Mountain Brook

BUT THE prettiest thing was the stream soliloquizing in such musical tones there amidst the moss-covered rocks and boulders. How clean it looked, what purity! Civilization corrupts the streams as it corrupts the Indian. Only in such remote woods can you now see a brook in all its original freshness and beauty. Only the sea and the mountain forest brook are pure; all between is contaminated more or less by the work of man. An ideal trout brook was this, now hurrying, now loitering, now deepening around a great boulder, now gliding evenly over a pavement of green-gray stone and pebbles; no sediment or stain of any kind, but white and sparkling as snow water, and nearly as cool. Indeed, the water of all this Catskill region is the best in the world. For the first few days one feels as if he could almost live on the water alone; he cannot drink enough of it. In this particular it is indeed the good Bible land, "a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills."

Evening in the Catskills

I DELIGHT IN sitting on a rock in one of these upper fields and seeing the sun go down behind Panther. The rapid-flowing brook below me fills all the valley with a soft murmur. There is no breeze, but the great atmospheric tide flows slowly in towards the cooling forest; one can see it by the motes in the air illuminated by the setting sun: presently, as the air cools a little, the tide turns and flows slowly out. The long, winding valley up to the foot of Slide, five miles of primitive woods, how wild and cool it looks, its one voice the murmur of the creek! On the Wittenberg the sunshine long lingers; now it stands up like an island in a sea of shadows, then slowly sinks beneath the wave. The evening call of a robin, or a thrush at his vespers, makes a marked impression on the silence and solitude.

JEAN-HENRI FABRE

JEAN-HENRI FABRE, *the naturalist, made a specialty of patient observation and minute description of the life and habits of insects and other small creatures. The following accounts of the way in which the burying-beetle stores a dead body and of the way in which the glow-worm preys upon the snail are taken from The Wonders of Instinct, published by The Century Company in 1918.*

The Burying-Beetle

HE IS NO anatomical dissector, cutting his subject open, carving its flesh with the scalpel of his mandibles; he is literally a gravedigger, a sexton. While the others—Silphae, Dermestes, Horn-beetles—gorge themselves with the exploited flesh, without, of course, forgetting the interests of the family, he, a frugal eater, hardly touches his booty on his own account. He buries it entire, on the spot, in a cellar where the thing, duly ripened, will form the diet of his larvae. He buries it in order to establish his progeny therein.

This hoarder of dead bodies, with his stiff and almost heavy movements, is astonishingly quick at storing away wreckage. In a shift of a few hours, a comparatively enormous animal—a Mole, for example—disappears, engulfed by the earth. The others leave the dried, emptied carcass to the air, the sport of the winds for months on end;

he, treating it as a whole, makes a clean job of things at once. No visible trace of his work remains but a tiny hillock, a burial-mound, a tumulus.

The Glow-Worm and the Snail

THAT MASTER of the art of gastronomy, Brillat-Savarin, said: "Show me what you eat and I will tell you what you are."

A similar question should be addressed, by way of a preliminary, to every insect whose habits we propose to study, for, from the least to the greatest in the zoölogical progression, the stomach sways the world; the data supplied by food are the chief of all the documents of life. Well, in spite of his innocent appearance, the *Lampyrus* is an eater of flesh, a hunter of game; and he follows his calling with rare villainy. His regular prey is the Snail.

This detail has long been known to entomologists. What is not so well known, what is not known at all yet, to judge by what I read, is the curious method of attack, of which I have seen no other instance anywhere.

Before he begins to feast, the Glow-worm administers an anæsthetic: he chloroforms his victim, rivaling in the process the wonders of our modern surgery, which renders the patient insensible before operating on him. The usual game is a small Snail hardly the size of a cherry, such as, for instance, *Helix variabilis*, Drap., who, in the hot weather, collects in clusters on the stiff stubble and other long, dry stalks by the road-side and there remains motionless, in profound meditation, throughout the scorching summer days. It is in some such resting-place as this that I have often been privileged to light upon the *Lampyrus* banqueting on the prey which he had just paralyzed on its shaky support by his surgical artifices.

But he is familiar with other preserves. He frequents the edges of the irrigating ditches, with their cool soil, their varied vegetation, a favorite haunt of the Mollusc. Here, he treats the game on the ground; and, under these conditions, it is easy for me to rear him at home and to follow the operator's performance down to the smallest detail.

I will try to make the reader a witness of the strange sight. I place a little grass in a wide glass jar. In this I install a few Glow-worms and a provision of snails of a suitable size, neither too large nor too small, chiefly *Helix variabilis*. We must be patient and wait. Above

all, we must keep an assiduous watch, for the desired events come unexpectedly and do not last long.

Here we are at last. The Glow-worm for a moment investigates the prey, which, according to its habit, is wholly withdrawn in the shell, except the edge of the mantle, which projects slightly. Then the hunter's weapon is drawn, a very simple weapon, but one that cannot be plainly perceived without the aid of a lens. It consists of two mandibles bent back powerfully into a hook, very sharp and as thin as a hair. The microscope reveals the presence of a slender groove running throughout the length. And that is all.

The insect repeatedly taps the Snail's mantle with its instrument. It all happens with such gentleness as to suggest kisses rather than bites. As children, teasing one another, we used to talk of "tweak-sies" to express a slight squeeze of the finger-tips, something more like a tickling than a serious pinch. Let us use that word. In conversing with animals, language loses nothing by remaining juvenile. It is the right way for the simple to understand one another.

The Lampyris doles out his tweaks. He distributes them methodically, without hurrying, and takes a brief rest after each of them, as though he wished to ascertain the effect produced. Their number is not great; half a dozen, at most, to subdue the prey and deprive it of all power of movement. That other pinches are administered later, at the time of eating, seems very likely, but I cannot say anything for certain, because the sequel escapes me. The first few, however—there are never many—are enough to impart inertia and loss of all feeling to the Mollusc, thanks to the prompt, I might almost say lightning, methods of the Lampyris, who, beyond a doubt, instills some poison or other by means of his grooved hooks.

ORVILLE AND WILBUR WRIGHT

IN SEPTEMBER, 1908, Orville and Wilbur Wright contributed to the *Century*, volume LXXVI, an article entitled "*The Wright Brothers' Aeroplane*." A major journalistic "scoop," this was the first popular account prepared by the inventors, who had heretofore given out no more than bare statements of the results accomplished in their experiments. They now narrated the course of their researches as well as the stages towards successful flight. Eight photographs of the flights of 1903-5 were supplied by the authors.

A Flight

IN ORDER TO show the general reader the way in which the machine operates, let us fancy ourselves ready for the start. The machine is placed upon a single rail track facing the wind, and is securely fastened with a cable. The engine is put in motion, and the propellers in the rear whirl. You take your seat at the center of the machine beside the operator. He slips the cable, and you shoot forward. An assistant who has been holding the machine in balance on the rail, starts forward with you, but before you have gone fifty feet the speed is too great for him, and he lets go. Before reaching the end of the track the operator moves the front rudder, and the machine lifts from the rail like a kite supported by the pressure of the air underneath it. The ground under you is at first a perfect blur, but as you rise the objects become clearer. At a height of one hundred feet you feel hardly any motion at all, except for the wind which strikes your face. If you did not take the precaution to fasten your hat before starting, you have probably lost it by this time. The operator moves a lever; the right wing rises, and you swing about to the left. You make a very short turn, yet you do not feel the sensation of being thrown from your seat, so often experienced in automobile and railway travel. You find yourself facing toward the point from which you started. The objects on the ground now seem to be moving at much higher speed, though you perceive no change in the pressure of the wind on your face. You know then that you are traveling with the wind. When you near the starting-point, the operator stops the motor while still high in the air. The machine coasts down at an oblique angle to the ground, and after sliding fifty or a hundred feet comes to rest. Although the machine often lands when traveling at a speed of a mile a minute, you feel no shock whatever, and cannot, in fact, tell the exact moment at which it first touched the ground. The motor close beside you kept up an almost deafening roar during the whole flight, yet in your excitement, you did not notice it till it stopped!

MODERN THOUGHT

CHARLES DARWIN

ON THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES *was published in London towards the end of 1859. The circumstances in which D. Appleton and Company brought out the first American edition in 1860 have been recounted in our historical introduction. A book whose argument is so closely knit and in which the evidence is cumulative does not lend itself well to the purposes of an anthologist; but because of its incalculable significance in the history of modern thought we have attempted the impossible. From it the first two of the following paragraphs are drawn. The other two are from The Descent of Man which Appleton published in 1872, some months after the London edition of 1871. In the Origin of Species Darwin had had little to say about the ancestry of man save by implication in the famous promise that his theory would throw light upon "the origin of man and his history." That light—or, as the fundamentalists held, darkness—is found in The Descent of Man.*

The Struggle for Existence

NOTHING IS easier than to admit in words the truth of the universal struggle for life, or more difficult—at least I have found it so—than constantly to bear this conclusion in mind. Yet unless it be thoroughly engrained in the mind, the whole economy of nature, with every fact on distribution, rarity, abundance, extinction, and variation, will be dimly seen or quite misunderstood. We behold the face of nature bright with gladness, we often see superabundance of food; we do not see or we forget, that the birds which are idly singing round us mostly live on insects or seeds, and are thus constantly destroying life; or we forget how largely these songsters, or their eggs, or their nestlings, are destroyed by birds and beasts of prey; we do not always bear in mind, that, though food may be now superabundant, it is not so at all seasons of each recurring year.

Natural Selection

HOW WILL THE struggle for existence, briefly discussed in the last chapter, act in regard to variation? Can the principle of selection, which we have seen is so potent in the hands of man, apply under nature? I think we shall see that it can act most efficiently. Let the endless number of slight variations and individual differences occurring in our domestic productions, and, in a lesser degree, in those under nature, be borne in mind; as well as the strength of the hereditary tendency. Under domestication, it may be truly said that the whole organisation becomes in some degree plastic. But the variability, which we almost universally meet with in our domestic productions, is not directly produced, as Hooker and Asa Gray have well remarked, by man; he can neither originate varieties, nor prevent their occurrence; he can preserve and accumulate such as do occur. Unintentionally he exposes organic beings to new and changing conditions of life, and variability ensues; but similar changes of conditions might and do occur under nature. Let it also be borne in mind how infinitely complex and close-fitting are the mutual relations of all organic beings to each other and to their physical conditions of life; and consequently what infinitely varied diversities of structure might be of use to each being under changing conditions of life. Can it, then, be thought improbable, seeing that variations useful to man have undoubtedly occurred, that other variations useful in some way to each being in the great and complex battle of life, should occur in the course of many successive generations? If such do occur, can we doubt (remembering that many more individuals are born than can possibly survive) that individuals having any advantage, however slight, over others, would have the best chance of surviving and of procreating their kind? On the other hand, we may feel sure that any variation in the least degree injurious would be rigidly destroyed. This preservation of favourable individual differences and variations, and the destruction of those which are injurious, I have called Natural Selection, or the Survival of the Fittest. Variations neither useful nor injurious would not be affected by natural selection, and would be left either a fluctuating element, as perhaps we see in certain polymorphic species, or would ultimately become fixed, owing to the nature of the organism and the nature of the conditions.

Sociability

ANIMALS OF many kinds are social; we find even distinct species living together; for example, some American monkeys; and united flocks of rooks, jackdaws, and starlings. Man shews the same feeling in his strong love for the dog, which the dog returns with interest. Every one must have noticed how miserable horses, dogs, sheep, &c., are when separated from their companions, and what strong mutual affection the two former kinds, at least, shew on their reunion. It is curious to speculate on the feelings of a dog, who will rest peacefully for hours in a room with his master or any of the family, without the least notice being taken of him; but if left for a short time by himself, barks or howls dismally. We will confine our attention to the higher social animals; and pass over insects, although some of these are social, and aid one another in many important ways. The most common mutual service in the higher animals is to warn one another of danger by means of the united senses of all. Every sportsman knows . . . how difficult it is to approach animals in a herd or troop. Wild horses and cattle do not, I believe, make any danger-signal; but the attitude of any one of them who first discovers an enemy, warns the others. Rabbits stamp loudly on the ground with their hind-feet as a signal: sheep and chamois do the same with their forefeet, uttering likewise a whistle. Many birds, and some mammals, post sentinels, which in the case of seals are said generally to be the females. The leader of a troop of monkeys acts as the sentinel, and utters cries expressive both of danger and of safety. Social animals perform many little services for each other: horses nibble, and cows lick each other, on any spot which itches: monkeys search each other for external parasites; and Brehm states that after a troop of the *Cercopithecus griseo-viridis* has rushed through a thorny brake, each monkey stretches itself on a branch, and another monkey sitting by, "conscientiously" examines its fur, and extracts every thorn or burr.

Man Is Descended from Some Lower Form

EVEN IF IT be granted that the difference between man and his nearest allies is as great in corporeal structure as some naturalists maintain, and although we must grant that the difference between

them is immense in mental power, yet the facts given in the earlier chapters appear to declare, in the plainest manner, that man is descended from some lower form, notwithstanding that connecting-links have not hitherto been discovered.

Man is liable to numerous, slight, and diversified variations, which are induced by the same general causes, are governed and transmitted in accordance with the same general laws, as in the lower animals. Man has multiplied so rapidly, that he has necessarily been exposed to struggle for existence, and consequently to natural selection. He has given rise to many races, some of which differ so much from each other, that they have often been ranked by naturalists as distinct species. His body is constructed on the same homological plan as that of other mammals. He passes through the same phases of embryological development. He retains many rudimentary and useless structures, which no doubt were once serviceable. Characters occasionally make their re-appearance in him, which we have reason to believe were possessed by his early progenitors. If the origin of man had been wholly different from that of all other animals, these various appearances would be mere empty deceptions; but such an admission is incredible. These appearances, on the other hand, are intelligible, at least to a large extent, if man is the co-descendant with other mammals of some unknown and lower form.

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY

THE FOLLOWING selections are taken from three of Huxley's greatest books. The first is from *Man's Place in Nature* (Appleton, 1863), which occasioned a great outcry from the pulpit and the religious press because in it the Darwinian theory was explicitly applied to "the human animal." That excitement has long since died down; but the book remains memorable not only for its place in the history of ideas but for passages of austere beauty such as that on "The Great Question." One of Huxley's *Lay Sermons* (Appleton, 1870) is the famous lecture to workingmen *On a Piece of Chalk*. Unfortunately there is not room to reprint it entire here, but even a short excerpt shows those "gifts of style which could popularize science by lucid and readily intelligible presentation." Huxley's *Romanes Lecture*, included in *Evolution and Ethics and Other Essays* (Appleton, 1893), is "based upon his dualistic belief that the cosmic process has no sort of relation to moral ends, man's moral nature being a striving

against the stream." Our last two excerpts, from this book, are admirable examples of the nobility of Huxley's style when he was not engaged in harsh controversy.

The Great Question

THE QUESTION OF questions for mankind—the problem which underlies all others, and is more deeply interesting than any other—is the ascertainment of the place which Man occupies in nature and of his relations to the universe of things. Whence our race has come; what are the limits of our power over nature, and of nature's power over us; to what goal we are tending; are the problems which present themselves anew and with undiminished interest to every man born into the world. Most of us, shrinking from the difficulties and dangers which beset the seeker after original answers to these riddles, are contented to ignore them altogether, or to smother the investigating spirit under the feather-bed of respected and respectable tradition. But, in every age, one or two restless spirits, blessed with that constructive genius, which can only build on a secure foundation, or cursed with the spirit of mere scepticism, are unable to follow in the well-worn and comfortable track of their forefathers and contemporaries, and unmindful of thorns and stumbling-blocks, strike out into paths of their own. The sceptics end in the infidelity which asserts the problem to be insoluble, or in the atheism which denies the existence of any orderly progress and governance of things: the men of genius propound solutions which grow into systems of Theology or of Philosophy, or veiled in musical language which suggests more than it asserts, take the shape of the Poetry of an epoch.

Each such answer to the great question, invariably asserted by the followers of its propounder, if not by himself, to be complete and final, remains in high authority and esteem, it may be for one century, or it may be for twenty: but, as invariably, Time proves each reply to have been a mere approximation to the truth—tolerable chiefly on account of the ignorance of those by whom it was accepted, and wholly intolerable when tested by the larger knowledge of their successors.

On a Piece of Chalk

THUS THE CHALK is no unimportant element in the masonry of the earth's crust, and it impresses a peculiar stamp, varying with the conditions to which it is exposed, on the scenery of the districts in which it occurs. The undulating downs and rounded coombs, covered with sweet-grassed turf, of our inland chalk country, have a peacefully domestic and mutton-suggesting prettiness, but can hardly be called either grand or beautiful. But on our southern coasts, the wall-sided cliffs, many hundred feet high, with vast needles and pinnacles standing out in the sea, sharp and solitary enough to serve as perches for the wary cormorant, confer a wonderful beauty and grandeur upon the chalk headlands. And, in the East, chalk has its share in the formation of some of the most venerable of mountain ranges, such as the Lebanon.

What is this wide-spread component of the surface of the earth? and whence did it come?

You may think this no very helpful inquiry. You may not unnaturally suppose that the attempt to solve such problems as these can lead to no result, save that of entangling the inquirer in vague speculations, incapable of refutation and of verification.

If such were really the case, I should have selected some other subject than a "piece of chalk" for my discourse. But, in truth, after much deliberation, I have been unable to think of any topic which would so well enable me to lead you to see how solid is the foundation upon which some of the most startling conclusions of physical science rest.

A great chapter of the history of the world is written in the chalk. Few passages in the history of man can be supported by such an overwhelming mass of direct and indirect evidence as that which testifies to the truth of the fragment of the history of the globe, which I hope to enable you to read, with your own eyes, to-night.

Let me add, that few chapters of human history have a more profound significance for ourselves. I weigh my words well when I assert, that the man who should know the true history of the bit of chalk which every carpenter carries about in his breeches-pocket, though ignorant of all other history, is likely, if he will think his knowledge out to its ultimate results, to have a truer, and therefore a better, conception of this wonderful universe, and of man's relation

to it, than the most learned student who is deep-read in the records of humanity and ignorant of those of Nature.

The language of the chalk is not hard to learn, not nearly so hard as Latin, if you only want to get at the broad features of the story it has to tell; and I propose that we now set to work to spell that story out together.

A Changeful Process

AS NO MAN fording a swift stream can dip his foot twice into the same water, so no man can, with exactness, affirm of anything in the sensible world that it is. As he utters the words, nay, as he thinks them, the predicate ceases to be applicable; the present has become the past; the "is" should be "was." And the more we learn of the nature of things, the more evident is it that what we call rest is only unperceived activity; that seeming peace is silent but strenuous battle. In every part, at every moment, the state of the cosmos is the expression of a transitory adjustment of contending forces; a scene of strife, in which all the combatants fall in turn. What is true of each part, is true of the whole. Natural knowledge tends more and more to the conclusion that "all the choir of heaven and furniture of the earth" are the transitory forms of parcels of cosmic substance wending along the road of evolution, from nebulous potentiality, through endless growths of sun and planet and satellite; through all varieties of matter; through infinite diversities of life and thought; possibly, through modes of being of which we neither have a conception, nor are competent to form any, back to the indefinable latency from which they arose. Thus the most obvious attribute of the cosmos is its impermanence. It assumes the aspect not so much of a permanent entity as of a changeful process in which naught endures save the flow of energy and the rational order which pervades it.

Morality a Striving against the Stream

THE THEORY OF evolution encourages no millennial anticipations. If, for millions of years, our globe has taken the upward road, yet, some time, the summit will be reached and the downward route will be commenced. The most daring imagination will hardly venture

upon the suggestion that the power and the intelligence of man can ever arrest the procession of the great year.

Moreover, the cosmic nature born with us and, to a large extent, necessary for our maintenance, is the outcome of millions of years of severe training, and it would be folly to imagine that a few centuries will suffice to subdue its masterfulness to purely ethical ends. Ethical nature may count upon having to reckon with a tenacious and powerful enemy as long as the world lasts. But, on the other hand, I see no limit to the extent to which intelligence and will, guided by sound principles of investigation, and organized in common effort, may modify the conditions of existence, for a period longer than that now covered by history. And much may be done to change the nature of man himself. The intelligence which has converted the brother of the wolf into the faithful guardian of the flock ought to be able to do something towards curbing the instincts of savagery in civilized men.

But if we may permit ourselves a larger hope of abatement of the essential evil of the world than was possible to those who, in the infancy of exact knowledge, faced the problem of existence more than a score of centuries ago, I deem it an essential condition of the realization of that hope that we should cast aside the notion that the escape from pain and sorrow is the proper object of life.

We have long since emerged from the heroic childhood of our race, when good and evil could be met with the same "frolic welcome"; the attempts to escape from evil, whether Indian or Greek, have ended in flight from the battle-field; it remains to us to throw aside the youthful over-confidence and the no less youthful discouragement of nonage. We are grown men, and must play the man

strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield,

cherishing the good that falls in our way, and bearing the evil, in and around us, with stout hearts set on diminishing it. So far, we all may strive in one faith towards one hope:

It may be that the gulfs will wash us down,
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,

... but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note may yet be done.

HERBERT SPENCER

HERBERT SPENCER'S *Study of Sociology* was serialized in *Appleton's Popular Science Monthly* in 1872 and reprinted as volume V in the *International Scientific Series* (Appleton, 1873).

Society in Evolution

WHILE IT WAS held that the stars are fixed and that the hills are everlasting, there was a certain congruity in the notion that man continues unchanged from age to age; but now when we know that all stars are in motion, and that there are no such things as everlasting hills—now when we find all things throughout the Universe to be in a ceaseless flux, it is time for this crude conception of human nature to disappear out of our social conceptions; or rather—it is time for its disappearance to be followed by that of the many narrow notions respecting the past and the future of society, which have grown out of it, and which linger notwithstanding the loss of their root. For, avowedly by some and tacitly by others, it continues to be thought that the human heart is as “desperately wicked” as it ever was, and that the state of society hereafter will be very much like the state of society now. If, when the evidence has been piled mass upon mass, there comes a reluctant admission that aboriginal man, of troglodyte or kindred habits, differed somewhat from man as he was during feudal times, and that the customs and sentiments and beliefs he had in feudal times, imply a character appreciably unlike that which he has now—if, joined with this, there is a recognition of the truth that along with these changes in man there have gone still more conspicuous changes in society; there is, nevertheless, an ignoring of the implication that hereafter man and society will continue to change, until they have diverged as widely from their existing types as their existing types have diverged from those of the earliest recorded ages. It is true that among the more cultured the probability, or even the certainty, that such transformations will go on, may be granted; but the granting is but nominal—the admission does not become a factor in the conclusions drawn. The first discussion on a political or social topic, reveals the tacit assumption that, in times to come, society will have a structure substantially like its existing structure. If, for instance, the question of domestic service

is raised, it mostly happens that its bearings are considered wholly in reference to those social arrangements which exist around us: only a few proceed on the supposition that these arrangements are probably but transitory. It is so throughout. Be the subject industrial organization, or class-relations, or rule by fashion, the thought which practically moulds the conclusions, if not the thought theoretically professed, is, that whatever changes they may undergo, our institutions will not cease to be recognizably the same. Even those who have, as they think, deliberately freed themselves from this perverting tendency—even M. Comte and his disciples believing in an entire transformation of society nevertheless betray an incomplete emancipation; for the ideal society expected by them is one under regulation by a hierarchy essentially akin to hierarchies such as mankind have known. So that everywhere sociological thinking is more or less impeded by the difficulty of bearing in mind that the social states towards which our race is being carried, are probably as little conceivable by us as our present social state was conceivable by a Norse pirate and his followers.

Fostering the Unfit

FOSTERING THE good-for-nothing at the expense of the good, is an extreme cruelty. It is a deliberate storing-up of miseries for future generations. There is no greater curse to posterity than that of bequeathing them an increasing population of imbeciles and idlers and criminals. To aid the bad in multiplying, is, in effect, the same as maliciously providing for our descendants a multitude of enemies. It may be doubted whether the maudlin philanthropy which, looking only at direct mitigations, persistently ignores indirect mischiefs, does not inflict a greater total of misery than the extremest selfishness inflicts. Refusing to consider the remote influences of his incontinent generosity, the thoughtless giver stands but a degree above the drunkard who thinks only of to-day's pleasure and ignores tomorrow's pain, or the spendthrift who seeks immediate delights at the cost of ultimate poverty. In one respect, indeed, he is worse; since, while getting the present pleasure produced in giving pleasure, he leaves the future miseries to be borne by others—escaping them himself. And calling for still stronger reprobation is that scattering of money prompted by misinterpretation of the saying that "charity covers a multitude of sins." For in the many whom this mis-

interpretation leads to believe that by large donations they can compound for evil deeds, we may trace an element of positive baseness—an effort to get a good place in another world, no matter at what injury to fellow-creatures.

How far the mentally-superior may, with a balance of benefit to society, shield the mentally-inferior from the evil results of their inferiority, is a question too involved to be discussed here at length. Doubtless it is in the order of things that parental affection, the regard of relatives, and the spontaneous sympathy of friends or even of strangers, should mitigate the pains which incapacity has to bear, and the penalties which unfit impulses bring round. Doubtless, in many cases the reactive influence of this sympathetic care which the better take of the worse, is morally beneficial, and in a degree compensates by good in one direction for evil in another. It may be fully admitted that individual altruism, left to itself, will work advantageously—wherever, at least, it does not go to the extent of helping the unworthy to multiply. But an unquestionable injury is done by agencies which undertake in a wholesale way to foster good-for-nothings; putting a stop to that natural process of elimination by which society continually purifies itself. For not only by such agencies is this preservation of the worst and destruction of the best carried further than it would else be, but there is scarcely any of that compensating advantage which individual altruism implies. A mechanically-working State-apparatus, distributing money drawn from grumbling ratepayers, produces little or no moralizing effect on the capables to make up for multiplication of the incapables.

WALTER BAGEHOT

THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION by Walter Bagehot was published in 1867. The first American edition was brought out in Boston in 1873. The Appleton edition was the final revision and was published in 1877, the year of Bagehot's death. It contains an "American Preface" signed "E. L. Y.", i. e., Edward L. Youmans, recommending the book as valuable to Americans visiting England who are in need "to understand many things that at first perplex and disgust them in an old historic society." It had, and still has, more serious claims upon our attention. Our selections may seem disproportionately ample, but the book is a great one and needs to be recalled to notice.

The Unequal Development of the Human Race

THE MOST STRANGE fact, though the most certain in nature, is the unequal development of the human race. If we look back to the early ages of mankind, such as we seem in the faint distance to see them—if we call up the image of those dismal tribes in lake villages, or on wretched beaches—scarcely equal to the commonest material needs, cutting down trees slowly and painfully with stone tools, hardly resisting the attacks of huge, fierce animals—without culture, without leisure, without poetry, almost without thought—destitute of morality, with only a sort of magic for religion; and if we compare that imagined life with the actual life of Europe now, we are overwhelmed at the wide contrast—we can scarcely conceive ourselves to be of the same race as those in the far distance. There used to be a notion—not so much widely asserted as deeply implanted, rather pervadingly latent than commonly apparent in political philosophy—that in a little while, perhaps ten years or so, all human beings might, without extraordinary appliances, be brought to the same level. But now, when we see by the painful history of mankind at what point we began, by what slow toil, what favourable circumstances, what accumulated achievements, civilised man has become at all worthy in any degree so to call himself—when we realise the tedium of history and the painfulness of results—our perceptions are sharpened as to the relative steps of our long and gradual progress. We have in a great community like Europe crowds of people scarcely more civilised than the majority of two thousand years ago; we have others, even more numerous, such as the best people were a thousand years since. The lower orders, the middle orders, are still, when tried by what is the standard of the educated “ten thousand,” narrow-minded, unintelligent, incurious. It is useless to pile up words. Those who doubt should go out into their kitchens. Let an accomplished man try what seems to him most obvious, most certain, most palatable in intellectual matters, upon the housemaid and the footman, and he will find that what he says seems unintelligible, confused, and erroneous—that his audience think him mad and wild when he is speaking what is in his own sphere of thought the dullest platitude of cautious soberness. Great communities are like great mountains—they have in them the primary, secondary, and tertiary strata of human progress; the characteristics of the lower regions re-

seemble the life of old times rather than the present life of the higher regions. And a philosophy which does not ceaselessly remember, which does not continually obtrude, the palpable differences of the various parts, will be a theory radically false, because it has omitted a capital reality—will be a theory essentially misleading, because it will lead men to expect what does not exist, and not to anticipate that which they will find.

Cabinet Government and Presidential Government

THE PRINCIPLE of popular government is that the supreme power, the determining efficacy in matters political, resides in the people—not necessarily or commonly in the whole people, in the numerical majority, but in a *chosen* people, a picked and selected people. It is so in England; it is so in all free countries. Under a cabinet constitution at a sudden emergency this people can choose a ruler for the occasion. It is quite possible and even likely that he would not be ruler *before* the occasion. The great qualities, the imperious will, the rapid energy, the eager nature fit for a great crisis are not required—are impediments—in common times. . . .

But under a presidential government you can do nothing of the kind. The American government calls itself a government of the supreme people; but at a quick crisis, the time when a sovereign power is most needed, you cannot *find* the supreme people. You have a Congress elected for one fixed period, going out perhaps by fixed instalments, which cannot be accelerated or retarded—you have a President chosen for a fixed period, and immovable during that period: all the arrangements are for *stated* times. There is no *elastic* element, everything is rigid, specified, dated. Come what may, you can quicken nothing and can retard nothing. You have bespoken your government in advance, and whether it suits you or not, whether it works well or works ill, whether it is what you want or not, by law you must keep it.

The Monarchy

THE USE OF the Queen, in a dignified capacity, is incalculable. Without her in England, the present English Government would fail and pass away. Most people when they read that the Queen walked on the slopes of Windsor—that the Prince of Wales went to the

Derby—have imagined that too much thought and prominence were given to little things. But they have been in error; and it is nice to trace how the actions of a retired widow and an unemployed youth become of such importance.

The best reason why Monarchy is a strong government is, that it is an intelligible government. The mass of mankind understand it, and they hardly anywhere in the world understand any other. It is often said that men are ruled by their imaginations; but it would be truer to say that they are governed by the weakness of their imaginations. The nature of a constitution, the action of an assembly, the play of parties, the unseen formation of a guiding opinion, are complex facts, difficult to know, and easy to mistake. But the action of a single will, the fiat of a single mind, are easy ideas: anybody can make them out, and no one can ever forget them. When you put before the mass of mankind the question, "Will you be governed by a king, or will you be governed by a constitution?" the inquiry comes out thus—"Will you be governed in a way you understand, or will you be governed in a way you do not understand?" . . .

A *family* on the throne is an interesting idea also. It brings down the pride of sovereignty to the level of petty life. No feeling could seem more childish than the enthusiasm of the English at the marriage of the Prince of Wales. They treated as a great political event, what, looked at as a matter of pure business, was very small indeed. But no feeling could be more like common human nature as it is, and as it is likely to be. The women—one half the human race at least—care fifty times more for a marriage than a ministry. All but a few cynics like to see a pretty novel touching for a moment the dry scenes of the grave world. A princely marriage is the brilliant edition of a universal fact, and as such it rivets mankind. We smile at the *Court Circular*; but remember how many people read the *Court Circular*! Its use is not in what it says, but in those to whom it speaks. They say that the Americans were more pleased at the Queen's letter to Mrs. Lincoln, than at any act of the English Government. It was a spontaneous act of intelligible feeling in the midst of confused and tiresome business. Just so a royal family sweetens politics by the seasonable addition of nice and pretty events. It introduces irrelevant facts into the business of government, but they are facts which speak to "men's bosoms" and employ their thoughts.

Minister and Sovereign

IT WOULD BE childish to suppose that a conference between a minister and his sovereign can ever be a conference of pure argument. "The divinity which doth hedge a king" may have less sanctity than it had, but it still has much sanctity. No one, or scarcely any one, can argue with a cabinet minister in his own room as well as he would argue with another man in another room. He cannot make his own points as well; he cannot unmake as well the points presented to him. A monarch's room is worse. The best instance is Lord Chatham, the most dictatorial and imperious of English statesmen, and almost the first English statesman who was borne into power against the wishes of the king and against the wishes of the nobility—the first popular minister. We might have expected a proud tribune of the people to be dictatorial to his sovereign—to be to the king what he was to all others. On the contrary, he was the slave of his own imagination; there was a kind of mystic enchantment in vicinity to the monarch which divested him of his ordinary nature. "The last peep into the king's closet," said Mr. Burke, "intoxicates him, and will to the end of his life." A wit said that, even at the levee, he bowed so low that you could see the tip of his hooked nose between his legs. He was in the habit of kneeling at the bedside of George III while transacting business. Now no man can *argue* on his knees. The same superstitious feeling which keeps him in that physical attitude will keep him in a corresponding mental attitude. He will not refute the bad arguments of the king as he will refute another man's bad arguments. He will not state his own best arguments effectively and incisively when he knows that the king would not like to hear them. In a nearly balanced argument the king must always have the better, and in politics many most important arguments are nearly balanced.

Premier and Parliament

WHEN THE American nation has chosen its President, its virtue goes out of it, and out of the Transmissive College through which it chooses. But because the House of Commons has the power of dismissal in addition to the power of election, its relations to the Premier are incessant. They guide him, and he leads them. He is to

them what they are to the nation. He only goes where he believes they will go after him. But he has to take the lead; he must choose his direction, and begin the journey. Nor must he flinch. A good horse likes to feel the rider's bit; and a great deliberative assembly likes to feel that it is under worthy guidance. A minister who succumbs to the House,—who ostentatiously seeks its pleasure,—who does not try to regulate it,—who will not point out plain errors to it, seldom thrives. The great leaders of Parliament have varied much, but they have all had a certain firmness. A great assembly is as soon spoiled by over-indulgence as a little child. The whole life of English politics is the action and reaction between the Ministry and the Parliament. The appointees strive to guide, and the appointors surge under the guidance.

English Deference

ENGLAND IS the type of deferential countries, and the manner in which it is so, and has become so, is extremely curious. . . .

The mass of English people yield a deference rather to something else than to their rulers. They defer to what we may call the *theatrical show* of society. A certain state passes before them; a certain pomp of great men; a certain spectacle of beautiful women; a wonderful scene of wealth and enjoyment is displayed, and they are coerced by it. Their imagination is bowed down; they feel they are not equal to the life which is revealed to them. Courts and aristocracies have the great quality which rules the multitude, though philosophers can see nothing in it—visibility. Courtiers can do what others cannot. A common man may as well try to rival the actors on the stage in their acting, as the aristocracy in *their* acting. The higher world, as it looks from without, is a stage on which the actors walk their parts much better than the spectators can. This play is played in every district. Every rustic feels that his house is not like my lord's house; his life like my lord's life; his wife like my lady. The climax of the play is the Queen; nobody supposes that their house is like the court; their life like her life; her orders like their orders. There is in England a certain charmed spectacle which imposes on the many, and guides their fancies as it will. As a rustic on coming to London finds himself in presence of a great show and vast exhibition of inconceivable mechanical things, so by the structure of our society he finds himself face to face with a great exhibi-

tion of political things which he could not have imagined, which he could not make—to which he feels in himself scarcely anything analogous.

Philosophers may deride this superstition, but its results are inestimable. By the spectacle of this august society, countless ignorant men and women are induced to obey the few nominal electors—the 10 *l.* borough renters, and the 50 *l.* county renters—who have nothing imposing about them, nothing which would attract the eye or fascinate the fancy. What impresses men is not mind, but the result of mind. And the greatest of these results is this wonderful spectacle of society, which is ever new, and yet ever the same; in which accidents pass and essence remains; in which one generation dies and another succeeds, as if they were birds in a cage, or animals in a menagerie; of which it seems almost more than a metaphor to treat the parts as limbs of a perpetual living thing, so silently do they seem to change, so wonderfully and so perfectly does the conspicuous life of the new year take the place of the conspicuous life of last year. The apparent rulers of the English nation are like the most imposing personages of a splendid procession: it is by them the mob are influenced; it is they whom the spectators cheer. The real rulers are secreted in second-rate carriages; no one cares for them or asks about them, but they are obeyed implicitly and unconsciously by reason of the splendour of those who eclipsed and preceded them.

THOMAS HENRY BUCKLE

THOMAS HENRY BUCKLE'S *History of Civilization in England* appeared in two volumes in England in 1857 and 1861. Appleton brought out an American edition of the first volume in 1860 and of the second in 1862, the year of Buckle's death. The historian never really reached the subject announced in his title; the fragment that remains is a huge introduction to that subject. Even a summary of the impersonal "laws" which Buckle found—or thought he found—in the process of history would be out of place here. The self-confidence with which he wrote is well illustrated in our brief excerpt. Buckle's influence has long since declined; but for so long as the influence of Carlyle and Froude endured it was salutary as a corrective to their exaggerated estimate of the part played by great individuals in shaping the course of history.

Oral and Written Tradition

IN ALL THESE countries, letters were long unknown, and, as a people in that state have no means of perpetuating their history except by oral tradition, they select the form best calculated to assist their memory; and it will, I believe, be found that the first rudiments of knowledge consist always of poetry, and often of rhyme. The jingle pleases the ear of the barbarian, and affords a security that he will hand it down to his children in the unimpaired state in which he received it. This guarantee against error increases still further the value of these ballads; and instead of being considered as a mere amusement, they rise to the dignity of judicial authorities. The allusions contained in them, are satisfactory proofs to decide the merits of rival families, or even to fix the limits of those rude estates which such a society can possess. We therefore find, that the professed reciters and composers of these songs are the recognized judges in all disputed matters; and as they are often priests, and believed to be inspired, it is probably in this way that the notion of the divine origin of poetry first arose. These ballads, will, of course, vary according to the customs and temperaments of the different nations, and according to the climate to which they are accustomed. In the south they assume a passionate and voluptuous form; in the north they are rather remarkable for their tragic and warlike character. But, notwithstanding these diversities, all such productions have one feature in common. They are not only founded on truth, but making allowance for the colorings of poetry, they are all strictly true. Men who are constantly repeating songs which they constantly hear, and who appeal to the authorized singers of them as final umpires in disputed questions, are not likely to be mistaken on matters, in the accuracy of which they have so lively an interest.

This is the earliest, and most simple, of the various stages through which history is obliged to pass. But, in the course of time, unless favorable circumstances intervene, society advances, and among other changes, there is one in particular of the greatest importance: I mean the introduction of the art of writing, which before many generations are passed, must effect a complete alteration in the character of the national traditions. The manner in which this occurs has, so far as I am aware, never been pointed out; and it will, therefore, be interesting to attempt to trace some of its details.

WILLIAM EDWARD HARTPOLE LECKY

The first, and perhaps the most obvious consideration, is, that the introduction of the art of writing gives permanence to the national knowledge, and thus lessens the utility of that oral information, in which all the acquirements of an unlettered people must be contained. Hence it is, that as a country advances, the influence of tradition diminishes, and traditions themselves become less trustworthy. Besides this, the preservers of these traditions lose, in this stage of society much of their former reputation. Among a perfectly unlettered people, the singers of ballads are, as we have already seen, the sole depositaries of those historical facts on which the fame, and often the property, of their chieftains principally depend. But, when this same nation becomes acquainted with the art of writing, it grows unwilling to intrust these matters to the memory of itinerant singers, and avails itself of its new art to preserve them in a fixed and material form. As soon as this is effected, the importance of those who repeat the national traditions is sensibly diminished. They gradually sink into an inferior class, which, having lost its old reputation, no longer consists of those superior men to whose abilities it owed its former fame. Thus we see, that although, without letters, there can be no knowledge of much importance, it is nevertheless true, that their introduction is injurious to historical traditions in two distinct ways: first by weakening the traditions, and secondly by weakening the class of men whose occupation it is to preserve them.

WILLIAM EDWARD HARTPOLE LECKY

WILLIAM EDWARD HARTPOLE LECKY's *History of European Morals from Augustus to Charlemagne* was published in England in 1869 but not in America till the Appleton edition of 1873. The third Appleton edition, revised, appeared in 1903, the year of Lecky's death. In 1929 it was included in Appleton's Dollar Library. The most famous and controversial portion of this work is the opening discussion of "the natural history of morals" from which we reprint two paragraphs. The account of "monastic visions" is very typical of the author's rationalism.

The Natural History of Morals

IT is sufficiently evident, that, in proportion to the high organisation of society, the amiable and the social virtues will be cultivated at the expense of the heroic and the ascetic. A courageous endurance of suffering is probably the first form of human virtue, the one conspicuous instance in savage life of a course of conduct opposed to natural impulses, and pursued through a belief that it is higher or nobler than the opposite. In a disturbed, disorganized, and warlike society, acts of great courage and great endurance are very frequent, and determine to a very large extent the course of events; but in proportion to the organisation of communities the occasions for their display, and their influence when displayed, are alike restricted. Besides this the tastes and habits of civilisation, the innumerable inventions designed to promote comfort and diminish pain, set the current of society in a direction altogether different from heroism, and somewhat emasculate, though they refine and soften, the character. Asceticism again—including under this term, not merely the monastic system, but also all efforts to withdraw from the world in order to cultivate a high degree of sanctity—belongs naturally to a society which is somewhat rude, and in which isolation is frequent and easy. When men become united in very close bonds of co-operation, when industrial enterprise becomes very ardent, and the prevailing impulse is strongly towards material wealth and luxurious enjoyments, virtue is regarded chiefly or solely in the light of the interests of society, and this tendency is still further strengthened by the educational influence of legislation, which imprints moral distinctions very deeply on the mind, but at the same time accustoms men to measure them solely by an external and utilitarian standard. The first table of the law gives way to the second. Good is not loved for itself, but as the means to an end. All that virtue which is required to form upright and benevolent men is in the highest degree useful to society, but the qualities which constitute a saintly or spiritual character as distinguished from one that is simply moral and amiable, have not the same direct, uniform and manifest tendency to the promotion of happiness, and they are accordingly little valued. In savage life the animal nature being supreme, these higher qualities are unknown. In a very elaborate material civilisation the prevailing atmosphere is not favour-

able either to their production or their appreciation. Their place has usually been in an intermediate stage.

On the other hand, there are certain virtues that are the natural product of a cultivated society. Independently of all local and special circumstances, the transition of men from a barbarous or semi-civilised to a highly organised state necessarily brings with it the destruction or abridgment of the legitimate sphere of revenge, by transferring the office of punishment from the wronged person to a passionless tribunal appointed by society; a growing substitution of pacific for warlike occupations, the introduction of refined and intellectual tastes which gradually displace amusements that derive their zest from their barbarity, the rapid multiplication of ties of connection between all classes and nations, and also the strengthening of the imagination by intellectual culture. This last faculty, considered as the power of realisation, forms the chief tie between our moral and intellectual natures. In order to pity suffering we must realise it, and the intensity of our compassion is usually proportioned to the vividness of our realisation. The most frightful catastrophe in South America, an earthquake, a shipwreck, or a battle, will elicit less compassion than the death of a single individual who has been brought prominently before our eyes. To this cause must be chiefly ascribed the extraordinary measure of compassion usually bestowed upon a conspicuous condemned criminal, the affection and enthusiasm that centre upon sovereigns, and many of the glaring inconsistencies of our historical judgments. The recollection of some isolated act of magnanimity displayed by Alexander or Caesar moves us more than the thought of the 30,000 Thebans whom the Macedonian sold as slaves, of the 2,000 prisoners he crucified at Tyre, of the 1,100,000 men on whose corpses the Roman rose to fame. Wrapt in the pale winding-sheet of general terms the greatest tragedies of history evoke no vivid images in our minds, and it is only by a great effort of genius that an historian can galvanise them into life. The irritation displayed by the captive of St. Helena in his bickerings with his gaoler affects most men more than the thought of the nameless thousands whom his insatiable egotism had hurried to the grave. Such is the frailty of our nature that we are more moved by the tears of some captive princess, by some trifling biographical incident that has floated down the stream of history, than by the sorrows of all the countless multitudes who

perished beneath the sword of a Tamerlane, a Bajazet, or a Zenghis Khan.

Monastic Visions

AN ENTIRE literature of visions depicting the torments of hell was soon produced by the industry of the monks. The apocryphal Gospel of Nicodemus, which purported to describe the descent of Christ into the lower world, contributed to foster it; and St. Gregory the Great has related many visions in a more famous work, which professed to be compiled with scrupulous veracity from the most authentic sources, and of which it may be confidently averred that it scarcely contains a single page which is not tainted with grotesque and deliberate falsehood. Men, it was said, passed into a trance or temporary death, and were then carried for a time to hell. Among others, a certain man named Stephen, from whose lips the saint declares that he had heard the tale, had died by mistake. When his soul was borne to the gates of hell, the Judge declared that it was another Stephen who was wanted; the disembodied spirit, after inspecting hell, was restored to its former body, and the next day it was known that another Stephen had died. Volcanoes were the portals of hell, and a hermit had seen the soul of the Arian emperor Theodoric, as St. Eucherius afterwards did the soul of Charles Martel, carried down that in the Island of Lipari. The craters in Sicily, it was remarked, were continually agitated, and continually increasing, and this, as St. Gregory observes, was probably due to the impending ruin of the world, when the great press of lost souls would render it necessary to enlarge the approaches to their prisons.

But the glimpses of hell that are furnished in the "Dialogues" of St. Gregory appear meagre and unimaginative, compared with those of some later monks. A long series of monastic visions, of which that of St. Fursey, in the seventh century, was one of the first, and which followed in rapid succession, till that of Tundale, in the twelfth century, professed to describe with the most detailed accuracy the condition of the lost. It is impossible to conceive more ghastly, grotesque, and material conceptions of the future world than they evince, or more hideous calumnies against that Being who was supposed to inflict upon His creatures such unspeakable misery. The devil was represented bound by red-hot chains, on a burning gridiron in the centre of hell. The screams of his never-ending agony made its rafters to resound; but his hands were free, and

with these he seized the lost souls, crushed them like grapes against his teeth, and then drew them by his breath down the fiery cavern of his throat. Daemons with hooks of red-hot iron plunged souls alternately into fire and ice. Some of the lost were hung up by their tongues, other were sawn asunder, others gnawed by serpents, others beaten together on an anvil and welded into a single mass, others boiled and then strained through a cloth, others twined in the embraces of daemons whose limbs were of flame. The fire of earth, it was said, was but a picture of that of hell. The latter was so immeasurably more intense that it alone could be called real. Sulphur was mixed with it, partly to increase its heat, and partly, too, in order that an insufferable stench might be added to the misery of the lost, while, unlike other flames, it emitted, according to some visions, no light, that the horror of darkness might be added to the horror of pain. A narrow bridge spanned the abyss, and from it the souls of sinners were plunged into the darkness that was below.

Such catalogues of horrors, though they now awake in an educated man a sentiment of mingled disgust, weariness, and contempt, were able for many centuries to create a degree of panic and of misery we can scarcely realise.

EDWARD B. TYLOR

THE METHODS of the anthropologists have changed since Sir Edward B. Tylor's day, but his Anthropology has its place in the history of the science as a pioneer work. It is volume LXII in the International Scientific Series (Appleton, 1881).

The Spirit-World

THE IDEA OF the soul which is held by uncultured races, and is the foundation of their religion, is not difficult to us to understand, if we can fancy ourselves in their place, ignorant of the very rudiments of science, and trying to get at the meaning of life by what the senses seem to tell. The great question that forces itself on their minds is one that we with all our knowledge cannot half answer, what the life is which is sometimes in us, but not always. A person who a few minutes ago was walking and talking, with all his senses active, goes off motionless and unconscious in a deep sleep, to wake

after a while with renewed vigour. In other conditions the life ceases more entirely, when one is stunned or falls into a swoon or trance, where the beating of the heart and breathing seem to stop, and the body, lying deadly pale and insensible, cannot be awakened; this may last for minutes or hours, or even days, and yet after all the patient revives. Barbarians are apt to say that such a one died for a while, but his soul came back again. They have great difficulty in distinguishing real death from such trances. They will talk to a corpse, try to rouse it and even feed it, and only when it becomes noisome and must be got rid of from among the living, they are at last certain that the life has gone never to return. What, then, is this soul or life which thus goes and comes in sleep, trance, and death? To the rude philosopher, the question seems to be answered by the very evidence of his senses. When the sleeper awakens from a dream, he believes he has really somehow been away, or that other people have come to him. As it is well known by experience that men's bodies do not go on these excursions, the natural explanation is that every man's living self or soul is his phantom or image, which can go out of his body and see and be seen itself in dreams. Even waking men in broad daylight sometimes see these human phantoms, in what are called visions or hallucinations. They are further led to believe that the soul does not die with the body, but lives on after quitting it, for although a man may be dead and buried, his phantom-figure continues to appear to the survivors in dreams and visions. That men have such unsubstantial images belonging to them is familiar in other ways to the savage philosopher, who has watched their reflexions in still water, or their shadows following them about, fading out of sight to reappear presently somewhere else, while sometimes for a moment he has seen their living breath as a faint cloud, vanishing though one can feel that it is still there. Here then in few words is the savage and barbaric theory of souls, where life, mind, breath, shadow, reflexion, dream, vision, come together and account for one another in some such vague confused way as satisfies the untaught reasoner.

Morality and Happiness

AMONG THE lessons to be learnt from the life of rude tribes is, how society can go on without the policeman to keep order. It is plain that even the lowest men cannot live quite by what the Germans

call "faustrecht," or "fist-right," and we call "club-law." The strong savage does not rush into his weaker neighbour's hut and take possession, driving the owner out into the forest with a stone-headed javelin sent flying after him. Without some control beyond the mere right of the stronger, the tribe would break up in a week, whereas in fact savage tribes last on for ages. Under favourable circumstances, where food is not too scarce nor war too wasting, the life of low barbaric races may be in its rude way good and happy. In the West Indian islands where Columbus first landed, lived tribes who have been called the most gentle and benevolent of the human race. Schomburgk, the traveller, who knew the war-like Caribs well in their home life, draws a paradise-like picture of their ways, where they have not been corrupted by the vices of the white men; he saw among them peace and cheerfulness and simple family affection, unvarnished friendship, and gratitude not less true for not being spoken in sounding words; the civilized world, he says, has not to teach them morality, for though they do not talk about it, they live in it. At the other side of the world in New Guinea, Kops, the Dutch explorer, gives much the same account of the Papuans of Dory, who live in houses built on piles in the water, like the old lake-men of Switzerland; he speaks of their mild disposition, their inclination to right and justice, their strong moral principles, their respect for the aged and love for their children, their living without fastenings to their houses—for theft is considered by them a grave offence, and rarely occurs. Among the rude non-Hindu tribes of India, English officials have often recorded with wonder the kindness and cheerfulness of the rude men of the mountains and the jungle, and their utter honesty in word and deed. Thus Sir Walter Elliot mentions a low poor tribe of South India, whom the farmers employ to guard their fields, well knowing that they would starve rather than steal the grain in their charge; and they are so truthful that their word is taken at once in disputes even with their richer neighbours, for people say "a Kurubar always speaks the truth." Of course these accounts of Caribs and Papuans show them on the friendly side, while those who have fought with them call them monsters of ferocity and treachery. But cruelty and cunning in war seem to them right and praiseworthy; and what we are here looking at is their home peace-life. It is clear that low barbarians may live among themselves under a fairly high moral standard, and this is the more instructive because it shows

what may be called natural morality. Among them religion, mostly concerned with propitiating souls of ancestors and spirits of nature, has not the strong moral influence it exerts among higher nations; indeed their behaviour to their fellows is little affected by divine command or fear of divine punishment. It has more to do with their life being prosperous or miserable. When want or the miseries of war upset their well-being, they (like their betters) become more brutal and selfish in their ways, and moral habits are at all times low among the comfortless hordes of savages whose daily struggle for existence is too harsh for the gentler feelings to thrive. Moreover, there is this plain difference between low and high races of men, that the dull-minded barbarian has not power of thought enough to come up to the civilized man's best moral standard. The wild man of the forest, forgetful of yesterday and careless of tomorrow, lolling in his hammock when his wants are satisfied, has little of the play of memory and foresight which is ever unrolling before our minds the panorama of our own past and future life, and even sets us in thought in the places of our fellows, to partake of their lives and enter into their joys and sorrows. Much of the wrong-doing of the world comes from want of imagination. If the drunkard could see before him the misery of next year with something of the vividness of the present craving, it would overbalance it. Ofttimes in the hottest fury of anger, the sword has been sheathed by him across whose mind has flashed the prophetic picture of the women weeping round the blood-stained corpse. The lower races of men are so wanting in foresight to resist passion and temptation, that the moral balance of a tribe easily goes wrong, while they are rough and wantonly cruel through want of intelligent sympathy with the sufferings of others, much as children are cruel to animals through not being able to imagine what the creatures feel. What we now know of savage life will prevent our falling into the fancies of the philosophers of the last century, who set up the "noble savage" as an actual model of virtue to be imitated by civilized nations. But the reality is quite as instructive, that the laws of virtue and happiness may be found at work in simple forms among tribes who make hatchets of sharpened stones and rub sticks together to kindle fire. Their life, seen at its best, shows with unusual clearness the great principle of moral science, that morality and happiness belong together—in fact that morality is the method of happiness.

FELIX ADLER

THIS PLEASANT passage from *Felix Adler's Moral Education of Children* (1892), one of the most widely read volumes in Appleton's International Education Series, is characteristic of the author's approach to his subject, his sympathy and practical understanding. It is part of his discussion of the "Primary Course," and he deals in similar fashion with Fables, Stories from the Bible, and the Iliad and Odyssey. In later chapters he considers the problem of the child's acquisition of an awareness of Duties, filial and fraternal, towards all men as individuals (justice and charity), and to Society.

The Use of Fairy Tales

IN SPEAKING OF fairy tales I have in mind chiefly the German *Märchen*, of which the word fairy tale is but an inaccurate rendering. The *Märchen* are more than mere tales of helpful fairies. They have, as is well-known, a mythological background. They still bear distinct traces of ancient animism, and the myths which center about the phenomena of the storm, the battle of the sun with the clouds, the struggle of the fair spring god with the dark winter demons, are in them leading themes. But what originally was the outgrowth of superstition has now, to a great extent at least, been purified of its dross and converted into mere poetry. The *Märchen* come to us from a time when the world was young. They represent the childhood of mankind, and it is for this reason that they never cease to appeal to children. The *Märchen* have a subtle flavor all their own. They are pervaded by the poetry of forest life, are full of the sense of mystery and awe, which is apt to overcome one on penetrating deeper and deeper into the woods, away from human habitations. The *Märchen* deal with the underground life of nature, which weaves in caverns and in the heart of mountains, where gnomes and dwarfs are at work gathering hidden treasures. And with this underground life children have a marvelous sympathy. The *Märchen* present glowing pictures of sheltered firesides, where man finds rest and security from howling winds and nipping cold. But perhaps their chief attraction is due to their representing the child as living in brotherly fellowship with nature and all creatures. Trees, flowers, animals wild and tame, even the stars, are repre-

sented as the comrades of children. That animals are only human beings in disguise is an axiom in fairy tales. Animals are humanized —i.e., the kinship between animal and human life is still strongly felt, and this reminds us of those early animistic interpretations of nature, which subsequently led to doctrines of metempsychosis. Plants, too, are often represented as incarnations of human spirits. Thus the twelve lilies are inhabited by the twelve brothers, and in the story of Snow-white and Rose-red the life of the two maidens appears to be bound up with the life of the white and red rose-bush. The kinship of all life whatsoever is still realized. This being so, it is not surprising that men should understand the language of animals, and that these should interfere to protect the heroes and heroines of the *Märchen* from threatened dangers. In the story of the faithful servant John, the three ravens flying above the ship reveal the secret of the red horse, the sulphurous shirt, and the three drops of blood, and John, who understands their communications, is thereby enabled to save his master's life. What, again, can be more beautiful than the way in which the tree and the two white doves co-operate to secure the happiness of the injured Cinderella! The tree rains down the golden dresses with which she appears at the ball, and the doves continue to warn the prince as he rides by that he has chosen the wrong bride until Cinderella herself passes, when they light on her shoulders, one on her right and the other on her left, making, perhaps, the loveliest picture to be found in all fairy lore. The child still lives in unbroken communion with the whole of nature; the harmony between its own life and the enveloping life has not yet been disturbed, and it is this harmony of the human with the natural world that reflects itself in the atmosphere of the *Märchen*, and makes them so admirably suited to satisfy the heart of childhood.

ANDREW D. WHITE

ANDREW D. WHITE's *History of the Warfare of Science with Theology*, a great and influential book, was published by D. Appleton and Company in 1896. The noble Preface, part of which is here reprinted, was written in St. Petersburg in 1894 when White was the Minister of the United States to Russia.

The Barrier and the Flood

MY BOOK is ready for the printer, and as I begin this preface my eye lights upon the crowd of Russian peasants at work on the Neva under my windows. With pick and shovel they are letting the rays of the April sun into the great ice barrier which binds together the modern quays and the old granite fortress where lie the bones of the Romanoff Czars.

This barrier is already weakened; it is widely decayed, in many places thin, and everywhere treacherous; but it is, as a whole, so broad, so crystallized about old boulders, so imbedded in shallows, so wedged into crannies on either shore, that it is a great danger. The waters from thousands of swollen streamlets above are pressing behind it; wreckage and refuse are piling up against it; every one knows that it must yield. But there is a danger that it may resist the pressure too long and break suddenly, wrenching even the granite quays from their foundations, bringing desolation to a vast population, and leaving, after the subsidence of the flood, a widespread residue of slime, a fertile breeding-bed for the germs of disease.

But the patient *mujiks* are doing the right thing. The barrier, exposed more and more to the warmth of the spring by the scores of channels they are making, will break away gradually, and the river will flow on beneficent and beautiful.

My work in this book is like that of the Russian *mujik* on the Neva. I simply try to aid in letting the light of historical truth into that decaying mass of outworn thought which attaches the modern world to mediæval conceptions of Christianity, and which still lingers among us—a most serious barrier to religion and morals, and a menace to the whole normal evolution of society.

For behind this barrier also the flood is rapidly rising—the flood of increased knowledge and new thought; and this barrier also, though honeycombed and in many places thin, creates a danger—danger of a sudden breaking away, distressing and calamitous, sweeping before it not only outworn creeds and noxious dogmas, but cherished principles and ideals, and even wrenching out most precious religious and moral foundations of the whole social and political fabric.

My hope is to aid—even if it be but a little—in the gradual and healthful dissolving away of this mass of unreason, that the stream

of "religion pure and undefiled" may flow on broad and clear, a blessing to humanity. . . .

My conviction is that Science, though it has evidently conquered Dogmatic Theology based on biblical texts and ancient modes of thought, will go hand in hand with Religion; and that, although theological control will continue to diminish, Religion, as seen in the recognition of "a Power in the universe, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness," and in the love of God and our neighbor, will steadily grow stronger and stronger, not only in the American institutions of learning but in the world at large. Thus may the declaration of Micah as to the requirements of Jehovah, the definition of St. James of "pure religion and undefiled," and, above all, the precepts and ideals of the blessed Founder of Christianity himself, be brought to bear more and more effectively on mankind.

I close this preface some days after its first lines were written. The sun of spring has done its work on the Neva; the great river flows tranquilly on, a blessing and a joy; the *mujiks* are forgotten.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THEODORE ROOSEVELT *exemplified in his entire career and in all his writings his doctrine of the Strenuous Life. Nowhere is this more forcefully enunciated than in the address of that title delivered in Chicago on April 10, 1899. This famous pronouncement is here reprinted in part from The Strenuous Life: Essays and Addresses, published by The Century Company in 1901.*

The Strenuous Life

I WISH TO PREACH, not the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of the strenuous life, the life of toil and effort, of labor and strife; to preach that highest form of success which comes, not to the man who desires mere easy peace, but to the man who does not shrink from danger, from hardship, or from bitter toil, and who out of these wins the splendid ultimate triumph.

A life of slothful ease, a life of that peace which springs merely from lack either of desire or of power to strive after great things, is as little worthy of a nation as of an individual. I ask only that what every self-respecting American demands from himself and from his sons shall be demanded of the American nation as a whole. Who

among you would teach your boys that ease, that peace, is to be the first consideration in their eyes—to be the ultimate goal after which they strive? . . .

We do not admire the man of timid peace. We admire the man who embodies victorious effort; the man who never wrongs his neighbor, who is prompt to help a friend, but who has those virile qualities necessary to win in the stern strife of actual life. It is hard to fail, but it is worse never to have tried to succeed. In this life we get nothing save by effort. Freedom from effort in the present merely means that there has been stored up effort in the past. A man can be freed from the necessity of work only by the fact that he or his fathers before him have worked to good purpose. If the freedom thus purchased is used aright, and the man still does actual work, though of a different kind, whether as a writer or a general, whether in the field of politics or in the field of exploration and adventure, he shows he deserves his good fortune. But if he treats this period of freedom from the need of actual labor as a period, not of preparation, but of mere enjoyment, even though perhaps not of vicious enjoyment, he shows that he is simply a cumberer of the earth's surface, and he surely unfits himself to hold his own with his fellows if the need to do so should again arise. A mere life of ease is not in the end a very satisfactory life, and, above all, it is a life which ultimately unfits those who follow it for serious work in the world. . . .

As it is with the individual, so it is with the nation. It is a base untruth to say that happy is the nation that has no history. Thrice happy is the nation that has a glorious history. Far better it is to dare mighty things, to win glorious triumphs, even though checkered by failure, than to take rank with those poor spirits who neither enjoy much nor suffer much, because they live in the gray twilight that knows not victory nor defeat. If in 1861 the men who loved the Union had believed that peace was the end of all things, and war and strife the worst of all things, and had acted up to their belief, we would have saved hundreds of thousands of lives, we would have saved hundreds of millions of dollars. Moreover, besides saving all the blood and treasure we then lavished, we would have prevented the heartbreak of many women, the dissolution of many homes, and we would have spared the country those months of gloom and shame when it seemed as if our armies marched only to defeat. We could have avoided all this suffering simply by

shrinking from strife. And if we had thus avoided it, we would have shown that we were weaklings, and that we were unfit to stand among the great nations of the earth. Thank God for the iron in the blood of our fathers, the men who upheld the wisdom of Lincoln, and bore sword or rifle in the armies of Grant! Let us, the children of the men who proved themselves equal to the mighty days, let us, the children of the men who carried the great Civil War to a triumphant conclusion, praise the God of our fathers that the ignoble counsels of peace were rejected; that the suffering and loss, the blackness of sorrow and despair, were unflinchingly faced, and the years of strife endured; for in the end the slave was freed, the Union restored, and the mighty American republic placed once more as a helmeted queen among nations. . . .

We cannot sit huddled within our own borders and avow ourselves merely an assemblage of well-to-do hucksters who care nothing for what happens beyond. Such a policy would defeat even its own end; for as the nations grow to have ever wider and wider interests, and we are brought into closer and closer contacts, if we are to hold our own in the struggle for naval and commercial supremacy, we must build up our power without our own borders. We must build the isthmian canal, and we must grasp the points of vantage which will enable us to have our say in deciding the destiny of the oceans of the East and the West. . . .

Because we set our own household in order we are not thereby excused from playing our part in the great affairs of the world. A man's first duty is to his own home, but he is not thereby excused from doing his duty to the State; for if he fails in this second duty it is under the penalty of ceasing to be a free man. In the same way, while a nation's first duty is within its own borders, it is not thereby absolved from facing its duties in the world as a whole; and if it refuses to do so, it merely forfeits its right to struggle for a place among the peoples that shape the destiny of mankind. . . .

I preach to you, then, my countrymen, that our country calls not for the life of ease but for the life of strenuous endeavor. The twentieth century looms before us big with the fate of many nations. If we stand idly by, if we seek merely swollen, slothful ease and ignoble peace, if we shrink from the hard contests where men must win at hazard of their lives and at the risk of all they hold dear, then the bolder and stronger peoples will pass us by, and will win for themselves the domination of the world. Let us therefore

boldly face the life of strife, resolute to do our duty well and manfully; resolute to uphold righteousness by deed and word; resolute to be both honest and brave, to serve high ideals, yet to use practical methods. Above all, let us shrink from no strife, moral or physical, within or without the nation, provided we are certain that the strife is justified, for it is only through strife, through hard and dangerous endeavor, that we shall ultimately win the goal of true national greatness.

CARL L. BECKER

CARL L. BECKER'S *Everyman His Own Historian: Essays on History and Politics* was published by F. S. Crofts and Company in 1935. The passage here reprinted is an example of the wit, common sense, and light irony of the distinguished Cornell historian.

Voting Intelligently

TAMMANY IS IN fact no more corrupt than the Republican or the Democratic party machine. They all function in the same way and for the same purposes. They may not be provided for in the Constitution, but they are provided for in the nature of man. They are at all events a normal part of the mechanism of government, as normal as the House of Representatives. It may be "wrong" for interested groups to seek and obtain favors from government, but there it is; they do and always have done. In the eighteenth century there was government of the people, by the king, for the nobles and the rich. In the twentieth century there is government of the people, by the politicians, for whatever groups are strong enough to get what they want. The selfish propensities of men remain constant, as Lord Bryce says, it is only the channels through which these selfish propensities flow that change.

The reverse side of this fiction is that all loyal citizens, since they all derive the same benefits from government, take an active and intelligent interest in politics. The fact is that some citizens derive much greater benefits from government than others, and consequently take a far more lively and a far more intelligent interest in it. Many big business men retain high-priced attorneys to keep them inside the law; many bootleggers retain low-priced enforcement agents to keep them outside of it. Such citizens take an intel-

ligent interest in politics because they are constantly in need of those social adjustments which can be effected only through the aid of government or by side-stepping its restraining hand. But there are many millions of loyal and intelligent citizens whose real concern with government is limited to paying taxes in return for reasonable protection to life and property. Their occupations are such that they neither need the special aid of government nor fear its intervention. I am one of these. Yet I am told that it is my duty to read daily all the news that's fit to print so that I may vote intelligently.

Well, I do read the *Times*, not every day but now and then. And I do vote, usually. But intelligently? That's a large order. In forty years I have voted eight times for a president of the United States. In each case, unless I wished to "throw away my vote," I had to choose between two candidates. To make a choice was not difficult, but to make an intelligent choice was impossible, since both candidates stood for the same things—progress and prosperity, higher wages and higher profits but lower taxes, the preservation of the inherent rights of the individual and at the same time the maintenance of equal opportunity for all. So I usually flipped a penny and voted. I am unfortunately one of those who have no special interests to be attended to. Twice only, in forty years, I made what seemed at the time an intelligent choice. The first occasion was in 1896, when I helped to save the country (I was young then) by voting for "sound" money. The second was many years later, in 1920 I think, when Debs was running. It seemed to me that the position of Debs was distinctly different from that of any of the others. Therefore I voted for Debs, not because he was a Socialist, but because he was in jail. If one of the others had been in jail I should have had the same difficulty in making a choice that I usually have when all are free. But that was an exceptional case. Such opportunities to vote intelligently are unfortunately rare.

In all seriousness, looking back over this forty years after all the hurrah and hokum is past, I ask what difference it could have made to me which party won. Obviously it was of vital importance to many people that the Republicans should have the offices, to many others that the Democrats should have them. But to me, and to millions of others, it really made no difference at all.

I don't mean to say that government is of no importance. Government is undoubtedly the most important of all the associations of

EDWARD BELLAMY

men that compete and bargain for power. But the elections did not decide whether there should be government or no government; they decided only whether the government should be directed by the Democratic or the Republican political machine. Our property, our lives, and our sacred honor would be as safe under one as under the other. The President, whether Democrat or Republican, would make false prophecies, and promises which he could not keep. Congress would in any case enact many statutes, some of which would be obviously necessary, some designed to solve the "agricultural problem" by lowering the tariff on commodities rarely imported, others to raise the standard of living for American labor by bolstering the cost of the things laboring men buy. Mr. Wilson could not keep us out of war; Mr. Hughes would not have tried to. Maybe the Democrats wouldn't have busted the trusts or bludgeoned their way through the Isthmus of Panama. Maybe the Republicans wouldn't have established the Federal Reserve System. But this much is certain: that marvelous and unanticipated development of technology which so largely shapes the external conditions of life, which saves us so much time and leaves us so little leisure, which so greatly increases the wealth produced and the number of men seeking jobs in vain, which so multiplies our opportunities and diversifies our interests and dulls our enthusiasms—this development would neither have been accelerated nor retarded nor diverted by a hair's breadth even if the Democrats had always won, even if the Republicans had never lost.

EDWARD BELLAMY

EDWARD BELLAMY's *famous Looking Backwards* (not an Appleton book) was written on a small scale and the author "was not able to get into it all [he] wished to say on the subject." Consequently he wrote the sequel, *Equality*, which Appleton published in 1897. It has the same framework as its predecessor; the date is A.D. 2000, and it has to do with the thoughts and experiences of Julian West, who, having been hypnotized in 1887, awoke 113 years afterwards. In our excerpt Julian West is being informed of some of the consequences of the Social Revolution.

The Rejuvenated Nation

THE DIFFICULTY under the profit system had been to avoid producing too much; the difficulty under the equal sharing system was how to produce enough. The smallness of demand had before limited supply, but supply had now set to it an unlimited task. Under private capitalism demand had been a dwarf and lame at that, and yet this cripple had been pace-maker for the giant production. National co-operation had put wings on the dwarf and shod the cripple with Mercury's sandals. Henceforth the giant would need all his strength, all his thews of steel and sinews of brass even, to keep him in sight as he flitted on before.

It would be difficult to give you an idea of the tremendous burst of industrial energy with which the rejuvenated nation on the morrow of the Revolution threw itself into the task of uplifting the welfare of all classes to a level where the former rich man might find in sharing the common lot nothing to regret. Nothing like the Titanic achievement by which this result was effected had ever before been known in human history, and nothing like it seems likely ever to occur again. In the past there had not been work enough for the people. Millions, some rich, some poor, some willingly, some unwillingly, had always been idle, and not only that, but half the work that was done was wasted in competition or in producing luxuries to gratify the secondary wants of the few, while yet the primary wants of the mass remained unsatisfied. Idle machinery equal to the power of other millions of men, idle land, idle capital of every sort, mocked the need of the people. Now, all at once there were not hands enough in the country, wheels enough in the machinery, power enough in steam and electricity, hours enough in the day, days enough in the week, for the vast task of preparing the basis of a comfortable existence for all. For not until all were well-to-do, well housed, well clothed, well fed, might any be so under the new order of things.

It is said that in the first full year after the new order was established the total product of the country was tripled, and in the second the first year's product was doubled, and every bit of it consumed.

While, of course, the improvement in the material welfare of the nation was the most notable feature in the first years after the

Revolution, simply because it was the place at which any improvement must begin, yet the ennobling and softening of manners and the growth of geniality in social intercourse are said to have been changes scarcely less notable. While the class differences inherited from the former order in point of habits, education, and culture must, of course, continue to mark and in a measure separate the members of the generation then on the stage, yet the certain knowledge that the basis of these differences had passed away forever, and that the children of all would mingle not only upon terms of economic equality, but of moral, intellectual, and social sympathy, and entire community of interest, seems to have had a strong anticipatory influence in bringing together in a sentiment of essential brotherhood those who were too far on in life to expect to see the full promise of the Revolution realized.

One other matter is worth speaking of, and that is the effect almost at once of the universal and abounding material prosperity which the nation had entered on to make the people forget all about the importance they had so lately attached to petty differences in pay and wages and salary. In the old days of general poverty, when a sufficiency was so hard to come by, a difference in wages of fifty cents or a dollar had seemed so great to the artisan that it was hard for him to accept the idea of an economic equality in which such important distinctions should disappear. It was quite natural that it should be so. Men fight for crusts when they are starving, but they do not quarrel over bread at a banquet table. Somewhat so it befell when in the years after the Revolution material abundance and all the comforts of life came to be a matter of course for every one, and storing for the future was needless. Then it was that the hunger motive died out of human nature and covetousness as to material things, mocked to death by abundance, perished by atrophy, and the motives of the modern worker, the love of honor, the joy of beneficence, the delight of achievement, and the enthusiasm of humanity, became the impulses of the economic world. Labor was glorified, and the cringing wage-slave of the nineteenth century stood forth transfigured as the knight of humanity.

FICTION

FRANK R. STOCKTON

THE SUBJECT OF *Rudder Grange* was suggested to Frank R. Stockton by the sight of people living on an old, flat-bottomed barge along the water-front of New York. At first it seemed to offer material for nothing more than a couple of incidents. These were published in *Scribner's Monthly* in 1874-5. In the second anecdote ("*The Girl at Rudder Grange*") Pomona, the servant-girl, made her appearance. We reprint part of that episode. Everybody has read Stockton's *The Lady or the Tiger?* which appeared in the *Century* in November, 1882, but the sequel, *The Discourager of Hesitancy*, is not so well known. All over the country people debated the problem whether, when the suitor opened the door, the lady or the tiger stepped into the arena; but it is not in the record that there was a similar lively discussion of the problem whether the bride was the girl who smiled or the girl who frowned. Our readers may like to consider this question.

Pomona

THE ONE THING about Pomona that troubled me more than anything else was her taste for literature. It was not literature to which I objected, but her very peculiar taste. She would read in the kitchen every night after she had washed the dishes, but if she had not read aloud, it would not have made so much difference to me. But I am naturally very sensitive to external impressions, and I do not like the company of people who, like our girl, cannot read without pronouncing in a measured and distinct voice every word of what they are reading. And when the matter thus read appeals to one's every sentiment of aversion, and there is no way of escaping it, the case is hard indeed.

From the first, I felt inclined to order Pomona, if she could not attain the power of silent perusal, to cease from reading altogether; but Euphemia would not hear to this.

"Poor thing!" said she; "it would be cruel to take from her her only recreation. And she says she can't read any other way. You needn't listen if you don't want to."

That was all very well in an abstract point of view; but the fact was, that in practice, the more I didn't want to listen, the more I heard.

As the evenings were often cool, we sat in our dining-room, and the partition between this room and the kitchen seemed to have no influence whatever in arresting sound. So that when I was trying to read or to reflect, it was by no means exhilarating to my mind to hear from the next room that:

"The la dy ce sel i a now si zed the weep on and all though the boor ly vil ly an re tain ed his vy gor ous hold she drew the blade through his fin gers and hoorl ed it far be hind her dryp ping with jore."

This sort of thing, kept up for an hour or so at a time, used to drive me nearly wild. But Euphemia didn't mind it. I believe that she had so delicate a sense of what was proper, that she did not hear Pomona's private readings.

On one occasion, even Euphemia's influence could scarcely restrain me from violent interference.

It was our boarder's night out (when he was detained in town by his business), and Pomona was sitting up to let him in. This was necessary, for our front-door (or main-hatchway) had no night-latch, but was fastened by means of a bolt. Euphemia and I used to sit up for him, but that was earlier in the season, when it was pleasant to be out on deck until quite a late hour. But Pomona never objected to sitting (or getting) up late, and so we allowed this weekly duty to devolve on her.

On this particular night I was very tired and sleepy, and soon after I got into bed I dropped into a delightful slumber. But it was not long before I was awakened by the fact that:

"Sa rah did not fl inch but gras ped the heat ed i ron in her un in jur ed hand and when the ra bid an i mal a proach ed she thr ust the lur id po ker in his —"

"My conscience!" said I to Euphemia, "can't that girl be stopped?"

"You wouldn't have her sit there and do nothing, would you?" said she.

"No; but she needn't read out that way."

"She can't read any other way," said Euphemia, drowsily.

"Yell af ter yell res oun ded as he wil dly spr rang—"

"I can't stand that, and I won't," said I. "Why don't she go into the kitchen?—the dining-room's no place for her."

"She can't sit there," said Euphemia. "There's a window-pane out. Can't you cover up your head?"

"I can't breathe if I do; but I suppose that's no matter," I replied. The reading continued.

"Ha, ha! Lord Mar mont thun der ed thou too shalt suf fer all that this poor—"

I sprang out of bed.

Euphemia thought I was going for my pistol, and she gave one bound and stuck her head out of the door.

"Pomona, fly!" she cried.

"Yes, sma'am," said Pomona; and she got up and flew—not very fast, I imagine. Where she flew to I don't know, but she took the lamp with her, and I could hear distant syllables of agony and blood, until the boarder came home and Pomona went to bed.

I think that this made an impression upon Euphemia, for, although she did not speak to me upon the subject (or any other) that night, the next time I heard Pomona reading, the words ran somewhat thus:

"The as ton ish ing cheap ness of land is ac count ed for by the want of home mar kets, of good ro ads and che ap me ans of trans por ta tion in ma ny sec ti ons of the State."

I have spoken of my pistol. During the early part of our residence at Rudder Grange I never thought of such a thing as owning a pistol.

But it was different now. I kept a Colt's revolver loaded in the bureau drawer in our bedroom.

The cause of this change was burglars. Not that any of these unpleasant persons had visited us, but we much feared they would. Several houses in the vicinity had been entered during the past month, and we could never tell when our turn would come.

To be sure, our boarder suggested that if we were to anchor out a little further at night, no burglar would risk catching his death of cold by swimming out to us; but Euphemia having replied that it would be rather difficult to move a canal-boat every night without paddle-wheels, or sails, or mules, especially if it were aground, this plan was considered to be effectually disposed of.

So we made up our minds that we must fasten up everything very securely, and I bought a pistol and two burglar-alarms. One of these I affixed to the most exposed window, and the other to the door which opened on the deck. These alarms were very simple affairs,

but they were good enough. When they were properly attached to a window or door, and it was opened, a little gong sounded like a violently deranged clock, striking all the minutes of the day at once.

The window did not trouble us much, but it was rather irksome to have to make the attachment to the door every night and to take it off every morning. However, as Euphemia said, it was better to take a little trouble than to have the house full of burglars, which was true enough.

We made all the necessary arrangements in case burglars should make an inroad upon us. At the first sound of the alarm, Euphemia and the girl were to lie flat on the floor or get under their beds. Then the boarder and I were to stand up, back to back, each with pistol in hand, and fire away, revolving on a common center the while. In this way, by aiming horizontally at about four feet from the floor, we could rake the premises, and run no risk of shooting each other or the women of the family.

To be sure, there were some slight objections to this plan. The boarder's room was at some distance from ours, and he would probably not hear the alarm, and the burglars might not be willing to wait while I went forward and roused him up, and brought him to our part of the house. But this was a minor difficulty. I had no doubt but that, if it should be necessary, I could manage to get our boarder into position in plenty of time.

It was not very long before there was an opportunity of testing the plan.

About twelve o'clock one night one of the alarms (that on the kitchen window) went off with a whirr and a wild succession of clangs. For a moment I thought the morning train had arrived, and then I woke up. Euphemia was already under the bed.

I hurried on a few clothes, and then I tried to find the bureau in the dark. This was not easy, as I lost my bearings entirely. But I found it at last, got the top drawer open and took out my pistol. Then I slipped out of the room, hurried up the stairs, opened the door (setting off the alarm there, by the way), and ran along the deck (there was a cold night wind), and hastily descended the steep steps that led into the boarder's room. The door that was at the bottom of the steps was not fastened, and, as I opened it, a little stray moonlight illumined the room. I hastily stepped to the bed and

shook the boarder by the shoulder. He kept his pistol under his pillow.

In an instant he was on his feet, his hand grasped my throat, and the cold muzzle of his Derringer pistol was at my forehead. It was an awfully big muzzle, like the mouth of a bottle.

I don't know when I lived so long as during the first minute that he held me thus.

"Rascal!" he said. "Do as much as breathe, and I'll pull the trigger."

I didn't breathe.

I had an accident insurance on my life. Would it hold good in a case like this? Or would Euphemia have to go back to her father?

He pushed me back into the little patch of moonlight.

"Oh! is it you?" he said, relaxing his grasp. "What do you want? A mustard plaster?"

He had a package of patent plasters in his room. You took one and dipped it in hot water, and it was all ready.

"No," said I, gasping a little. "Burglars."

"Oh!" he said, and he put down his pistol and put on his clothes.

"Come along," he said, and away we went over the deck.

When we reached the stairs all was dark and quiet below.

It was a matter of hesitancy as to going down.

I started to go down first, but the boarder held me back.

"Let me go down," he said.

"No," said I. "My wife is there."

"That's the very reason you should not go," he said. "She is safe enough yet, and they would fire only at a man. It would be a bad job for her if you were killed. I'll go down."

So he went down, slowly and cautiously, his pistol in one hand, and his life in the other, as it were.

When he reached the bottom of the steps I changed my mind. I could not remain above while the burglar and Euphemia were below, so I followed.

The boarder was standing in the middle of the dining-room, into which the stairs led. I could not see him, but I put my hand against him as I was feeling my way across the floor.

I whispered to him:

"Shall we put our backs together and revolve and fire?"

"No," he whispered back, "not now; he may be on a shelf by this time, or under a table. Let's look him up."

I confess that I was not very anxious to look him up, but I followed the boarder, as he slowly made his way toward the kitchen door. As we opened the door we instinctively stopped.

The window was open, and by the light of the moon that shone in, we saw the rascal standing on a chair, leaning out of the window, evidently just ready to escape. Fortunately, we were unheard.

"Let's pull him in," whispered the boarder.

"No," I whispered in reply. "We don't want him in. Let's hoist him out."

"All right," returned the boarder.

We laid our pistols on the floor, and softly approached the window. Being barefooted, our steps were noiseless.

"Hoist when I count three," breathed the boarder into my ear.

We reached the chair. Each of us took hold of two of its legs.

"One—two—three!" said the boarder, and together we gave a tremendous lift and shot the wretch out of the window.

The tide was high, and there was a good deal of water around the boat. We heard a rousing splash outside.

Now there was no need of silence.

"Shall we run on deck and shoot him as he swims?" I cried.

"No," said the boarder, "we'll get the boat-hook, and jab him if he tries to climb up."

We rushed on deck. I seized the boat-hook and looked over the side. But I saw no one.

"He's gone to the bottom!" I exclaimed.

"He didn't go very far then," said the boarder, "for it's not more than two feet deep there."

Just then our attention was attracted by a voice from the shore.

"Will you please let down the gang-plank?"

We looked ashore and there stood Pomona, dripping from every pore.

We spoke no words, but lowered the gang-plank.

She came aboard.

"Good night!" said the boarder, and he went to bed.

"Pomona!" said I, "what have you been doing?"

"I was a lookin' at the moon, sir, when pop! the chair bounced, and out I went."

"You shouldn't do that," I said, sternly. "Some day you'll be drowned. Take off your wet things and go to bed."

"Yes, sma'am—sir, I mean," said she, and she went down-stairs.

When I reached my room I lighted the lamp, and found Euphemia still under the bed.

"Is it all right?" she asked.

"Yes," I answered. "There was no burglar. Pomona fell out of the window."

"Did you get her a plaster?" asked Euphemia, drowsily.

"No, she did not need one. She's all right now. Were you worried about me, dear?"

"No, I trusted in you entirely, and I think I dozed a little under the bed."

In one minute she was asleep.

The boarder and I did not make this matter a subject of conversation afterward, but Euphemia gave the girl a lecture on her careless ways, and made her take several Dover's powders the next day.

The Discourager of Hesitancy

A Continuation of "The Lady, Or The Tiger?"

IT WAS NEARLY a year after the occurrence of that event in the arena of the semi-barbaric King known as the incident of the lady or the tiger that there came to the palace of this monarch a deputation of five strangers from a far country. These men, of venerable and dignified aspect and demeanor, were received by a high officer of the court, and to him they made known their errand.

"Most noble officer," said the speaker of the deputation, "it so happened that one of our countrymen was present here, in your capital city, on that momentous occasion when a young man who had dared to aspire to the hand of your King's daughter had been placed in the arena, in the midst of the assembled multitude, and ordered to open one of two doors, not knowing whether a ferocious tiger would spring out upon him, or a beauteous lady would advance, ready to become his bride. Our fellow-citizen who was then present was a man of super-sensitive feelings, and at the moment when the youth was about to open the door he was so fearful lest he should behold a horrible spectacle, that his nerves failed him, and he fled precipitately from the arena, and mounting his camel rode homeward as fast as he could go.

"We were all very much interested in the story which our countryman told us, and we were extremely sorry that he did not wait

to see the end of the affair. We hoped, however, that in a few weeks some traveler from your city would come among us and bring us further news; but up to the day when we left our country, no such traveler had arrived. At last it was determined that the only thing to be done was to send a deputation to this country, and to ask the question: 'Which came out of the open door, the lady, or the tiger?'"

When the high officer had heard the mission of this most respectable deputation, he led the five strangers into an inner room, where they were seated upon soft cushions, and where he ordered coffee, pipes, sherbet, and other semi-barbaric refreshments to be served to them. Then, taking his seat before them, he thus addressed the visitors:

"Most noble strangers, before answering the question you have come so far to ask, I will relate to you an incident which occurred not very long after that to which you have referred. It is well known in all regions hereabouts that our great King is very fond of the presence of beautiful women about his court. All the ladies-in-waiting upon the Queen and Royal Family are most lovely maidens, brought here from every part of the kingdom. The fame of this concourse of beauty, unequaled in any other royal court, has spread far and wide; and had it not been for the equally wide-spread fame of the systems of impetuous justice adopted by our King, many foreigners would doubtless have visited our court.

"But not very long ago there arrived here from a distant land a prince of distinguished appearance and undoubted rank. To such an one, of course, a royal audience was granted, and our King met him very graciously, and begged him to make known the object of his visit. Thereupon the Prince informed his Royal Highness that, having heard of the superior beauty of the ladies of his court, he had come to ask permission to make one of them his wife.

"When our King heard this bold announcement, his face reddened, he turned uneasily on his throne, and we were all in dread lest some quick words of furious condemnation should leap from out his quivering lips. But by a mighty effort he controlled himself; and after a moment's silence he turned to the Prince, and said: 'Your request is granted. To-morrow at noon you shall wed one of the fairest damsels of our court.' Then turning to his officers, he said: 'Give orders that everything be prepared for a wedding in this palace at high noon to-morrow. Convey this royal Prince to

suitable apartments. Send to him tailors, boot-makers, hatters, jewelers, armorers; men of every craft, whose services he may need. Whatever he asks, provide. And let all be ready for the ceremony to-morrow.'

"'But, your Majesty,' exclaimed the Prince, 'before we make these preparations, I would like—'

"'Say no more!' roared the King. 'My royal orders have been given, and nothing more is needed to be said. You asked a boon; I granted it; and I will hear no more on the subject. Farewell, my Prince, until to-morrow noon.'

"At this the King arose, and left the audience chamber, while the Prince was hurried away to the apartments selected for him. And here came to him tailors, hatters, jewelers, and every one who was needed to fit him out in grand attire for the wedding. But the mind of the Prince was much troubled and perplexed.

"'I do not understand,' he said to his attendants, 'this precipitancy of action. When am I to see the ladies, that I may choose among them? I wish opportunity, not only to gaze upon their forms and faces, but to become acquainted with their relative intellectual development.'

"'We can tell you nothing,' was the answer. 'What our King thinks right, that will he do. And more than this we know not.'

"'His Majesty's notions seem to be very peculiar,' said the Prince, 'and, so far as I can see, they do not at all agree with mine.'

"At that moment an attendant whom the Prince had not noticed before came and stood beside him. This was a broad-shouldered man of cheery aspect, who carried, its hilt in his right hand, and its broad back resting on his broad arm, an enormous scimitar, the upturned edge of which was keen and bright as any razor. Holding this formidable weapon as tenderly as though it had been a sleeping infant, this man drew closer to the Prince and bowed.

"'Who are you?' exclaimed his Highness, starting back at the sight of the frightful weapon.

"'I,' said the other, with a courteous smile, 'am the Discourager of Hesitancy. When our King makes known his wishes to any one, a subject or visitor, whose disposition in some little points may be supposed not to wholly coincide with that of his Majesty, I am appointed to attend him closely, that, should he think of pausing in the path of obedience to the royal will, he may look at me, and proceed.'

"The Prince looked at him, and proceeded to be measured for a coat.

"The tailors and shoemakers and hatters worked all night; and the next morning, when everything was ready, and the hour of noon was drawing nigh, the Prince again anxiously inquired of his attendants when he might expect to be introduced to the ladies.

"The King will attend to that,' they said. 'We know nothing of the matter.'

"Your Highness,' said the Discourager of Hesitancy, approaching with a courtly bow, 'will observe the excellent quality of this edge.' And drawing a hair from his head, he dropped it upon the upturned edge of his scimiter, upon which it was cut in two at the moment of touching.

"The Prince glanced and turned upon his heel.

"Now came officers to conduct him to the grand hall of the palace, in which the ceremony was to be performed. Here the Prince found the King seated on the throne, with his nobles, his courtiers, and his officers standing about him in magnificent array. The Prince was led to a position in front of the King, to whom he made obeisance, and then said:

"Your Majesty, before I proceed further—'

"At this moment an attendant, who had approached with a long scarf of delicate silk, wound it about the lower part of the Prince's face so quickly and adroitly that he was obliged to cease speaking. Then, with wonderful dexterity, the rest of the scarf was wound around the Prince's head, so that he was completely blindfolded. Thereupon the attendant quickly made openings in the scarf over the mouth and ears, so that the Prince might breathe and hear; and fastening the ends of the scarf securely, he retired.

"The first impulse of the Prince was to snatch the silken folds from his head and face; but as he raised his hands to do so, he heard beside him the voice of the Discourager of Hesitancy, who gently whispered: 'I am here, your Highness.' And, with a shudder, the arms of the Prince fell down by his side.

"Now before him he heard the voice of a priest, who had begun the marriage service in use in that semi-barbaric country. At his side he could hear a delicate rustle, which seemed to proceed from fabrics of soft silk. Gently putting forth his hand, he felt folds of such silk close beside him. Then came the voice of the priest requesting him to take the hand of the lady by his side; and reaching

forth his right hand, the Prince received within it another hand so small, so soft, so delicately fashioned, and so delightful to the touch, that a thrill went through his being. Then, as was the custom of the country, the priest first asked the lady would she have this man to be her husband. To which the answer gently came in the sweetest voice he ever heard: 'I will.'

"Then ran raptures rampant through the Prince's blood. The touch, the tone, enchanted him. All the ladies of that court were beautiful; the Discourager was behind him; and through his parted scarf he boldly answered: 'Yes, I will.'

"Whereupon the priest pronounced them man and wife.

"Now the Prince heard a little bustle about him; the long scarf was rapidly unrolled from his head; and he turned, with a start, to gaze upon his bride. To his utter amazement, there was no one there. He stood alone. Unable on the instant to ask a question or say a word, he gazed blankly about him.

"Then the King arose from his throne, and came down, and took him by the hand.

"'Where is my wife?' gasped the Prince.

"'She is here,' said the King, leading him to a curtained doorway at the side of the hall.

"The curtains were drawn aside, and the Prince, entering, found himself in a long apartment, near the opposite wall of which stood a line of forty ladies, all dressed in rich attire, and each one apparently more beautiful than the rest.

"Waving his hand towards the line, the King said to the Prince: 'There is your bride! Approach, and lead her forth! But, remember this: that if you attempt to take away one of the unmarried damsels of our court, your execution shall be instantaneous. Now, delay no longer. Step up and take your bride.'

"The Prince, as in a dream, walked slowly along the line of ladies, and then walked slowly back again. Nothing could he see about any one of them to indicate that she was more of a bride than the others. Their dresses were all similar; they all blushed; they all looked up, and then looked down. They all had charming little hands. Not one spoke a word. Not one lifted a finger to make a sign. It was evident that the orders given them had been very strict.

"'Why this delay?' roared the King. 'If I had been married this day to one so fair as the lady who wedded you, I should not wait one second to claim her.'

"The bewildered Prince walked again up and down the line. And this time there was a slight change in the countenances of two of the ladies. One of them among the fairest gently smiled as he passed her. Another, just as beautiful, slightly frowned.

"Now," said the Prince to himself, 'I am sure that it is one of those two ladies whom I have married. But which? One smiled. And would not any woman smile when she saw, in such a case, her husband coming towards her? But, then, were she not his bride, would she not smile with satisfaction to think he had not selected her, and that she had not led him to an untimely doom? But then, on the other hand, would not any woman frown when she saw her husband come towards her and fail to claim her? Would she not knit her lovely brows? And would she not inwardly say, "It is I! Don't you know it? Don't you feel it? Come!" But if this woman had not been married, would she not frown when she saw the man looking at her? Would she not say to herself, "Don't stop at me! It is the next but one. It is two ladies above. Go on!" And then again, the one who married me did not see my face. Would she not smile if she thought me comely? While if I wedded the one who frowned, could she restrain her disapprobation if she did not like me? Smiles invite the approach of true love. A frown is a reproach to a tardy advance. A smile—'

"Now, hear me!' loud cried the King. 'In ten seconds, if you do not take the lady we have given you, she, who has just been made your bride, shall be your widow.'

"And, as the last word was uttered, the Discourager of Hesitancy stepped close behind the Prince, and whispered: 'I am here!'

"Now the Prince could not hesitate an instant; and he stepped forward and took one of the two ladies by the hand.

"Loud rang the bells; loud cheered the people; and the King came forward to congratulate the Prince. He had taken his lawful bride.

"Now then," said the high officer to the deputation of five strangers from a far country, "when you can decide among yourselves which lady the Prince chose, the one who smiled or the one who frowned, then will I tell you which came out of the opened door, the lady or the tiger!"

At the latest accounts the five strangers had not yet decided.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

A STORY OF THE WAR *was published in* Uncle Remus: His Songs and His Sayings (Appleton, 1880). *Like Page's* Marse Chan *it pictures the devotion of a slave to his master—a theme of which these Southern writers did not tire. Unembittered by the ruthlessness of Reconstruction, Joel Chandler Harris employed his kindly talent to further the slow process of reconciliation between North and South. This charitable spirit breathes through many of his writings, nowhere more delightfully than in this touching tale. Uncle Remus and the Savannah Darkey appeared in the same volume. Harris's love was for the up-state Negroes of the cotton-growing plantations of Middle Georgia rather than for the rice-growers of the seaboard, as is evinced in this amusing encounter.*

A Story of the War

WHEN MISS Theodosia Huntingdon, of Burlington, Vermont, concluded to come South in 1870, she was moved by three considerations. In the first place, her brother, John Huntingdon, had become a citizen of Georgia—having astonished his acquaintances by marrying a young lady, the male members of whose family had achieved considerable distinction in the Confederate army; in the second place, she was anxious to explore a region which she almost unconsciously pictured to herself as remote and semi-barbarous; and, in the third place, her friends had persuaded her that to some extent she was an invalid. It was in vain that she argued with herself as to the propriety of undertaking the journey alone and unprotected, and she finally put an end to inward and outward doubts by informing herself and her friends, including John Huntingdon, her brother, who was practicing law in Atlanta, that she had decided to visit the South.

When, therefore, on the 12th of October, 1870—the date is duly recorded in one of Miss Theodosia's letters—she alighted from the cars in Atlanta, in the midst of a great crowd, she fully expected to find her brother waiting to receive her. The bells of several locomotives were ringing, a number of trains were moving in and out, and the porters and baggage-men were screaming and bawling to such an extent that for several moments Miss Huntingdon was con-

siderably confused; so much so that she paused in the hope that her brother would suddenly appear and rescue her from the smoke, and dust, and din. At that moment some one touched her on the arm, and she heard a strong, half-confident, half-apologetic voice exclaim:

"Ain't dish yer Miss Doshy?"

Turning, Miss Theodosia saw at her side a tall, gray-haired negro. Elaborating the incident afterward to her friends, she was pleased to say that the appearance of the old man was somewhat picturesque. He stood towering above her, his hat in one hand, a carriage-whip in the other, and an expectant smile lighting up his rugged face. She remembered a name her brother had often used in his letters, and, with a woman's tact, she held out her hand, and said:

"Is this Uncle Remus?"

"Law, Miss Doshy! how you know de ole nigger? I know'd you by de faver; but how you know me?" And then, without waiting for a reply: "Miss Sally, she sick in bed, en Mars John, he bleedzd ter go in de country, en dey tuck'n sont me. I know'd you de minnit I laid eyes on you. Time I seed you, I say ter myse'f, 'I lay dar's Miss Doshy,' en, sho nuff, dar you wuz. You ain't gun up yo' checks, is you? Kaze I'll get de trunk sont up by de 'spress waggin."

The next moment Uncle Remus was elbowing his way unceremoniously through the crowd, and in a very short time, seated in the carriage driven by the old man, Miss Huntingdon was whirling through the streets of Atlanta in the direction of her brother's home. She took advantage of the opportunity to study the old negro's face closely, her natural curiosity considerably sharpened by a knowledge of the fact that Uncle Remus had played an important part in her brother's history. The result of her observation must have been satisfactory, for presently she laughed, and said:

"Uncle Remus, you haven't told me how you knew me in that great crowd."

The old man chuckled, and gave the horses a gentle rap with the whip.

"Who? Me! I know'd you by de faver. Dat boy er Mars John's is de ve'y spit en immij un you. I'd a know'd you in New 'Leens, let 'lone down dar in de kyar-shed."

This was Miss Theodosia's introduction to Uncle Remus. One Sunday afternoon, a few weeks after her arrival, the family were assembled in the piazza enjoying the mild weather. Mr. Huntingdon

was reading a newspaper; his wife was crooning softly as she rocked the baby to sleep; and the little boy was endeavoring to show his Aunt Dosia the outlines of Kenesaw Mountain through the purple haze that hung like a wonderfully fashioned curtain in the sky and almost obliterated the horizon. While they were thus engaged, Uncle Remus came around the corner of the house, talking to himself.

"Dey er too lazy ter wuk," he was saying, "en dey specks hones' fokes fer ter stan' up en s'port um. I'm gwine down ter Putmon County whar Mars Jeems is—dat's w'at I'm agwine ter do."

"What's the matter now, Uncle Remus?" inquired Mr. Huntingdon, folding up his newspaper.

"Nuthin' 'tall, Mars John, 'ceppin deze yer sunshine niggers. Dey begs my terbacker, en borrys my tools, en steals my vittles, en hit's done come ter dat pass dat I gotter pack up en go. I'm agwine down ter Putmon, dat's w'at."

Uncle Remus was 'accustomed to make this threat several times a day, but upon this occasion it seemed to remind Mr. Huntingdon of something.

"Very well," he said, "I'll come around and help you pack up, but before you go I want you to tell Sister here how you went to war and fought for the Union.—Remus was a famous warrior," he continued, turning to Miss Theodosia; "he volunteered for one day, and commanded an army of one. You know the story, but you have never heard Remus's version."

Uncle Remus shuffled around in an awkward, embarrassed way, scratched his head, and looked uncomfortable.

"Miss Doshy ain't got no time fer ter set dar and year de ole nigger run on."

"Oh, yes, I have, Uncle Remus!" exclaimed the young lady; "plenty of time."

The upshot of it was that, after many ridiculous protests, Uncle Remus sat down on the steps, and proceeded to tell his story of the war. Miss Theodosia listened with great interest, but throughout it all she observed—and she was painfully conscious of the fact, as she afterward admitted—that Uncle Remus spoke from the standpoint of a Southerner, and with the air of one who expected his hearers to thoroughly sympathize with him.

"Co'se," said Uncle Remus, addressing himself to Miss Theodosia, "you ain't bin to Putmon, en you dunner whar de Brad Slaughter

place en Harmony Grove is, but Mars John en Miss Sally, dey bin dar a time er two, en dey knows how de lan' lays. Well, den, it 'uz right 'long in dere whar Mars Jeems lived, en whar he live now. When de war come 'long he wuz livin' dere longer Ole Miss en Miss Sally. Ole Miss 'uz his ma, en Miss Sally dar 'uz his sister. De war come des like I tell you, en marters sorter rock along same like dey allers did. Hit didn't strike me dat dey wuz enny war gwine on, en ef I hadn't sorter miss de nabers, en seed fokes gwine outer de way fer ter ax de news, I'd a 'lowed ter mysef dat de war wuz 'way off 'mong some yuther country. But all dis time de fuss wuz gwine on, en Mars Jeems, he wuz des eatchin' fer ter put in. Ole Miss en Miss Sally, dey tuck on so he didn't git off de fus' year, but bimeby news come down dat times wuz gittin' putty hot, en Mars Jeems he got up, he did, en say he gotter go, en go he did. He got a overseer fer ter look atter de place, en he went en jined de army. En he 'uz a fighter, too, mon, Mars Jeems wuz. Many's en many's de time," continued the old man reflectively, "dat I hatter take'n bresh dat boy on accouter his 'buzin' en beatin' dem yuther boys. He went off dar fer ter fight, en he fit. Ole Miss useter call me up Sunday en read w'at de papers say 'bout Mars Jeems, en it hope 'er up might'ly. I kin see 'er des like it 'uz yistiddy.

"'Remus,' sez she, 'dish yer's w'at de papers say 'bout my baby,' en den she'd read out twel she couldn't read fer cryin'. Hit went on dis way year in en year out, en dem wuz lonesome times, sho's you bawn, Miss Doshy—lonesome times, sho. Hit got hotter en hotter en de war, en lonesomer en mo' lonesomer at home, en bimeby 'long come de conscrip' man, en he des everlas'nly scoop up Mars Jeems's overseer. W'en dis come 'bout, Ole Miss, she sont atter me en say, sez she:

"'Remus, I ain't got nobody fer ter lok arter de place but you,' sez she, en den I up'n say, sez I:

"'Mistiss, you kin des 'pen' on de ole nigger.'

"I wuz ole den, Miss Doshy—let 'lone w'at I is now; en you better b'leeve I bossed dem han's. I had dem niggers up en in de fiel' long 'fo' day, en de way dey did wuk wuz a caution. Ef dey didn't earnt der vittles dat season den I ain't name Remus. But dey wuz tuk keer un. Dey had plenty er cloze en plenty er grub, en dey wuz de fattes' niggers in de settlement.

"Bimeby one day, Ole Miss, she call me up en say de Yankees done gone en tuck Atlanty—dish yer ve'y town; den present'y I

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year dey wuz a marchin' on down todes Putmon, en, lo en beholes! one day, de fus news I know'd, Mars Jeems he rid up wid a whole gang er men. He des stop long nuff fer ter change hosses en snatch a mouffle er sump'n ter eat, but 'fo' he rid off, he call me up en say, sez he:

"'Daddy'—all Ole Miss's chilluns call me daddy—'Daddy,' he say, 'pears like dere's gwineter be mighty rough times 'roun' yer. De Yankees, dey er done got ter Madison en Mounticellar, en 'twon't be many days 'fo' dey er down yer. 'Tain't likely dey'll pester mother ner sister; but, daddy, ef de wus come ter de wus, I speek you to take keer un um,' sezee.

"Den I say, sez I: 'How long you bin knowin' me, Mars Jeems?' sez I.

"'Sence I wuz a baby,' sezee.

"'Well, den, Mars Jeems,' sez I, 'you know'd twa'nt no use fer ter ax me ter take keer Ole Miss en Miss Sally.'

"Den he tuck'n squoze my han' en jump on de filly I bin savin' fer 'im, en rid off. One time he tu'n 'roun' en look like he wanter say sump'n, but he des waf' his han'—so—en gallop on. I know'd den dat trouble wuz brewin'. Nigger dat knows he's gwineter get thumped kin sorter fix hisse'f, en I tuck'n fix up like de war wuz gwineter come right in at de front gate. I tuck'n got all the cattle en hosses tergedder en driv' um ter de fo'-mile place, en I tuck all de corn en fodder en w'eat, en put um in a crib out dar in de woods; en I bilt me a pen in de swamp, en dar I put de hogs. Den, w'en I fix all dis, I put on my Sunday close en groun' my axe. Two whole days I groun' dat axe. De grinestone wuz in sight er de gate en close ter de big 'ouse, en dar I tuck my stan'.

"Bimeby one day, yer come de Yankees. Two un um come fus, en den de whole face er de yeath swawm'd wid um. De fus glimpse I kotch un um, I tuck my axe en march inter Ole Miss settin'-room. She done had de sidebode move in dar, en I wish I may drap ef 'twuzn't fa'rly blazin' wid silver—silver cups en silver sassers, silver plates en silver dishes, silver mugs en silver pitchers. Look like ter me dey wuz fixin' fer a weddin'. Dar sot Ole Miss des ez prim en ez proud ez ef she own de whole county. Dis kinder hope me up, kaze I done seed Ole Miss look dat away once befo' w'en de overseer struck me in de face wid a w'ip. I sot down by de fier wid my axe 'tween my knees. Dar we sot w'iles de Yankees ransack de place. Miss Sally, dar, she got sorter restless, but Ole Miss didn't skasely

bat 'er eyes. Bimeby, we hear steps on de peazzer, en yer come a couple er young fellers wid strops on der shoulders, en der sodes a draggin' on de flo', en der spurrers a rattlin'. I won't say I wuz skeer'd," said Uncle Remus, as though endeavoring to recall something he failed to remember, "I won't say I wuz skeer'd, kaze I wuz-ent; but I wuz took'n wid a mighty funny feelin' in de naberhood er de gizzard. Dey wuz mighty perlite, dem young chaps wuz; but Ole Miss, she never tu'n 'er head, en Miss Sally, she look straight at de fier. Bimeby one un um see me, en he say, sezee:

"Hello, ole man, w'at you doin' in yer?" sezee.

"Well, boss,' sez I, 'I bin cuttin' some wood fer Ole Miss, en I des stop fer ter wom my han's a little,' sez I.

"Hit is cole, dat's a fack,' sezee.

"Wid dat I got up en tuck my stan' behime Ole Miss en Miss Sally, en de man w'at speak, he went up en wom his han's. Fust thing you know, he raise up sudden, en say, sezee:

"W'at dat on yo' axe?"

"Dat's de fier shinin' on it,' sez I.

"Hit look like blood,' sezee, en den he laft.

"But, bless yo' soul, dat man wouldn't never laft dat day ef he'd know'd de wukkins er Remus's mine. But dey didn't bodder nobody ner tech nuthin', en bimeby dey put out. Well, de Yankees, dey kep' passin' all de mawnin' en it look like ter me dey wuz a string un um ten mile long. Den dey commence gittin' thinner en thinner, en den atter w'ile we hear skummishin' in de naberhood er Armer's fe'y, en Ole Miss 'low how dat wuz Wheeler's men makin' persoot. Mars Jeems wuz wid dem Wheeler fellers, en I know'd ef dey wuz dat close I wa'n't doin' no good settin' 'roun' de house toas'n my shins at de fier, so I des tuck Mars Jeems's rifle fum behime de do' en put out ter look atter my stock.

"Seem like I ain't never see no raw day like dat, needer befo' ner sence. Dey wa'n't no rain, but de wet des sifted down; mighty raw day. De leaves on de groun' 'uz so wet dey don't make no fuss, en I got in de woods, en w'enever I year de Yankees gwine by, I des stop in my tracks en let un pass. I wuz stan'in' dat away in de aidge er de woods lookin' out 'cross a clearin', w'en—*piff!*—out come a little bunch er blue smoke fum de top er wunner dem big lonesome-lookin' pines, en den—*pow!*

"Sez I ter myse'f, sez I: 'Honey, youer right on my route, en I'll des see w'at kinder bird you got roostin' in you,' en w'iles I wuz a

lookin' out bus' de smoke—*piff!* en den—*bang!* Wid dat I des drapt back inter de woods, en sorter skeerted 'roun' so's ter git de tree 'twixt' me en de road. I slid up putty close, en wadder you speck I see? Des ez sho's youer settin' dar lissenin' dey wuz a live Yankee up dar in dat tree, en he wuz a loadin' en a shootin' at de boys dez ez cool ez a cowcumber in de jew, en he had his hoss hitch out in de bushes, kaze I year de creetur tromplin' 'roun'. He had a spy-glass up dar, en w'iles I wuz a watchin' un 'im, he raise 'er up en look thoo 'er, en den he lay 'er down en fix his gun fer ter shoot. I had good eyes in dem days, ef I ain't got um now, en 'way up de big road I see Mars Jeems a comin'. Hit wuz too fur fer ter see his face, but I know'd 'im by de filly w'at I raise fer 'im, en she wuz a prancin' like a school-gal. I know'd dat man wuz gwineter shoot Mars Jeems ef he could, en dat wuz mo'n I could stan'. Manys en manys de time dat I nuss dat boy, en hilt 'im in dese arms, en toted 'im on dis back, en w'en I see dat Yankee lay dat gun 'cross a lim' en take aim at Mars Jeems I up wid my ole rifle, en shet my eyes en let de man have all she had."

"Do you mean to say," exclaimed Miss Theodosia, indignantly, "that you shot the Union soldier, when you knew he was fighting for your freedom?"

"Co'se, I know all about dat," responded Uncle Remus, "en it sorter made cole chills run up my back; but w'en I see dat man take aim, en Mars Jeems gwine home ter Ole Miss en Miss Sally, I des disremembered all 'bout freedom en lammed aloose. En den atter dat, me en Miss Sally tuck en nuss de man right straight along. He los' one arm in dat tree bizness, but me en Miss Sally we nuss 'im en we nuss 'im twel he done got well. Des 'bout dat time I quit nuss'n 'im, but Miss Sally she kep' on. She kep' on," continued Uncle Remus, pointing to Mr. Huntingdon, "en now dar he is."

"But you cost him an arm," exclaimed Miss Theodosia.

"I gin 'im dem," said Uncle Remus, pointing to Mrs. Huntingdon, "en I gin 'im deze"—holding up his own brawny arms. "En ef dem ain't nuff fer enny man den I done los' de way."

Uncle Remus and the Savannah Darkey

THE NOTABLE difference existing between the negroes in the interior of the cotton States and those on the seaboard—a difference that extends to habits and opinions as well as to dialect—has given

rise to certain ineradicable prejudices which are quick to display themselves whenever an opportunity offers. These prejudices were forcibly, as well as ludicrously, illustrated in Atlanta recently. A gentleman from Savannah had been spending the summer in the mountains of north Georgia, and found it convenient to take along a body-servant. This body-servant was a very fine specimen of the average coast negro—sleek, well-conditioned, and consequential—disposed to regard with undisguised contempt everything and everybody not indigenous to the rice-growing region—and he paraded around the streets with quite a curious and critical air. Espying Uncle Remus languidly sunning himself on a corner, the Savannah darkey approached.

"Mornin,' sah."

"I'm sorter up an' about," responded Uncle Remus, carelessly and calmly. "How is you stannin' it?"

"Tanky you, my helt mos' so-so. He mo' hot dun in de mountain. Seem so lak man mus' git need * de shade. I enty fer see no rice-bud in dis pa'ts."

"In dis w'ich?" inquired Uncle Remus, with a sudden affectation of interest.

"In dis pa'ts. In dis country. Da plenty in Sawanny."

"Plenty whar?"

"Da plenty in Sawanny. I enty fer see no crab an' no oscher; en swimp, he no stay 'roun'. I lak some rice-bud now."

"Youer talkin' 'bout deze yer sparrers, w'ich dey er all head, en 'lev'm un makes one mouffle,† I speck," suggested Uncle Remus. "Well, dey er yer," he continued, "but dis ain't no climate whar de rice-birds flies inter yo' pockets en gits out de money an' makes de change derse'f; an' de isters don't shuck off der shells en run over you on de street, an' no mo' duz de s'imp hull derse'f an' drap in yo' mouf. But dey er yer, dough. De scads 'll fetch um."

"Him po' country fer true," commented the Savannah negro; "he no like Sawanny. Down da, we set need de shade an' eaty de rice-bud, an' de crab, an' de swimp tree time de day; an' de buckra man drinky him wine, an' smoky him seegyar all troo de night. Plenty fer eat an' not much fer wuk."

"Hit's mighty nice, I speck," responded Uncle Remus, gravely. "De nigger dat ain't hope up 'longer high feedin' ain't got no grip."

* Underneath [Author's note].

† Mouthful [Author's note].

But up yer whar fokes is gotter scramble 'roun' an' make der own livin', de vittles wat's kumerlated widout enny sweatin' mos' allers gener'lly b'longs ter some yuther man by rights. One hoe-cake an' a rasher er middlin' meat las's me fum Sunday ter Sunday, an' I'm in a mighty big streak er luck w'en I gits dat."

The Savannah negro here gave utterance to a loud, contemptuous laugh, and began to fumble somewhat ostentatiously with a big brass watch-chain.

"But I speck I struck up wid a payin' job las' Chuseday," continued Uncle Remus, in a hopeful tone.

"Wey you gwan do?"

"Oh, I'm a waitin' on a culled gemmun fum Savannah—wunner deze yer high livers you bin tellin' 'bout."

"How dat?"

"I loant 'im two dollars," responded Uncle Remus, grimly, "an' I'm a waitin' on 'im fer de money. Hit's wunner deze yer jobs w'at las's a long time."

The Savannah negro went off after his rice-birds, while Uncle Remus leaned up against the wall and laughed until he was in imminent danger of falling down from sheer exhaustion.

JOHN HAY

THE BREAD-WINNERS was published anonymously in the Century in 1883-4. Not until after his death in 1905 was it disclosed that John Hay was the author of this novel. The scene is laid in "Buffland" (Cleveland) with side-glances towards "Clevalo" (Buffalo). The strike which is the central theme is based upon the great strike in Cleveland in 1877 of which Hay had been a witness. The plot is feeble and the characterization conventional, but the story is still readable not only as a curiosity but because the narrative is vigorous, the style often trenchant, and the issues involved are of national significance. A "partisan defense of economic individualism" (as Parrington has called it), the novel contains no constructive "message" except that the aristocratic well-to-do should concern themselves with public affairs. There is an interesting unlike likeness to the work which George Gissing was beginning to do in England at just this time—like Gissing in the contrast between the world of the affluent and privileged and the world of the proletariat; unlike him because Hay, through a wealthy marriage and influential connec-

tions, had reached a high social level towards which Gissing looked enviously.—In the episode here reprinted Farnham, the aristocratic employer, is commanding a squad of special police, sworn in to protect law and order.

Episodes of the Strike

REMEMBER," said Farnham, "use your clubs as much as you see fit, if you come to close quarters; but do not fire without orders, unless to save your own lives. I don't think it is likely that these fellows are armed."

The clattering of feet grew louder on the sidewalk, and in a moment the leaders of the gang—it could hardly be called a mob—stopped by the gates. "Here's the place. Come along, boys!" one of them shouted, but no one stirred until the whole party came up. They formed a dense crowd about the gates and half-filled the wide avenue. There was evidently a moment of hesitation, and then three or four rushed through the gate, followed by a larger number, and at last by the bulk of the crowd. They had come so near the porch that it could now be seen by the light of the moon that few of them carried arms. Some had sticks; one or two men carried heavy stones in their hands; one young man brandished an axe; one had a hammer. There was evidently no attempt at organization whatever.

Farnham waited until they were only a few feet away, and then shouted:

"Forward! Guide right! Double time! March!"

The men darted out from the shadow and began to lay about them with their clubs. A yell of dismay burst from the crowd. Those in front turned and met those behind, and the whole mass began striking out wildly at each other. Yelling and cursing, they were forced back over the lawn to the gate. Farnham, seeing that no shots had been fired, was confirmed in his belief that the rioters were without organization and, to a great extent, without arms. He therefore ordered his men to the right about and brought them back to the house. This movement evidently encouraged the mob. Loud voices were distinctly heard.

"Who's afraid of half a dozen cops?" said a burly ruffian, who carried a slungshot. "There's enough of us to eat 'em up."

"That's the talk, Bowersox," said another. "You go in and get the first bite."

"That's my style," said Bowersox. "Come along, Offitt. Where's Bott? I guess he don't feel very well. Come along, boys! We'll slug 'em this time!" And the crowd, inspired by this exhortation and the apparent weakness of the police force, made a second rush for the house.

The night passed without further incident, and the next day, though it may have shown favorable signs to practiced eyes, seemed very much, to the public, like the day which had preceded it. There were fewer shops closed in the back streets; there were not so many parties of wandering apostles of plunder going about to warn laborers away from their work. But in the principal avenues and in the public squares there were the same dense crowds of idlers, some listless and some excited, ready to believe the wildest rumors and to applaud the craziest oratory. Speakers were not lacking; besides the agitators of the town, several had come in from neighboring places, and they were preaching, with fervor and perspiration, from street corners and from barrel-heads in the beer-houses, the dignity of man and the overthrow of tyrants.

Bott, who had quite distinguished himself during the last few days, was not to be seen. He had passed the night in the station-house, and, on brief examination before a police-justice at an early hour of the morning, on complaint of Farnham and Temple, had been, together with the man captured in Mrs. Belding's drawing-room, bound over to stand his trial for house-breaking at the next term of court. He displayed the most abject terror before his trial, and would have made a full confession of the whole affair had Offitt not had the address to convey to him the assurance that, if he stood firm, the Brotherhood of Bread-winners would attend to his case and be responsible for his safety. Relying upon this, he plucked up his spirits and bore himself with characteristic impudence in the presence of the police-justice, insisting upon being called Professor Bott, giving his profession as inspirational orator, his religion the divinity of humanity. When bound over for trial, he rose and gained a round of applause from the idlers in the court-room by shouting, "I appeal from this outrage to the power of the people and the judgment of history."

This was his last recorded oration; for we may as well say at once that, a month later, he stood his trial without help from any Brotherhood, and passed away from public life, though not entirely from

public employment, as he is now usefully and unobtrusively engaged in making shoes in the State penitentiary.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE

THOMAS NELSON PAGE's *Marse Chan* appeared in the *Century* in April, 1884, having been accepted for publication several years earlier but withheld because the editors considered the dialect too extreme for the public's taste. Certainly it is extreme, but the story is of some significance in literary history and our readers will bear with a short specimen. The theme of the loyalty of a slave to his master is a note struck frequently by the Southern writers of the period.

The Death of Marse Chan

WELL, JES' DEN dey blowed boots an' saddles an' we mounted; an' de orders come to ride 'roun' de slope, an' Marse Chan's company wuz de secon'; an' when we got 'roun' dyah, we wuz right in it. Hit wuz de wust place ever dis nigger got in. An' dey said, 'Charge 'em!' an' my king! ef ever you see bullets fly, dey did dat day. Hit wuz jes' like hail; an' we wen' down de slope (I 'long wid de res') an' up de hill right todes de cannons, an' de fire wuz so strong dyar (dey hed a whole rigiment o' infintrys layin' down dyar onder de cannons), our lines sort o' broke an' stop; de cun'l was kilt, an' I b'lieve dey wuz jes' 'bout to brek all to pieces, when Marse Chan rid up an' cotch hol' de flag an' hollers, 'Foller me!' an' rid strainin' up de hill 'mong de cannons. I seen 'im when he went, de sorrel four good lengths ahead o' ev'y udder hoss, jes' like he use' to be in a fox-hunt, an' de whole regiment right arfter 'im. Yo' ain' nuver hear thunder! Fus' thing I knowed, de roan roll' head over heels an' flung me up 'ginst de bank, like yo' chuck a nubbin over 'ginst de foot o' de corn pile. An' dat's what kep' me from bein' kilt, I 'specks. Judy she say she think 'twuz Providence, but I think 'twuz de bank. Of co'se, Providence put de bank dyar, but how come Providence nuver saved Marse Chan! When I look' 'roun', de roan wuz layin' dyah by me, stone dead, wid a cannon-ball gone 'mos' th'oo him, an' our men hed done swep' dem on t'udder side from de top o' de hill. 'Twan' mo'n a minit, de sorrel come gallupin' back wid his mane flyin', an' de rein hangin' down on

one side to his knee. 'Dyar!' says I, 'fo' Gord! I 'specks dey done kill Marse Chan, an' I promised to tek care on him.'

"I jumped up an' run over de bank, an' dyar wid a whole lot o' dead men, an' some not dead yit, onder one o' de guns wid de fleg still in he han', an' a bullet right th'oo he body, lay Marse Chan. I tu'n' 'im over an' call 'im 'Marse Chan!' but 'twan' no use, he wuz done gone home, sho' 'nuff. I pick' 'im up in my arms wid de fleg still in he han's, an' toted him back jes' like I did dat day when he wuz a baby, an' ole marster gin him to me in my arms, an' sez he could trus' me, an' tell me to tek keer on him long es he lived. I kyar'd him 'way off de battle-fiel' out de way o' de balls, an' I laid him down onder a big tree till I could git somebody to ketch de sorrel for me. He wuz cotched arfter a while, an' I hed some money, so I got some pine plank an' made a coffin dat evenin', an' wrapt Marse Chan's body up in de fleg, an' put him in de coffin; but I didn' nail de top on strong, 'cause I knowed ole missis wan' see 'im; an' I got a' ambulance an' set out for home dat night. We reached dyar de next evenin', arfter travelin' all dat night an' all next day.

"Hit 'peared like something hed tole ole missis we wuz comin' so; for when we got home she wuz waitin' for us,—done drest up in her best Sunday-clo'es, an' stan'in' at de head o' de big steps, an' ole marster settin' in his big cheer,—ez we druv up de hill to'ds de house, I drivin' de ambulance an' de sorrel leadin' 'long behine wid de stirrups crost over de saddle."

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

THE RISE OF SILAS LAPHAM by William Dean Howells was published in the Century in 1884-5. It is the story of a self-made man who nourishes social ambitions and whose pride is wounded by the Brahmins of Boston. Self-deception is followed by remorse of conscience, and though there is a financial fall there is a moral "rise." Story and characterization are held in severe restraint; there is no departure from ordinary life and no condescension to sensationalism. The realism of this famous book is too reticent, too unobtrusive, perhaps, to satisfy our coarser and more vociferous generation; but standards were higher sixty-five years ago. We reprint parts of the episode of the dinner-party to which the aristocratic Coreys invite the plebian Laphams and part of the narrative of the aftermath on the following morning.

A Dinner-Party

THE COREYS WERE one of the few old families who lingered in Bellingham Place, the handsome, quiet old street which the sympathetic observer must grieve to see abandoned to boarding-houses. The dwellings are stately and tall, and the whole place wears an air of aristocratic seclusion, which Mrs. Corey's father might well have thought assured when he left her his house there at his death. It is one of two evidently designed by the same architect who built some houses of a characteristic taste on Beacon Street opposite the Common. It has a wooden portico, with slender fluted columns, which have always been painted white, and which, with the delicate mouldings of the cornice, form the sole and sufficient decoration of the street front; nothing could be simpler, and nothing could be better. Within, the architect has again indulged his preference for the classic; the roof of the vestibule, wide and low, rests on marble columns, slim and fluted like the wooden columns without, and an ample staircase climbs in a graceful, easy curve from the tessellated pavement. Some carved Venetian *scrigni* stretched along the wall; a rug lay at the foot of the stairs; but otherwise the simple adequacy of the architectural intention had been respected, and the place looked bare to the eyes of the Laphams when they entered. The Coreys had once kept a man, but when young Corey began his retrenchments the man had yielded to a neat maid who showed the Colonel into the reception-room and asked the ladies to walk up two flights.

He had his charges from Irene not to enter the drawing-room without her mother, and he spent five minutes in getting on his gloves, for he had desperately resolved to wear them at last. When he had them on, and let his large fists hang down on either side, they looked, in the saffron tint which the shop-girl said his gloves should be of, like canvased hams. He perspired with doubt as he climbed the stairs, and while he waited on the landing for Mrs. Lapham and Irene to come down from above before going into the drawing-room, he stood staring at his hands, now open and now shut, and breathing hard. He heard quiet talk beyond the *portière* within, and presently Tom Corey came out.

"Ah, Colonel Lapham! Very glad to see you."

Lapham shook hands with him and gasped, "Waiting for Mis'

Lapham," to account for his presence. He had not been able to button his right glove, and he now began, with as much indifference as he could assume, to pull them both off, for he saw that Corey wore none. By the time he had stuffed them into the pocket of his coat-skirt his wife and daughter descended. . . .

Lapham had never seen people go down to dinner arm-in-arm before, but he knew that his wife was distinguished in being taken in by the host, and he waited in jealous impatience to see if Tom Corey would offer his arm to Irene. He gave it to that big girl they called Miss Kingsbury, and the handsome old fellow whom Mrs. Corey had introduced as her cousin took Irene out. Lapham was startled from the misgiving in which this left him by Mrs. Corey's passing her hand through his arm, and he made a sudden movement forward, but felt himself gently restrained. They went out last of all; he did not know why, but he submitted, and when he sat down he saw that Irene, although she had come in with that Mr. Bellingham, was seated beside young Corey, after all.

He fetched a long sigh of relief when he sank into his chair and felt himself safe from error if he kept a sharp lookout and did only what the others did. Bellingham had certain habits which he permitted himself, and one of these was tucking the corner of his napkin into his collar; he confessed himself an uncertain shot with a spoon, and defended his practice on the ground of neatness and common-sense. Lapham put his napkin into his collar too, and then, seeing that no one but Bellingham did it, became alarmed and took it out again slyly. He never had wine on his table at home, and on principle he was a prohibitionist; now he did not know just what to do about the glasses at the right of his plate. He had a notion to turn them all down, as he had read of a well-known politician's doing at a public dinner, to show that he did not take wine; but, after twiddling with one of them a moment, he let them be, for it seemed to him that it would be a little too conspicuous, and he felt that everyone was looking. He let the servant fill them all, and he drank out of each, not to appear odd. Later, he observed that the young ladies were not taking wine, and he was glad to see that Irene had refused it, and that Mrs. Lapham was letting it stand untasted. He did not know but he ought to decline some of the dishes, or at least leave most of some on his plate, but he was not able to decide; he took everything and ate everything. . . .

It was not an elaborate dinner; but Lapham was used to having

everything on the table at once, and this succession of dishes bewildered him; he was afraid perhaps he was eating too much. He now no longer made any pretence of not drinking his wine, for he was thirsty, and there was no more water, and he hated to ask for any. The ice-cream came, and then the fruit. Suddenly Mrs. Corey rose, and said across the table to her husband, "I suppose you will want your coffee here." And he replied, "Yes; we'll join you at tea."

The ladies all rose, and the gentlemen got up with them. Lapham started to follow Mrs. Corey, but the other men merely stood in their places, except young Corey, who ran and opened the door for his mother. Lapham thought with shame that it was he who ought to have done that; but no one seemed to notice, and he sat down again gladly, after kicking out one of his legs which had gone to sleep. . . .

"Thanks, I will take some of this wine," said Lapham, pouring himself a glass of Madeira from a black and dusty bottle caressed by a label bearing the date of the vintage. He tossed off the wine, unconscious of its preciousness, and waited for the result. That cloudiness in his brain disappeared before it, but a mere blank remained. He not only could not remember what he was going to say, but he could not recall what they had been talking about. They waited, looking at him, and he stared at them in return. After a while he heard the host saying, "Shall we join the ladies?" . . .

He now wore an air of great dignity, and, in conversing with the other gentlemen, he used a grave and weighty deliberation. Some of them wanted him to go into the library. There he gave his ideas of books. . . . As he cast off all fear, his voice rose, and he hammered his arm-chair with the thick of his hand for emphasis. Mr. Corey seemed impressed; he sat perfectly quiet, listening, and Lapham saw the other gentlemen stop in their talk every now and then to listen. . . . He surprised himself by his ease among men whose names had hitherto overawed him. . . . At last he had the talk altogether to himself; no one else talked, and he talked unceasingly. It was a great time; it was a triumph. . . .

The Next Morning

NODDING TO COREY to enter, he closed the door. . . . Then he turned to the young man and demanded: "Was I drunk last night?"

Lapham's strenuous face was broken up with the emotions that

had forced him to this question: shame, fear of the things that must have been thought of him mixed with a faint hope that he might be mistaken, which died out at the shocked and pitying look in Corey's eyes.

"Was I drunk?" he repeated. "I asked you, because I was never touched by drink in my life before, and I don't know." He stood with his huge hands trembling on the back of his chair, and his dry lips apart, as he stared at Corey.

"That is what everyone understood, Colonel Lapham," said the young man. "Every one saw how it was. Don't—"

"Did they talk it over after I left?" asked Lapham vulgarly.

"Excuse me," said Corey, blushing, "my father doesn't talk his guests over with one another." He added, with youthful superfluity, "You were among gentlemen."

"I was the only one that wasn't a gentleman there!" lamented Lapham. "I disgraced you! I disgraced my family! I mortified your father before his friends!" His head dropped. "I showed that I wasn't fit to go with you. I'm not fit for any decent place. What did I say? What did I do?" he asked, suddenly lifting his head and confronting Corey. "Out with it! If you could bear to see it and hear it, I had ought to bear to know it!"

"There was nothing—really nothing," said Corey. "Beyond the fact that you were not quite yourself, there was nothing whatever. My father *did* speak of it to me," he confessed, "when we were alone. He said that he was afraid we had not been thoughtful of you, if you were in the habit of taking only water; I told him I had not seen wine at your table. The others said nothing about you."

"Ah, but what did they think?"

"Probably what we did: that it was purely a misfortune—an accident."

"I wasn't fit to be there," persisted Lapham. "Do you want to leave?" he asked with savage abruptness.

"Leave?" faltered the young man.

"Yes; quit the business? Cut the whole connection?"

"I haven't the remotest idea of it!" cried Corey in amazement. "Why in the world should I?"

"Because you're a gentleman, and I'm not, and it ain't right I should be over you."

EDWARD EGGLESTON

THE GRAYSONS by Dr. Edward Eggleston appeared in the Century in 1887-8. It is not necessary to be informed of the plot of the novel in order to follow the narrative of the trial of the hero on the charge of murder. There is genuine dramatic suspense in the conduct of the episode, and the figure of Lincoln is sketched in convincingly though lightly.

Light in a Dark Place

THE PEOPLE who had seats in the court-room were, for the most part, too wise in their generation to vacate them during the noon recess. Jake Hogan clambered down from his uncomfortable window-roost for a little while, and Bob McCord took a plunge into the grateful fresh air, but both got back in time to secure their old points of observation. The lawyers came back early, and long before the judge returned the ruddy-faced Magill was seated behind his little desk, facing the crowd and pretending to write. He was ill at ease; the heart of the man had gone out to Tom. He never for a moment doubted that Tom killed Lockwood, but then a sneak like Lockwood "richly deserved it," in Magill's estimation. Judge Watkins's austere face assumed a yet more severe expression; for though pity never interfered with justice in his nature, it often rendered the old man unhappy, and therefore more than usually irascible.

There was a painful pause after the judge had taken his seat and ordered the prisoner brought in. It was like a wait before a funeral service, but rendered ten times more distressing by the element of suspense. The judge's quill pen could be heard scratching on the paper as he noted points for his charge to the jury. To Hiram Mason the whole trial was unendurable. The law had the aspect of a relentless boa-constrictor, slowly winding itself about Tom, while all these spectators, with merely a curious interest in the horrible, watched the process. The deadly creature had now to make but one more coil, and then, in its cruel and deliberate fashion, it would proceed to tighten its twists until the poor boy should be done to death. Barbara and the mother were entwined by this fate as well, while Hiram had not a little finger of help for them. He watched Lincoln as he took seat in moody silence. Why had the lawyer not

done anything to help Tom? Any other lawyer with a desperate case would have had a stack of law-books in front of him, as a sort of dam against the flood. But Lincoln had neither law-books nor so much as a scrap of paper.

The prosecuting attorney, with a taste for climaxes, reserved his chief witness to the last. Even now he was not ready to call Sovine. He would add one more stone to the pyramid of presumptive proof before he capped it all with certainty. Markham was therefore put up to identify the old pistol which he had found in Tom's room. Lincoln again waived cross-examination. Blackman felt certain that he himself could have done better. He mentally constructed the questions that should have been put to the deputy sheriff. Was the pistol hot when you found it? Did it smell of powder? Did the family make any objection to your search?—Even if the judge had ruled out such questions the jury would have heard the questions, and a question often has weight in spite of rulings from the bench. The prosecuting attorney began to feel sure of his own case; he had come to his last witness and his great stroke.

"Call David Sovine," he said, wiping his brow and looking relieved.

"David Sovine! David Sovine! David Sovine!" cried the sheriff in due and ancient form, though David sat almost within whispering distance of him.

The witness stood up.

"Howld up your roight hand," said the clerk.

Then when Dave's right hand was up Magill rattled off the form of the oath in the most approved and clerkly style, only adding to its effect by the mild brogue of his pronunciation.

"Do sol'm swear't yull tel th' truth, th' 'ole truth, en nuthin' b'th' truth, s' yilpye God," said the clerk, without once pausing for breath.

Sovine ducked his head and dropped his hand, and the solemnity was over.

Dave, who was evidently not accustomed to stand before such a crowd, appeared embarrassed. He had deteriorated in appearance lately. His patent-leather shoes were bright as ever, his trousers were trimly held down by straps, his hair was well kept in place by bear's oil or what was sold for bear's oil, but there was a nervousness in his expression and carriage that gave him the air of a man who has been drinking to excess. Tom looked at him with defiance,

but Dave was standing at the right of the judge, while the prisoner's dock was on the left, and the witness did not regard Tom at all, but told his story with clearness. Something of the bold assurance which he displayed at the inquest was lacking. His coarse face twitched and quivered, and this appeared to annoy him; he sought to hide it by an affectation of nonchalance, as he rested his weight now on one foot and now on the other.

"Do you know the prisoner?" asked the prosecutor, with a motion of his head toward the dock.

"Yes, well enough"; but in saying this Dave did not look toward Tom, but out of the window.

"You've played cards with him, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"Tell his Honor and the jury when and where you played with him."

"We played one night last July, in Wooden & Snyder's store."

"Who proposed to Tom to play with you?"

"George Lockwood. He hollered up the stove-pipe for Tom to come down an' take a game or two with me."

"What did you win that night from Tom?"

"Thirteen dollars, an' his hat an' coat an' boots, an' his han'ke'chi'f an' knife."

"Who, if anybody, lent him the money to get back his things which you had won?"

"George Lockwood."

Here the counsel paused a moment, laid down a memorandum he had been using, and looked about his table until he found another; then he resumed his questions.

"Tell the jury whether you were at the Timber Creek camp-meeting on the 9th of August."

"Yes; I was."

"What did you see there? Tell about the shooting."

Dave told the story, with a little prompting in the way of questions from the lawyer, substantially as he had told it at the coroner's inquest. He related his parting from Lockwood, Tom's appearance on the scene, Tom's threatening speech, Lockwood's entreaty that Tom would not shoot him, and then Tom's shooting. In making these statements Dave looked at the stairway in the corner of the courtroom with an air of entire indifference, and he even made one

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or two efforts to yawn, as though the case was a rather dull affair to him.

"How far away from Mason and Lockwood were you when the shooting took place?" asked the prosecutor.

"Twenty foot or more."

"What did Tom shoot with?"

"A pistol."

"What kind of a pistol?"

"One of the ole-fashion' sort—flint-lock, weth a ruther long barrel."

The prosecuting lawyer now beckoned to the sheriff, who handed down to him, from off his high desk, Tom's pistol.

"Tell the jury whether this looks like the pistol."

"'T was just such a one as that. I can't say it was that, but it was hung to the stock like that, an' about as long in the barrel."

"What did Grayson do when he had shot George, and what did you do?"

"Tom run off as fast as his feet could carry him, an' I went up towards George, who'd fell over. He was dead ag'inst I could get there. Then purty soon the crowd come a-runnin' up to see what the fracas was."

After bringing out some further details Allen turned to his opponent with an air of confidence and said:

"You can have the witness, Mr. Lincoln."

There was a brief pause, during which the jurymen changed their positions on the hard seats, making a little rustle as they took their right legs from off their left and hung their left legs over their right knees, or vice versa. In making these changes they looked inquiringly at one another, and it was clear that their minds were so well made up that even a judge's charge in favor of the prisoner, if such a thing had been conceivable, would have gone for nothing. Lincoln at length rose slowly from his chair, and stood awhile in silence, regarding Sovine, who seemed excited and nervous, and who visibly paled a little as his eyes sought to escape from the lawyer's gaze.

"You said you were with Lockwood just before the shooting?" the counsel asked.

"Yes." Dave was all alert and answered promptly.

"Were you not pretty close to him when he was shot?"

"No, I wasn't," said Dave, his suspicions excited by this mode of attack. It appeared that the lawyer, for some reason, wanted to

make him confess to having been nearer to the scene and perhaps implicated, and he therefore resolved to fight off.

"Are you sure you were as much as ten feet away?"

"I was more than twenty," said Dave, huskily.

"What had you and George Lockwood been doing together?"

"We'd been—talking." Manifestly Dave took fresh alarm at this line of questioning.

"Oh, you had?"

"Yes."

"In a friendly way?"

"Yes, tubby shore; we never had any fuss."

"You parted from him as a friend?"

"Yes, of course."

"By the time Tom came up you'd got—how far away? Be careful now."

"I've told you twiste. More than twenty feet."

"You might have been mistaken about its being Tom then?"

"No, I wasn't."

"Did you know it was Tom before he fired?"

"Tubby shore, I did."

"What time of night was it?"

"Long *towards* 10, I sh'd think."

"It might have been 11?"

"No, 't wus n't later'n about 10." This was said doggedly.

"Nor before 9?"

"No, 't wus nigh onto 10, I said." And the witness showed some irritation, and spoke louder than before.

"How far away were you from the pulpit and meeting-place?"

"'Twixt a half a mile an' a mile."

"Not over a mile?"

"No, skiercely a mile."

"But don't you think it might have been a little less than half a mile?"

"No, it's nigh onto a mile. I didn't measure it, but it's a mighty big three-quarters."

The witness answered combatively, and in this mood he made a better impression than he did on his direct examination. The prosecuting attorney looked relieved. Tom listened with an attention painful to see, his eyes moving anxiously from Lincoln to Dave as he wondered what point in Dave's armor the lawyer could be driv-

ing at. He saw plainly that his salvation was staked on some last throw.

"You didn't have any candle in your hand, did you, at any time during the evening?"

"No!" said Dave, positively. For some reason this question disconcerted him and awakened his suspicion. "What should we have a candle for?" he added.

"Did either George Lockwood or Tom have a candle?"

"No, of course not! What'd they have candles for?"

"Where were the lights on the camp-ground?"

"Close by the preachers' tent."

"More than three-quarters of a mile away from the place where the murder took place?"

"Anyway as much as three-quarters," said Dave, who began to wish that he could modify his previous statement of the distance.

"How far away were you from Lockwood when the murder took place?"

"Twenty feet."

"You said 'or more' awhile ago."

"Well, 't wusn't no less, p'r'aps," said Dave, showing signs of worry. "You don't think I measured it, do yeh?"

"There were no lights nearer than three-quarters of a mile?"

"No," said the witness, the cold perspiration beading on his face as he saw Lincoln's trap opening to receive him.

"You don't mean to say that the platform torches up by the preachers' tent gave any light three-quarters of a mile away and in the woods?"

"No, of course not."

"How could you see Tom and know that it was he that fired, when the only light was nearly a mile away, and inside a circle of tents?"

"Saw by moonlight," said Sovine, snappishly, disposed to dash at any gap that offered a possible way of escape.

"What sort of trees were there on the ground?"

"Beech."

"Beech-leaves are pretty thick in August?" asked Lincoln.

"Ye-es, ruther," gasped the witness, seeing a new pitfall yawning just ahead of him.

"And yet light enough from the moon came through these thick beech-trees to let you know Tom Grayson?"

"Yes."

"And you could see him shoot?"

"Yes."

"And you full twenty feet away?"

"Well, about that; nearly twenty, anyhow." Dave shifted his weight to his right foot.

"And you pretend to say to this court that by the moonlight that you got through the beech-trees in August you could even see that it was a pistol that Tom had?"

"Ye-es." Dave now stood on his left foot.

"And you could see what kind of a pistol it was?" This was said with a little laugh very exasperating to the witness.

"Yes, I could," answered Dave, with dogged resolution not to be faced down.

"And just how the barrel was hung to the stock?" There was a positive sneer in Lincoln's voice now.

"Yes." This was spoken feebly.

"And you twenty feet or more away?"

"I've got awful good eyes, an' I know what I see," whined the witness, apologetically.

Here Lincoln paused and looked at Sovine, whose extreme distress was only made the more apparent by his feeble endeavor to conceal his agitation. The counsel, after regarding his uneasy victim for a quarter of a minute, thrust his hand into the tail-pocket of his blue coat, and after a little needless fumbling drew forth a small pamphlet in green covers. He turned the leaves of this with extreme deliberation, while the court-room was utterly silent. The members of the bar had as by general consent put their chairs down on all-fours, and were intently watching the struggle between the counsel and the witness. The sallow-faced judge had stopped the scratching of his quill, and had lowered his spectacles on his nose, that he might study the distressed face of the tormented Sovine. Mrs. Grayson's hands were on her lap, palms downward; her eyes were fixed on Abra'm, and her mouth was half open, as though she were going to speak.

Barbara found it hard to keep her seat, she was so eager for Lincoln to go on, and Tom was leaning forward breathlessly in the dock; his throat felt dry, and he choked when he tried to swallow; it seemed to him that he would smother with the beating of his heart. But it was worth while to turn away from these more inter-

ested parties to look for a moment at the ruddy face of Bob McCord, which was puckered to a kind of focus with an expression that was customary with him in a moment of supreme interest, as when he was drawing a sure bead on a bear or deer. It was worth while to regard Rachel Albaugh, who had lifted the veil from her face radiant with interest. Lincoln appeared to be the only perfectly deliberate person in the room. He seemed disposed to protract the situation as long as possible. He held his victim on the rack and he let him suffer. He would turn a leaf or two in his pamphlet and then look up at the demoralized witness, as though to fathom the depth of his torture and to measure the result. At last he fixed his thumb firmly at a certain place on a page and turned his eyes to the judge.

"Now, your Honor," he said to the court, "this witness," with a half-contemptuous gesture of his awkward left hand toward Sovine, "has sworn over and over that he recognized the accused as the person who shot George Lockwood, near the Union camp-meeting on the night of the 9th of last August, and that he, the witness, was standing at the time twenty feet or more away, while the scene of the shooting was nearly a mile distant from the torches inside the circle of tents. So remarkably sharp are this witness's eyes that he even saw what kind of pistol the prisoner held in his hands, and how the barrel was hung to the stock, and he is able to identify this pistol of Grayson's as precisely like and probably the identical weapon." Here Lincoln paused and scrutinized Sovine. "All these details he saw and observed in the brief space of time preceding the fatal shot,—saw and observed them at 10 o'clock at night, by means of moonlight shining through the trees—beech-trees in full leaf. That is a pretty hard story. How much light does even a full moon shed in a beech woods like that on the Union camp-ground? Not enough to see your way by, as everybody knows who has had to stumble through such woods." Lincoln paused here, that the words he had spoken might have time to produce their due effect on the judge, and especially on the slower wits of some of the jury. Meanwhile he turned the leaves of his pamphlet. Then he began once more: "But, may it please the court, before proceeding with the witness I would like to have the jury look at the almanac which I hold in my hand. They will here see that on the night of the 9th of last August, when this extraordinary witness"—with a sneer at Dave, who had sunk down on a chair in exhaustion—"saw the shape

of a pistol at twenty feet away, at 10 o'clock, by moonlight, the moon did not rise until half-past 1 in the morning."

Sovine had been gasping like a fish newly taken from the water while Lincoln uttered these words, and he now began to mutter something.

"You may have a chance to explain when the jury get done looking at the almanac," said the lawyer to him. "For the present you'd better keep silence."

There was a rustle of excitement in the court-room, but at a word from the judge the sheriff's gavel fell and all was still. Lincoln walked slowly toward the jury-box and gave the almanac to the foreman, an intelligent farmer. Countrymen in that day were used to consulting almanacs, and one group after another of the jurymen satisfied themselves that on the night of the 9th, that is, on the morning of the 10th, the moon came up at half-past 1 o'clock. When all had examined the page, the counsel recovered his little book.

"Will you let me look at it?" asked the judge.

"Certainly, your Honor"; and the little witness was handed up to the judge, who with habitual caution looked it all over, outside and in, even examining the title-page to make sure that the book was genuine and belonged to the current year. Then he took note on a slip of paper of the moon's rising on the nights of August 9 and 10, and handed back the almanac to Lincoln, who slowly laid it face downward on the table in front of him, open at the place of its testimony. The audience in the court-room was utterly silent and expectant. The prosecuting attorney got half-way to his feet to object to Lincoln's course, but he thought better of it and sat down again.

"Now, may it please the court," Lincoln went on, "I wish at this point to make a motion. I think the court will not regard it as out of order, as the case is very exceptional—a matter of life and death. This witness has solemnly sworn to a story that has manifestly not one word of truth in it. It is one unbroken falsehood. In order to take away the life of an innocent man he has invented this atrocious web of lies, to the falsity of which the very heavens above bear witness, as this almanac shows you. Now why does David Sovine go to all this trouble to perjure himself? Why does he wish to swear away the life of that young man who never did him any harm?" Lincoln stood still a moment, and looked at the witness, who had grown ghastly pale about the lips. Then he went on, very slowly.

"Because that witness shot and killed George Lockwood himself. I move your Honor, that David Sovine be arrested at once for murder."

These words, spoken with extreme deliberation and careful emphasis, shook the audience like an explosion.

The prosecutor got to his feet, probably to suggest that the motion was not in order, since he had yet a right to a re-direct examination of Sovine, but, as the attorney for the State, his duty was now a divided one as regarded two men charged with the same crime. So he waved his hand irresolutely, stammered inarticulately, and sat down.

"This is at least a case of extraordinary perjury," said the judge. "Sheriff, arrest David Sovine! This matter will have to be looked into."

The sheriff came down from his seat, and went up to the now stunned and bewildered Sovine.

"I arrest you," he said, taking him by the arm.

The day-and-night fear of detection in which Dave had lived for all these weeks had wrecked his self-control at last.

"God!" he muttered, dropping his head with a sort of shudder. "'T ain't any use keepin' it back any longer. I—didn't mean to shoot him, an' I wouldn't 'a' come here ag'inst Tom if I could 'a' got away."

The words appeared to be wrung from him by some internal agony too strong for him to master; they were the involuntary result of the breaking down of his forces under prolonged suffering and terror, culminating in the slow torture inflicted by his cross-examination. A minute later, when his spasm of irresolution had passed off, he would have retracted his confession if he could. But the sheriff's deputy, with the assistance of a constable, was already leading him through the swaying crowd in the aisle, while many people got up and stood on the benches to watch the exit of the new prisoner. When at length Sovine had disappeared out of the door the spectators turned and looked at Tom, sitting yet in the dock, but with the certainty of speedy release before him. The whole result of Lincoln's masterful stroke was now for the first time realized, and the excitement bade fair to break over bounds. McCord doubled himself up once or twice in the effort to repress his feelings out of respect for the court, but his emotions were too

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much for him; his big fist, grasping his ragged hat, appeared above his head.

"Goshamity! Hooray!" he burst out with a stentorian voice, stamping his foot as he waved his hat.

At this the whole court-roomful of people burst into cheers, laughter, cries, and waving of hats and handkerchiefs, in spite of the sheriff's sharp rapping and shouts of "Order in court!" And when at length the people were quieted a little, Mrs. Grayson spoke up, with a choking voice:

"Judge, ain't you a-goin' to let him go now?"

There was a new movement of feeling, and the judge called out, "Sheriff, order in court!" But his voice was husky and tremulous. He took off his spectacles to wipe them, and he looked out of the window behind him, and put his handkerchief first to one eye, then to the other, before he put his glasses back.

"May it please the court," said the tall lawyer, who had remained standing, waiting for the tempest to subside, and who now spoke in a subdued voice, "I move your Honor, that the jury be instructed to render a verdict of 'Not guilty.'" The judge turned to the prosecuting attorney.

"I don't think, your Honor," stammered Allen, "that I ought to object to the motion of my learned brother, under the peculiar circumstances of this case."

"I don't think you ought," said the judge, promptly, and he proceeded to give the jury instructions to render the desired verdict. As soon as the jury, nothing loath, had gone through the formality of a verdict, the sheriff came and opened the door of the box to allow Tom to come out.

RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON

THE EXPERIMENT OF MISS SALLY CASH *by Richard Malcolm Johnston* was reprinted from the Century in *The Primes and Their Neighbors: Ten Tales of Middle Georgia* (Appleton, 1891). *An acquaintance with the context of this story of the white folks is not essential for the enjoyment of this episode of the dance.*

Miss Cash's Party

BY CANDLELIGHT the guests arrived. The hostess shone in a white frock whose flounces, furbelows, and gathers—if these be their names—I feel it to be vain at my time of life to undertake to describe. Her hair, I admit, was red; but her cheeks—well, she would have contended, if necessary, that their color was her business; and certain it is, that for every stick of cinnamon that may have been used by her for any purpose under the sun the hard cash had been paid down on Mr. Hines's counter and no grumbling.

Whoever had supposed that Mr. Hooks would have declined an invitation to a party at that house, even when it was understood that there was to be dancing, knew not the man. That very evening he had ridden down to the store and purchased not only the shiniest pair of silk stockings that could be found in the whole store, and the sleekest pair of pumps, but the longest, widest, stripedest silk cravat; and the latter he had Mr. Hines to tie around his neck, enjoining him to come as nigh the Augusta knot as was possible in a provincial region so remote from that great metropolis.

"Them feet and them legs," contemplating these interesting objects, he remarked at the party to several ladies and gentlemen, as if imparting a pleasant secret—"them legs and them feet 'pear like they forgot tell here lately what they made fur; but my intenchuins is, before they git much older, to convince 'em o' their ric'lection."

He sat by Susan Ann, and Mr. Tuggle by Emeline; and it was evident that each of these young ladies was intent upon exhibiting before Miss Cash her own especial knight to the best possible advantage.

To one who loves the sound of the fiddle, there is something in its voice that imparts an exhilaration seldom coming from any other music. In the breast of Mr. Hooks on the present occasion that emotion was perhaps the more pronounced because of several years' suppression. When Morris, a negro man belonging to the rich Mr. Parkinson, was called in, even while putting his instrument in tune, the eyes of Mr. Hooks were lit up into fiery brilliancy; his face quivered with almost angry smiles; and he had to breathe, and that hotly, through his nostrils alone; while his elevated mouth was puckered in every possible approach to a point, in order to hold within its accumulating waters.

It was pleasant to everybody to notice how well Mr. Hines looked and behaved. On the whole he was better dressed—that is, more stylishly and perhaps expensively—than any other gentleman present. But of course he had been to Augusta far more often than anybody else there; and besides, being his own buyer as well as seller, he could afford to dress as he pleased. Having confessed to Miss Cash that his early education in dancing had been neglected, she, with kind thoughtfulness for the embarrassment that he must feel otherwise, deputed him to assist in the entertainment of her guests, in which office he deported himself with a satisfaction that hardly could have been greater if it had been his own house.

“Choose pardners!” at length cried Morris in the commanding, menacing tone that only negro-fiddlers ever knew fully how to employ.

Instantly rose Mr. Hooks, and, violently seizing the hand of Susan Ann, led her forth. Mr. Tuggle glanced at Emeline, then lowered his head far down, as if to be more able thus to control his feelings. Emeline did the same.

The surprise manifested by the whole company at the prompt rise of Mr. Hooks and his march to the head of the cotillon was feeble compared with that experienced when they witnessed what he could do in that line. At first, as the figures were called, he moved with measured dignity, his long arms with deliberate exactitude describing immense, majestic arcs, both in the preliminaries of rotary movements and in their consummation. Susan Ann was a noted dancer, and the sight of her agility and grace, together with her appreciative words, inspired her partner to repetition of the noblest exploits of his youth.

“You are the best partner I ever danced with,” she whispered.

“Laws, girl!” he answered, indifferent, “wait tell I git warm, and come down ’ith a few o’ my double dimmersimmerquibbers.”

“Give them some,” she replied, looking at Miss Cash, whom she saw already running over with admiration.

“Sashay W’ all!”

When came the turn of Mr. Hooks to obey the command, if ever a pair of human legs exhibited suppleness, sprightliness, precision of calculation, the faculty to intertwine and outertwine, to wrap themselves around each other when high lifted from the floor, unwrap themselves at the instant of return, and afterward to reverse these apparently reckless spires, then surely was the time. There

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were moments when all, including Susan Ann, evinced apprehension that in one of these audacious exaltations a man so tall and slender, so long disused to such exercise, might lose his balance and fall bodily, perchance head-foremost, in the arena. But no! The arm of the daring vaulter, sometimes both, sometimes alternately extended, sometimes pointing to the zenith, sometimes to the horizon, sometimes at various angles intermediate to horizon and zenith, kept him true as any gyroscope. His countenance the while wore a serious, even threatening, aspect. When Morris, panting and dripping with sweat, gave the last shrieking note and called, "Honors to pardners," the hero descended heavily on one foot, and, extending the other, rested its toes easily on their extreme points, and while one hand hung in the direction toward these, the other's forefinger, far above all heads, pointed to the heavens. Amid the applause that rose irresistibly, after conducting Susan Ann to her seat, instead of taking that by her side, he promenaded around the room for some minutes suffering himself to be admired. Then, pausing in front of his rival, he said:

"Matthy, ain't you goin' to j'in in the egzitin' spote Miss Sally have powided so liber'l fur the enj'yments and 'ospital'ties of us all?"

"Now that," on his way home said Mr. Pate, "it didn't look like quite fa'r in Sing'ton, him a-knowin' Matthy, 'ith his duck-legs, were onpossible to foller him in them climbin's, the oudaciously I ever 'spected to live to see. Yit Matthy not a man people can skeer. He look like he know what he were about, and he smile and answer calm, he have made up his minds to quit dancin'."

HALL CAINE

THE MANXMAN by Hall Caine was published by Appleton in 1894. It is impossible for the modern reader to recapture, or even account for, the enthusiasm with which this novel was greeted by an immense audience. It seems to us, as it seemed to good critics of the time, false in taste and superficial in psychology. But a bit of dialogue, of the sort then thought to be "advanced" and "powerful," may be reprinted here as a literary curiosity. *The Christian* by Hall Caine was one of Appleton's two best-sellers of 1896. It was an even greater success than *The Manxman*, and it is a better book. *The spiritual struggle of John Storm—a struggle between faith and reason—reaches its climax when he decides to repudiate his vows and*

leave the monastery. The "social implications of the Gospel" are apparent in the next episode when John, having left the monastery, finds himself in the streets of Soho.

The Choice of the Paths

HALF A MINUTE afterwards he was swinging down the dark road homewards, by the side of Ross, who was drawling along with his cold voice.

"So you've started on your light-weight handicap, Philip. Father was monstrous unreasonable that day. Seemed to think I was coming back here to put my shoulder out for your high bailiffships and bum-bailiffships and heaven knows what. You're welcome to the lot for me, Philip. That girl's wonderful, though. It's positively miraculous, too; she's the living picture of a girl of my friend Montague's. Eyes, hair, that nervous movement of the mouth—everything. Old man looked glum enough, though. Poor little woman. I suppose she's past praying for. The old hypocrite will hold her like a dove in the claws of a buzzard hawk till she throws herself away on some Manx omathaun. It's the way with half these pretty creatures—they're wasted."

Philip's blood was boiling. "Do you call it being wasted when a good girl is married to an honest man?" he asked.

"I do; because a girl like this can never marry the right man. The man who is worthy of her cannot marry her, and the man who marries her isn't worthy of her. It's like this, Philip. She's young, she's pretty, perhaps beautiful, has manners and taste, and some refinement. The man of her own class is clumsy and ignorant, and stupid and poor. She doesn't want him, and the man she does want—the man she's fit for—daren't marry her; it would be social suicide."

"And so," said Philip bitterly, "to save the man above from social suicide, the girl beneath must choose moral death—is that it?"

Ross laughed. "Do you know I thought old Jeremiah was at you in the corner there, Philip. But look at it straight. Here's a girl like that. Two things are open to her—two only. Say she marries your Manx fellow, what follows? A thatched cottage three fields back from the mountain road, two rooms, a cow-house, a crock, a dresser, a press, a form, a three-legged stool, an armchair, and a clock with a dirty face, hanging on a nail in the wall. Milking, weeding, digging, ninepence a day, and a can of buttermilk, with a lump of

butter thrown in. Potatoes, herrings, and barley bonnag. Year one, a baby, a boy; year two, another baby, a girl; year three, twins; year four, barefooted children squalling, dirty house, man grumbling, woman distracted, measles, whooping-cough; a journey at the tail of a cart to the bottom of the valley, and the awful words 'I am the—'

"Hush man!" said Philip. They were passing Lezayre churchyard. When they had left it behind, he added, with a grim curl of the lip, which was lost in the darkness, "Well, that's one side. What's the other?"

"Life," said Ross. "Short and sweet, perhaps. Everything she wants, everything she can wish for—five years, four years, three years—what matter?"

"And then?"

"Every one for himself and God for us all, my boy. She's as happy as the day while it lasts, lifts her head like a rosebud in the sun—"

"Then drops it, I suppose, like a rose-leaf in the mud."

Ross laughed again. "Yes, it's a fact, old Jeremiah has been at you, Philip. Poor little Kitty—"

"Keep the girl's name out of it, if you please."

Ross gave a long whistle. "I was only saying the poor little woman—"

"It's damnable, and I'll have no more of it."

"There's no duty on speech, I hope, in your precious Isle of Man."

"There is, though," said Philip, "a duty of decency and honour, and to name that girl, foolish as she is, in the same breath with your women—But here, listen to me. Best tell you now, so there may be no mistake and no excuse. Miss Cregeen is to be married to a friend of mine. I needn't say who he is—he comes close enough to you at all events. When he's at home, he's able to take care of his own affairs; but while he's abroad I've got to see that no harm comes to his promised wife. I mean to do it, too. Do you understand me, Ross? I mean to do it. Good night!"

They were at the gate of Ballawhaine by this time, and Ross went through it giggling.

John Storm Leaves the Monastery

SOME WEEKS had passed, and it was the morning of the last day of John Storm's residence at Bishopsgate Street. After calling the Brotherhood, the Father had entered John's room and was resting on the end of the bed.

"You are quite determined to leave us?"

"Quite determined, Father."

The Father sighed deeply, and said in broken sentences: "Our house is passing through terrible trials, my son. Perhaps we did wrong to come here. There is no cross in our foundations, and we have built on a worldly footing. 'Unless the Lord build the house—' It was good of you to delay the execution of your purpose, but now that the time has come—I had set my heart on you, my son. I am an old man now, and something of the affection of the natural father—"

"Father, if you only knew—"

"Yes, yes; I know, I know. You have suffered, and it is not for me to reproach you. The novitiate has its great joys, but it has its great trials also. Self has to be got rid of, faith has to be exerted, obedience has to be learned, and, above all, the heart has to be detached from its idols in the world—a devoted mother, it may be; a dear sister; perhaps a dearer one still."

There was silence for a moment. John's head was down; he could not speak.

"That you wish to return to the world only shows that you came before you heard the call of God. Some other voice seemed to speak to you, and you listened and thought it was God's voice. But God's voice will come to you yet, and you will hear it and answer it and not another—Have you anywhere to go to when you leave this house?"

"Yes, the home of a good woman. I have written to her—I think she will receive me."

"All that you brought with you will be returned, and if you want money—"

"No, I came to you as a beggar—let me leave you as a beggar too."

"There is one thing more, my son."

"What is it, Father?"

The old man's voice was scarcely audible. "You are breaking obedience by leaving us before the end of your novitiate, and the

community must separate itself from you, though you are only a novice, as from one who has violated his vow and cast himself off from grace. This will have to be done before you cross our threshold. It is our duty to the Brotherhood—it is also our duty to God. You understand that?"

"Yes."

"It will be in the church, a few minutes before midday service." The Father rose to go. "Then that is all?"

"That is all."

The Father's voice was breaking. "Good-bye, my son."

"Good-bye, Father, and God forgive me!" . . .

Though the courtyard was full of sunshine, the church looked dark and gloomy. Curtains were drawn across the windows, and the altar was draped as for a funeral. As soon as the brothers had taken their places in the choir the Father stood on the altar steps and said:

"If any member of this community has one unfaithful thought of going back to the outer world, I charge him to come to this altar now. But woe to him through whom the offence cometh! Woe to him who turns back after taking up the golden plough!"

John was kneeling in his place in the second row of the choir. The eyes of the community were upon him. He hesitated a moment, then rose and stepped up to the altar.

"My son," said the Father, "it is not yet too late. I see your fate as plainly as I see you now. Shall I tell you what it is? Can you bear to hear it? I see you going out into a world which has nothing to satisfy the cravings of your soul. I see you foredoomed to failure and suffering and despair. I see you coming back to us within a year with a broken and bleeding heart. I see you taking the vows of lifelong consecration. Can you face that future?"

"I must."

The Father drew a long breath. "It is inevitable," he said; and, taking a book from the altar, he read the awful service of the degradation:

"By the authority of God Almighty, Father (✠), Son, and Holy Ghost, and by our own authority, we, the members of the Society of the Holy Gethsemane, do take away from thee the habit of our Order, and depose and degrade and deprive thee of all rights and privileges in the spiritual goods and prayers which, by the grace of God, are done among us."

"Amen! Amen!" said the brothers.

During the reading of the service John had been kneeling. The Father motioned to him to rise, and proceed to remove the cord with which he had bound him at his consecration. When this was done, he signalled to Brother Andrew to take off the cassock.

The bell was tolled. The Father dropped on his knees. The brothers, hoarse and husky, began to sing *In Exitu Israel de Ægypto*. Their heads were down, their voices seemed to come up out of the earth.

It was all over now. John Storm turned about, hardly able to see his way. Brother Andrew went before him to open the door of the sacristy. The lay brother was crying audibly.

The Devil's Acre

AT EIGHT o'clock that night John Storm was walking through the streets of Soho. The bell of a jam factory had just been rung, and a stream of young girls in big hats with gorgeous flowers and sweeping feathers were pouring out of an archway and going arm-in-arm down the pavement. Men standing in groups at street ends shouted to them as they passed, and they shouted back in shrill voices and laughed with wild joy. In an alley round one corner an organ man was playing "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," and some of the girls began to dance and sing around him. Coming to the main artery of traffic, they were almost run down by a splendid equipage which was cutting across two thoroughfares into a square, and they screamed with mock terror as the fat coachman in tippet and cockade bellowed to them to get out of the way.

The square was a centre of gaiety. Theatres and music halls lined two of its sides, and the gas on their façades and the beacons on their roofs were beginning to burn brightly in the fading daylight. With skips and leaps the girls passed over to the doors of these palaces, and peered with greedy eyes through lines of policemen and doorkeepers in livery at gentlemen in shields of shirt-front and ladies in light cloaks and long white gloves, stepping in satin slippers and patent leather shoes out of gorgeous carriages into gorgeous halls.

John Storm was looking on at this masquerade when suddenly he became aware that the flare of coarse lights on the front of the building before him formed the letters of a word. The word was "GLORIA." Seeing it again as he had seen it in the morning, but

now identified and explained, he grew hot and cold by turns, and his brain, which refused to think, felt like a sail that is flapping idly on the edge of the wind.

There was a garden in the middle of the square, and he walked round and round it. He gazed vacantly at a statue in the middle of the garden, and then walked round the rails again. The darkness was gathering fast, the gas was beginning to blaze, and he was like a creature in the coil of a horrible fascination. That word, that name over the music hall, fizzing and crackling in its hundred lights, seemed to hold him as by an eye of fire. And remembering what had happened since he left the monastery—the sandwich men, the boards on the omnibuses, the hoardings on the walls—it seemed like a fiery finger which had led him to that spot. Only one thing was clear—that a supernatural power had brought him there, and that it was intended he should come. Fearfully, shamefully, miserably, rebuking himself for his doubts, yet conquered and compelled by them, he crossed the street and entered the music hall.

He was in the pit and it was crowded; not a seat vacant anywhere, and many persons standing packed in the crush-room at the back. His first sensation was of being stared at. First the man at the pay-box and then the check-taker had looked at him, and now he was being looked at by the people about him. They were both men and girls. Some of the men wore light frock-coats and talked in the slang of the race-course, some of the girls wore noticeable hats and showy flowers in their bosoms and were laughing in loud voices. They made a way for him of themselves, and he passed through to a wooden barrier that ran round the last of the pit seats.

The music hall was large, and to John Storm's eyes, straight from the poverty of his cell, it seemed garish in the red and gold of its Eastern decorations. Men in the pit seats were smoking pipes and cigarettes, and waiters with trays were hurrying up and down the aisles serving ale and porter, which they set down on ledges like the book-rests in church. In the stalls in front, which were not so full, gentlemen in evening dress were smoking cigars, and there was an arc of the tier above, in which people in fashionable costumes were talking audibly. Higher yet, and unseen from that position, was a larger audience still, whose voices rumbled like a distant sea. A cloud of smoke filled the atmosphere, and from time to time there was the sound of popping corks and breaking glasses and rolling bottles.

STEPHEN CRANE

The curtain was down, but the orchestra was beginning to play. Two men in livery came from the sides of the curtain and fixed up large figures in picture frames that were attached to the wings of the proscenium. Then the curtain rose and the entertainment was resumed. It was in sections, and after each performance the curtain was dropped and the waiters went round with their trays again.

John Storm had seen it all before in the days when, under his father's guidance, he had seen everything—the juggler, the acrobat, the step-dancer, the comic singer, the tableaux, and the living picture. He felt tired and ashamed, yet he could not bring himself to go away. As the evening advanced he thought: "How foolish! What madness it was to think of such a thing!" He was easier after that, and began to listen to the talk of the people about him. It was free, but not offensive. In the frequent intervals some of the men played with the girls, pushing and nudging and joking with them, and the girls laughed and answered back. Occasionally one of them would turn her head aside and look into John's face with a saucy smile. "God forbid that I should grudge them their pleasure!" he thought. "It's all they have, poor creatures!"

STEPHEN CRANE

THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE by Stephen Crane was published by D. Appleton and Company in 1895. According to a tradition which may be well founded, Crane had criticized a now forgotten story involving a battle as incredible and psychologically unsound and had been challenged by a friend to write a battle-story of his own. To the battle no name is given in the book, but Crane probably had Chancellorsville in mind. He is said to have talked with veterans of the Civil War but to have got little help from them. Some material he doubtless took from books, including *The Century Company's Battles and Leaders*. Something may have come from Tolstoy's *War and Peace* and Zola's *Le Débâcle*. The book, however, is not derivative or imitative but a tour de force of astonishing originality. Crane's great achievement was to put himself, who had had no experience of warfare, in the situation of a youth in his first battle. It has been well called an "anatomy of fear." To the psychological accuracy of the characterization testimony has been borne by soldiers, notably by Arthur Guy Empey, author of *Over the Top*, who supplied a foreword to the new Appleton edition of 1917. For a

judicious estimate of The Red Badge of Courage, which has been overpraised by some critics, the reader may turn to Professor Arthur H. Quinn's American Fiction (D. Appleton-Century Company, 1936).

Flight from Battle

INTO THE youth's eyes there came a look that one can see in the orbs of a jaded horse. His neck was quivering with nervous weakness and the muscles of his arms felt numb and bloodless. His hands, too, seemed large and awkward as if he was wearing invisible mittens. And there was a great uncertainty about his knee joints.

The words that comrades had uttered previous to the firing began to recur to him. "Oh, say, this is too much of a good thing! What do they take us for—why don't they send us supports? I didn't come here to fight the hull damned rebel army."

He began to exaggerate the endurance, the skill, and the valor of those who were coming. Himself reeling from exhaustion, he was astonished beyond measure at such persistency. They must be machines of steel. It was very gloomy struggling against such affairs, wound up perhaps to fight until sundown.

He slowly lifted his rifle and catching a glimpse of the thick-spread field he blazed at a cantering cluster. He stopped then and began to peer as best he could through the smoke. He caught changing views of the ground covered with men who were all running like pursued imps, and yelling.

To the youth it was an onslaught of redoubtable dragons. He became like the man who lost his legs at the approach of the red and green monster. He waited in a sort of a horrified, listening attitude. He seemed to shut his eyes and wait to be gobbled.

A man near him who up to this time had been working feverishly at his rifle suddenly stopped and ran with howls. A lad whose face had borne an expression of exalted courage, the majesty of he who dares give his life, was, at an instant, smitten abject. He blanched like one who has come to the edge of a cliff at midnight and is suddenly made aware. There was a revelation. He, too, threw down his gun and fled. There was no shame in his face. He ran like a rabbit.

Others began to scamper away through the smoke. The youth

turned his head, shaken from his trance by this movement as if the regiment was leaving him behind. He saw the few fleeting forms.

He yelled then with fright and swung about. For a moment, in the great clamor, he was like a proverbial chicken. He lost the direction of safety. Destruction threatened him from all points.

Directly he began to speed toward the rear in great leaps. His rifle and cap were gone. His unbuttoned coat bulged in the wind.



THE BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE

From a woodcut by W. L. Sheppard after a drawing by R. C. Collins in Battles and Leaders of the Civil War

The flap of his cartridge box bobbed wildly, and his canteen, by its slender cord, swung out behind. On his face was all the horror of those things which he imagined.

The lieutenant sprang forward bawling. The youth saw his features wrathfully red, and saw him make a dab with his sword. His one thought of the incident was that the lieutenant was a peculiar creature to feel interested in such matters upon this occasion.

He ran like a blind man. Two or three times he fell down. Once he knocked his shoulder so heavily against a tree that he went headlong.

Since he had turned his back upon the fight his fears had been wondrously magnified. Death about to thrust him between the shoulder blades was far more dreadful than death about to smite

him between the eyes. When he thought of it later, he conceived the impression that it is better to view the appalling than to be merely within hearing. The noises of the battle were like stones: he believed himself liable to be crushed.

As he ran on he mingled with others. He dimly saw men on his right and on his left, and he heard footsteps behind him. He thought that all the regiment was fleeing, pursued by these ominous crashes.

In his flight the sound of these following footsteps gave him his one meager relief. He felt vaguely that death must make a first choice of the men who were nearest; the initial morsels for the dragons would be then those who were following him. So he displayed the zeal of an insane sprinter in his purpose to keep them in the rear. There was a race.

As he, leading, went across a little field, he found himself in a region of shells. They hurtled over his head with long wild screams. As he listened he imagined them to have rows of cruel teeth that grinned at him. Once one lit before him and the livid lightning of the explosion effectually barred the way in his chosen direction. He groveled on the ground and then springing up went careering off through some bushes.

He experienced a thrill of amazement when he came within view of a battery in action. The men there seemed to be in conventional moods, altogether unaware of the impending annihilation. The battery was disputing with a distant antagonist and their gunners were wrapped in admiration of their shooting. They were continually bending in coaxing postures over the guns. They seemed to be patting them on the back and encouraging them with words. The guns, stolid and undaunted, spoke with dogged valor.

The precise gunners were coolly enthusiastic. They lifted their eyes every chance to the smoke-wreathed hillock from whence the hostile battery addressed them. The youth pitied them as he ran. Methodical idiots! Machine-like fools! The refined joy of planting shells in the midst of the other battery's formation would appear a little thing when the infantry came swooping out of the woods.

The face of a youthful rider, who was jerking his frantic horse with an abandon of temper he might display in a placid barnyard, was impressed deeply upon his mind. He knew that he looked upon a man who would presently be dead.

Too, he felt a pity for the guns, standing, six good comrades, in a bold row.

He saw a brigade going to the relief of its pestered fellows. He scrambled upon a wee hill and watched it sweeping finely, keeping formation in difficult places. The blue of the line was crusted with steel color, and the brilliant flags projected. Officers were shouting.

This sight also filled him with wonder. The brigade was hurrying briskly to be gulped into the infernal mouths of the war god. What manner of men were they, anyhow? Ah, it was some wondrous breed! Or else they didn't comprehend—the fools.

A furious order caused commotion in the artillery. An officer on a bounding horse made maniacal motions with his arms. The teams went swinging up from the rear, the guns were whirled about, and the battery scampered away. The cannon with their noses poked slantingly at the ground grunted and grumbled like stout men, brave but with objections to hurry.

The youth went on, moderating his pace since he had left the place of noises.

Later he came upon a general of division seated upon a horse that pricked its ears in an interested way at the battle. There was a great gleaming of yellow and patent leather about the saddle and bridle. The quiet man astride looked mouse-colored upon such a splendid charger.

A jingling staff was galloping hither and thither. Sometimes the general was surrounded by horsemen and at other times he was quite alone. He looked to be much harassed. He had the appearance of a business man whose market is swinging up and down.

The youth went slinking around this spot. He went as near as he dared trying to overhear words. Perhaps the general, unable to comprehend chaos, might call upon him for information. And he could tell him. He knew all concerning it. Of a surety the force was in a fix, and any fool could see that if they did not retreat while they had opportunity—why—

He felt that he would like to thrash the general, or at least approach and tell him in plain words exactly what he thought him to be. It was criminal to stay calmly in one spot and make no effort to stay destruction.

The Doomed Soldier

THE YOUTH fell back in the procession until the tattered soldier was not in sight. Then he started to walk on with the others.

But he was amid wounds. The mob of men was bleeding. Because of the tattered soldier's question he now felt that his shame could be viewed. He was continually casting sidelong glances to see if the men were contemplating the letters of guilt he felt burned into his brow.

At times he regarded the wounded soldiers in an envious way. He conceived persons with torn bodies to be peculiarly happy. He wished that he, too, had a wound, a red badge of courage.

The spectral soldier was at his side like a stalking reproach. The man's eyes were still fixed in a stare into the unknown. His gray, appalling face had attracted attention in the crowd, and men, slowing to his dreary pace, were walking with him. They were discussing his plight, questioning him and giving him advice. In a dogged way he repelled them, signing to them to go on and leave him alone. The shadows of his face were deepening and his tight lips seemed holding in check the moan of great despair. There could be seen a certain stiffness in the movements of his body, as if he were taking infinite care not to arouse the passion of his wounds. As he went on, he seemed always looking for a place, like one who goes to choose a grave.

Something in the gesture of the man as he waved the bloody and pitying soldiers away made the youth start as if bitten. He yelled in horror. Tottering forward he laid a quivering hand upon the man's arm. As the latter slowly turned his waxlike features toward him, the youth screamed:

"Gawd! Jim Conklin!"

The tall soldier made a little commonplace smile. "Hello, Henry," he said.

The youth swayed on his legs and glared strangely. He stuttered and stammered. "Oh, Jim—oh, Jim—oh, Jim—"

The tall soldier held out his gory hand. There was a curious red and black combination of new blood and old blood upon it. "Where yeh been, Henry?" he asked. He continued in a monotonous voice, "I thought mebbe yeh got keeled over. There's been thunder t' pay t'-day. I was worryin' about it a good deal."

The youth still lamented. "Oh, Jim—oh, Jim—oh, Jim—"

"Yeh know," said the tall soldier, "I was out there." He made a careful gesture. "An', Lord, what a circus! An', b'jiminey, I got shot—I got shot. Yes, b'jiminey, I got shot." He reiterated this fact in a bewildered way, as if he did not know how it came about.

The youth put forth anxious arms to assist him, but the tall soldier went firmly on as if propelled. Since the youth's arrival as a guardian for his friend, the other wounded men had ceased to display much interest. They occupied themselves again in dragging their own tragedies toward the rear.

Suddenly, as the two friends marched on, the tall soldier seemed to be overcome by a terror. His face turned to a semblance of gray paste. He clutched the youth's arm and looked all about him, as if dreading to be overheard. Then he began to speak in a shaking whisper:

"I tell yeh what I'm 'fraid of, Henry—I'll tell yeh what I'm 'fraid of. I'm 'fraid I'll fall down—an' then yeh know—them damned artillery wagons—they like as not'll run over me. That's what I'm 'fraid of—"

The youth cried out to him hysterically: "I'll take care of yeh, Jim! I'll take care of yeh! I swear t' Gawd I will!"

"Sure—will yeh, Henry?" the tall soldier beseeched.

"Yes—yes—I tell yeh—I'll take care of yeh, Jim!" protested the youth. He could not speak accurately because of the gulplings in his throat.

But the tall soldier continued to beg in a lowly way. He now hung babelike to the youth's arm. His eyes rolled in the wildness of his terror. "I was allus a good friend t' yeh, wa'n't I, Henry? I've allus been a pretty good feller, ain't I? An' it ain't much t' ask, is it? Jest t' pull me along outer th' road? I'd do it fer you, wouldn't I, Henry?"

He paused in piteous anxiety to await his friend's reply.

The youth had reached an anguish where the sobs scorched him. He strove to express his loyalty but he could only make fantastic gestures.

However, the tall soldier seemed suddenly to forget all those fears. He became again the grim, stalking specter of a soldier. He went stonily forward. The youth wished his friend to lean upon him, but the other always shook his head and strangely protested. "No—no—no—leave me be—leave me be—"

His look was fixed again upon the unknown. He moved with

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mysterious purpose, and all of the youth's offers he brushed aside. "No—no—leave me be—leave me be—"

The youth had to follow.

Presently the latter heard a voice talking softly near his shoulders. Turning he saw that it belonged to the tattered soldier. "Ye'd better take 'im outa th' road, pardner. There's a batt'ry comin' helitywhoop down th' road an' he'll git runned over. He's a goner anyhow in about five minutes—yeh kin see that. Ye'd better take 'im outa th' road. Where th' blazes does he git his stren'th from?"

"Lord knows!" cried the youth. He was shaking his hands helplessly.

He ran forward presently and grasped the tall soldier by the arm. "Jim! Jim!" he coaxed, "come with me."

The tall soldier weakly tried to wrench himself free. "Huh," he said vacantly. He stared at the youth for a moment. At last he spoke as if dimly comprehending. "Oh! Inteh th' fields? Oh!"

He started blindly through the grass.

The youth turned once to look at the lashing riders and jouncing guns of the battery. He was startled from this view by a shrill outcry from the tattered man.

"Gawd! He's runnin'!"

Turning his head swiftly, the youth saw his friend running in a staggering and stumbling way toward a little clump of bushes. His heart seemed to wrench itself almost free from his body at this sight. He made a noise of pain. He and the tattered man began a pursuit. There was a singular race.

When he overtook the tall soldier he began to plead with all the words he could find. "Jim—Jim—what are you doing—what makes you do this way—you'll hurt yerself."

The same purpose was in the tall soldier's face. He protested in a dulled way, keeping his eyes fastened on the mystic place of his intentions. "No—no—don't tech me—leave me be—leave me be—"

The youth, aghast and filled with wonder at the tall soldier, began quaveringly to question him. "Where yeh goin', Jim? What you thinking about? Where you going? Tell me, won't you, Jim?"

The tall soldier faced about as upon relentless pursuers. In his eyes there was a great appeal. "Leave me be, can't yeh? Leave me be fer a minnit."

The youth recoiled. "Why, Jim," he said, in a dazed way, "what's the matter with you?"

The tall soldier turned and, lurching dangerously, went on. The youth and the tattered soldier followed, sneaking as if whipped, feeling unable to face the stricken man if he should again confront them. They began to have thoughts of a solemn ceremony. There was something ritelike in these movements of the doomed soldier. And there was a resemblance in him to a devotee of a mad religion, blood-sucking, muscle-wrenching, bone-crushing. They were awed and afraid. They hung back lest he have at command a dreadful weapon.

At last, they saw him stop and stand motionless. Hastening up, they perceived that his face wore an expression telling that he had at last found the place for which he had struggled. His spare figure was erect; his bloody hands were quietly at his side. He was waiting with patience for something that he had come to meet. He was at the rendezvous. They paused and stood, expectant.

There was a silence.

Finally, the chest of the doomed soldier began to heave with a strained motion. It increased in violence until it was as if an animal was within and was kicking and tumbling furiously to be free.

This spectacle of gradual strangulation made the youth writhe, and once as his friend rolled his eyes, he saw something in them that made him sink wailing to the ground. He raised his voice in a last supreme call.

"Jim—Jim—Jim——"

The tall soldier opened his lips and spoke. He made a gesture. "Leave me be—don't tech me—leave me be——"

There was another silence while he waited.

Suddenly, his form stiffened and straightened. Then it was shaken by a prolonged ague. He stared into space. To the two watchers there was a curious and profound dignity in the firm lines of his awful face.

He was invaded by a creeping strangeness that slowly enveloped him. For a moment the tremor of his legs caused him to dance a sort of hideous hornpipe. His arms beat wildly about his head in expression of implike enthusiasm.

His tall figure stretched itself to its full height. There was a slight rending sound. Then it began to swing forward, slow and straight, in the manner of a falling tree. A swift muscular contortion made the left shoulder strike the ground first.

The body seemed to bounce a little way from the earth. "God!" said the tattered soldier.

The youth had watched, spellbound, this ceremony at the place of meeting. His face had been twisted into an expression of every agony he had imagined for his friend.

He now sprang to his feet and, going closer, gazed upon the pastelike face. The mouth was open and the teeth showed in a laugh.

As the flap of the blue jacket fell away from the body, he could see that the side looked as if it had been chewed by wolves.

The youth turned, with sudden, livid rage, toward the battlefield. He shook his fist. He seemed about to deliver a philippic.

"Hell—"

The red sun was pasted in the sky like a wafer.

The tattered man stood musing.

"Well, he was reg'lar jim-dandy fer nerve, wa'n't he," said he finally in a little awestruck voice. "A reg'lar jim-dandy." He thoughtfully poked one of the docile hands with his foot. "I wonner where he got 'is stren'th from? I never seen a man do like that before. It was a funny thing. Well, he was a reg'lar jim-dandy."

The youth desired to screech out his grief. He was stabbed, but his tongue lay dead in the tomb of his mouth. He threw himself again upon the ground and began to brood.

The tattered man stood musing.

"Look-a-here, pardner," he said, after a time. He regarded the corpse as he spoke. "He's up an' gone, ain't 'e, an' we might as well begin t' look out fer ol' number one. This here thing is all over. He's up an' gone, ain't 'e? An' he's all right here. Nobody won't bother 'im. An' I must say I ain't enjoying any great health m'self these days."

The youth, awakened by the tattered soldier's tone, looked quickly up. He saw that he was swinging uncertainly on his legs and that his face had turned to a shade of blue.

"Good Lord!" he cried, "you ain't goin' t'—not you, too."

The tattered man waved his hand. "Nary die," he said. "All I want is some pea soup an' a good bed. Some pea soup," he repeated dreamfully.

The youth arose from the ground. "I wonder where he came from. I left him over there." He pointed. "And now I find 'im here.

And he was coming from over there, too." He indicated a new direction. They both turned toward the body as if to ask of it a question.

"Well," at length spoke the tattered man, "there ain't no use in our stayin' here an' tryin' t' ask him anything."

The youth nodded an assent wearily. They both turned to gaze for a moment at the corpse.

The youth murmured something.

"Well, he was a jim-dandy, wa'n't 'e?" said the tattered man as if in response.

They turned their backs upon it and started away. For a time they stole softly, treading with their toes. It remained laughing there in the grass.

The Charge

THE COLONEL came running along back of the line. There were other officers following him. "We must charge'm!" they shouted. "We must charge'm!" they cried with resentful voices, as if anticipating a rebellion against this plan by the men.

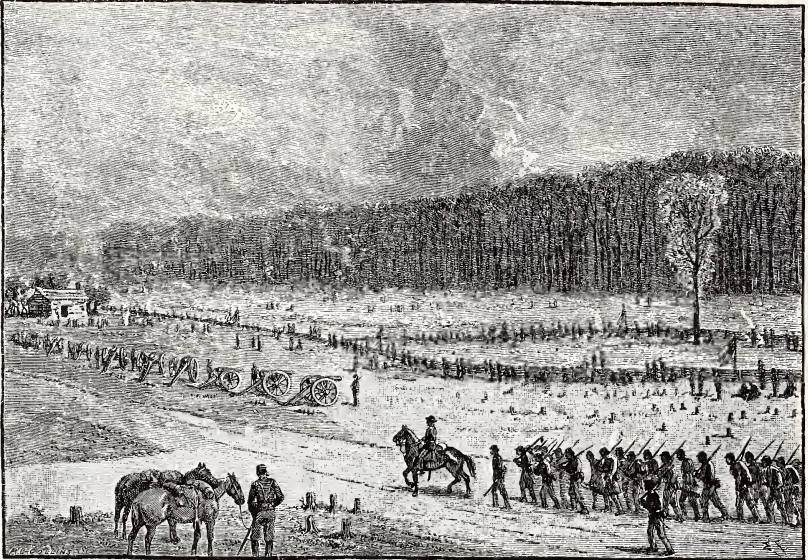
The youth, upon hearing the shouts, began to study the distance between him and the enemy. He made vague calculations. He saw that to be firm soldiers they must go forward. It would be death to stay in the present place, and with all the circumstances to go backward would exalt too many others. Their hope was to push the galling foes away from the fence.

He expected that his companions, weary and stiffened, would have to be driven to this assault, but as he turned toward them he perceived with a certain surprise that they were giving quick and unqualified expressions of assent. There was an ominous, clanging overture to the charge when the shafts of the bayonets rattled upon the rifle barrels. At the yelled words of command the soldiers sprang forward in eager leaps. There was new and unexpected force in the movement of the regiment. A knowledge of its faded and jaded condition made the charge appear like a paroxysm, a display of the strength that comes before a final feebleness. The men scampered in insane fever of haste, racing as if to achieve a sudden success before an exhilarating fluid should leave them. It was a blind and despairing rush by the collection of men in dusty and tattered blue, over a green sward and under a sapphire sky, toward

FICTION

a fence, dimly outlined in smoke, from behind which spluttered the fierce rifles of enemies.

The youth kept the bright colors to the front. He was waving his free arm in furious circles, the while shrieking mad calls and appeals, urging on those that did not need to be urged, for it seemed that the mob of blue men hurling themselves on the dangerous group of rifles were again grown suddenly wild with an enthusiasm



THE BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE

From a war-time sketch in Battles and Leaders of the Civil War

of unselfishness. From the many firings starting toward them, it looked as if they would merely succeed in making a great sprinkling of corpses on the grass between their former position and the fence. But they were in a state of frenzy, perhaps because of forgotten vanities, and it made an exhibition of sublime recklessness. There was no obvious questioning, nor figurings, nor diagrams. There was, apparently, no considered loopholes. It appeared that the swift wings of their desires would have shattered against the iron gates of the impossible.

He himself felt the daring spirit of a savage religion-mad. He was capable of profound sacrifices, a tremendous death. He had no time for dissections, but he knew that he thought of the bullets only as

things that could prevent him from reaching the place of his endeavor. There were subtle flashings of joy within him that thus should be his mind.

He strained all his strength. His eyesight was shaken and dazzled by the tension of thought and muscle. He did not see anything excepting the mist of smoke gashed by the little knives of fire, but he knew that in it lay the aged fence of a vanished farmer protecting the snuggled bodies of the gray men.

As he ran a thought of the shock of contact gleamed in his mind. He expected a great concussion when the two bodies of troops crashed together. This became a part of his wild battle madness. He could feel the onward swing of the regiment about him and he conceived of a thunderous, crushing blow that would prostrate the resistance and spread consternation and amazement for miles. The flying regiment was going to have a catapultian effect. This dream made him run faster among his comrades, who were giving vent to hoarse and frantic cheers.

But presently he could see that many of the men in gray did not intend to abide the blow. The smoke, rolling, disclosed men who ran, their faces still turned. These grew to a crowd, who retired stubbornly. Individuals wheeled frequently to send a bullet at the blue wave.

But at one part of the line there was a grim and obdurate group that made no movement. They were settled firmly down behind posts and rails. A flag, ruffled and fierce, waved over them and their rifles dinned fiercely.

The blue whirl of men got very near, until it seemed that in truth there would be a close and frightful scuffle. There was an expressed disdain in the opposition of the little group, that changed the meaning of the cheers of the men in blue. They became yells of wrath, directed, personal. The cries of the two parties were now in sound an interchange of scathing insults.

They in blue showed their teeth; their eyes shone all white. They launched themselves as at the throats of those who stood resisting. The space between dwindled to an insignificant distance.

The youth had centered the gaze of his soul upon that other flag. Its possession would be high pride. It would express bloody minglings, near blows. He had a gigantic hatred for those who made great difficulties and complications. They caused it to be as a craved treasure of mythology, hung amid tasks and contrivances of danger.

He plunged like a mad horse at it. He was resolved it should not escape if wild blows and darings of blows could seize it. His own emblem, quivering and aflame, was winging toward the other. It seemed there would shortly be an encounter of strange beaks and claws, as of eagles.

The swirling body of blue men came to a sudden halt at close and disastrous range and roared a swift volley. The group in gray was split and broken by this fire, but its riddled body still fought. The men in blue yelled again and rushed in upon it.

The youth, in his leapings, saw, as through a mist, a picture of four or five men stretched upon the ground or writhing upon their knees with bowed heads as if they had been stricken by bolts from the sky. Tottering among them was the rival color bearer, whom the youth saw had been bitten vitally by the bullets of the last formidable volley. He perceived this man fighting a last struggle, the struggle of one whose legs are grasped by demons. It was a ghastly battle. Over his face was the bleach of death, but set upon it was the dark and hard lines of desperate purpose. With this terrible grin of resolution he hugged his precious flag to him and was stumbling and staggering in his design to go the way that led to safety for it.

But his wounds always made it seem that his feet were retarded, held, and he fought a grim fight, as with invisible ghouls fastened greedily upon his limbs. Those in advance of the scampering blue men, howling cheers, leaped at the fence. The despair of the lost was in his eyes as he glanced back at them.

The youth's friend went over the obstruction in a tumbling heap and sprang at the flag as a panther at prey. He pulled at it and, wrenching it free, swung up its red brilliancy with a mad cry of exultation even as the color bearer, gasping, lurched over in a final throe and, stiffening convulsively, turned his dead face to the ground. There was much blood upon the grass blades.

At the place of success there began more wild clamorings of cheers. The men gesticulated and bellowed in an ecstasy. When they spoke it was as if they considered their listener to be a mile away. What hats and caps were left to them they often slung high in the air.

At one part of the line four men had been swooped upon, and they now sat as prisoners. Some blue men were about them in an eager and curious circle. The soldiers had trapped strange birds,

and there was an examination. A flurry of fast questions was in the air.

One of the prisoners was nursing a superficial wound in the foot. He cuddled it, baby-wise, but he looked up from it often to curse with an astonishing utter abandon straight at the noses of his captors. He consigned them to red regions; he called upon the pestilential wrath of strange gods. And with it all he was singularly free from recognition of the finer points of the conduct of prisoners of war. It was as if a clumsy clod had trod upon his toe and he conceived it to be his privilege, his duty, to use deep, resentful oaths.

Another, who was a boy in years, took his plight with great calmness and apparent good nature. He conversed with the men in blue, studying their faces with his bright and keen eyes. They spoke of battles and conditions. There was an acute interest in all their faces during this exchange of view points. It seemed a great satisfaction to hear voices from where all had been darkness and speculation.

The third captive sat with a morose countenance. He preserved a stoical and cold attitude. To all advances he made one reply without variation, "Ah, go t'hell!"

The last of the four was always silent and, for the most part, kept his face turned in unmolested directions. From the views the youth received he seemed to be in a state of absolute dejection. Shame was upon him, and with it profound regret that he was, perhaps, no more to be counted in the ranks of his fellows. The youth could detect no expression that would allow him to believe that the other was giving a thought to his narrowed future, the pictured dungeons, perhaps, and starvations and brutalities, liable to the imagination. All to be seen was shame for captivity and regret for the right to antagonize.

After the men had celebrated sufficiently they settled down behind the old rail fence, on the opposite side to the one from which their foes had been driven. A few shot perfunctorily at distant marks.

There was some long grass. The youth nestled in it and rested, making a convenient rail support the flag. His friend, jubilant and glorified, holding his treasure with vanity, came to him there. They sat side by side and congratulated each other.

GILBERT PARKER

GILBERT PARKER'S *The Seats of the Mighty*, after appearing as a Century serial, became one of Appleton's two best-sellers of 1896. It is an historical romance which reaches its climax in Wolfe's taking of Quebec. Parker took fewer liberties with history than did most of the writers of his school.

The Attack on Quebec

FROM BOAT TO boat the General's eye passed, then shifted to the ships—the Squirrel, the Leostaff, the Seahorse, and the rest—and lastly to where the army of Bougainville lay. Then there came towards him an officer, who said quietly, "The tide has turned, sir." For reply the General made a swift motion towards the main-top shrouds, and almost instantly lanterns showed in them. In response, the crowded boats began to cast away, and, immediately descending, the General passed into his own boat, drew to the front, and drifted in the current ahead of his gallant men, the ships following after.

It was two by the clock when the boats began to move, and slowly we ranged down the stream, silently steered, carried by the current. No paddle, no creaking oarlock, broke the stillness. I was in the next boat to the General's, for, with Clark and twenty-two other volunteers to the forlorn hope, I was to show the way up the heights, and we were near to his person for over two hours that night. No moon was shining, but I could see the General plainly; and once, when our boats almost touched, he saw me, and said graciously, "If they get up, Mr. Moray, you are free to serve yourself."

My heart was full of love of country then, and I answered, "I hope, sir, to serve you till your flag is hoisted on the citadel."

He turned to a young midshipman beside him, and said, "How old are you, sir?"

"Seventeen, sir," was the reply.

"It is the most lasting passion," he said, musing.

It seemed to me then, and I still think it, that the passion he meant was love of country. A moment afterwards I heard him recite to the officers about him, in a low, clear tone, some verses by Mr. Gray, the poet, which I had never then read, though I have prized

them since. Under those frowning heights, and the smell from our roaring distant thirty-two-pounders in the air, I heard him say: . . .

“The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e’er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.”

Soon afterwards we neared the end of our quest, the tide carrying us in to shore; and down from the dark heights there came a challenge, satisfied by an officer, who said in French that we were provision-boats for Montcalm: these, we knew, had been expected! Then came the batteries of Samos. Again we passed with the same excuse, rounded a headland, and the great work was begun.

The boats of the Light Infantry swung in to shore. No sentry challenged, but I knew that at the top Lancy’s tents were set. When the Light Infantry had landed, we twenty-four volunteers stood still for a moment, and I pointed out the way. Before we started, we stooped beside a brook that leaped lightly down the ravine and drank a little rum and water. Then I led the way, Clark at one side of me, and a soldier of the Light Infantry at the other. It was hard climbing, but, following in our careful steps as silently as they might, the good fellows came eagerly after. Once a rock broke loose and came tumbling down, but plunged into a thicket, where it stayed; else it might have done for us entirely. I breathed freely when it stopped. Once, too, a branch cracked loudly, and we lay still; but hearing nothing above, we pushed on, and, sweating greatly, came close to the top.

Here Clark and I drew back, for such honour as there might be in gaining the heights first I wished to go to these soldiers who had trusted their lives to my guidance. I let six go by and reach the heights, and then I drew myself up. We did not stir till all twenty-four were safe; then we made a dash for the tents of Lancy, which now showed in the first gray light of morning. We were discovered, and shots greeted us; but we were on them instantly, and in a moment I had the pleasure of putting a bullet in Lancy’s heel, and brought him down. Our cheers told the General the news, and soon hundreds of soldiers were climbing the hard way that we had come.

And now, while an army climbed to the heights of Maître Abraham, Admiral Saunders in the gray dawn was bombarding Montcalm’s encampment, and boats filled with marines and soldiers drew

to the Beauport flats, as if to land there; while shots, bombs, shells, and carcasses were hurled from Levis upon the town, deceiving Montcalm. At last, however, suspecting, he rode towards the town at six o'clock, and saw our scarlet ranks spread across the plains between him and Bougainville, and on the crest, nearer to him, eying us in amazement, the white-coated battalion of Guienne, which should the day before have occupied the very ground held by Lancy. A slight rain falling added to their gloom, but cheered us. It gave us a better light to fight by, for in the clear September air, the bright sun shining in our faces, they would have had us at advantage.

In another hour the gates of St. John and St. Louis emptied out upon this battlefield a warring flood of our foes. It was a handsome sight: the white uniforms of the brave regiments, Roussillon, La Sarre, Guienne, Languedoc, Béarn, mixed with the dark, excitable militia, the sturdy burghers of the town, a band of *coureurs de bois* in their rough hunter's costume, and whooping Indians, painted and furious, ready to eat us. At last here was to be a test of fighting in open field, though the French had in their whole army twice the number of our men, a walled and provisioned city behind them, and field-pieces in great number to bring against us.

But there was bungling with them. Vaudreuil hung back or came tardily from Beauport; Bougainville had not yet arrived; and when they might have pitted twice our number against us, they had not many more than we. With Bougainville behind us and Montcalm in front, we might have been checked, though there was no man in all our army but believed that we should win the day. I could plainly see Montcalm, mounted on a dark horse, riding along the lines as they formed against us, waving his sword, a truly gallant figure. He was answered by a roar of applause and greeting. . . .

It was my hope that Doltaire* was with Montcalm, and that we might meet and end our quarrel. I came to know afterwards that it was he who had induced Montcalm to send the battalion of Guienne to the heights above the Anse du Foulon. The battalion had not been moved till twenty-four hours after the order was given, or we should never have gained those heights; stones rolled from the cliff would have destroyed an army!

We waited, Clark and I, with the Louisburg Grenadiers while they formed. We made no noise, but stood steady and still, the bagpipes

* In the story Doltaire is the personal enemy of Captain Moray, the narrator [Editor's note].

of the Highlanders shrilly challenging. At eight o'clock sharpshooters began firing on us from the left, and our skirmishers were thrown out to hold them in check, or drive them from the houses where they sheltered and galled Townsend's men. Their field-pieces opened on us, too, and yet we did nothing, but at nine o'clock, being ordered, we lay down and waited still. There was no restlessness, no anxiety, no show of doubt, for these men of ours were old fighters, and they trusted their leaders. From bushes, trees, coverts, and fields of grain there came that constant hail of fire, and there fell upon our ranks a doggedness, a quiet anger, which grew into a grisly patience. The only pleasure we had in two long hours was in watching our two brass six-pounders play upon the irregular ranks of our foes, making confusion, and Townsend drive back a detachment of cavalry from Cap Rouge, which sought to break our left flank and reach Montcalm.

We had seen the stars go down, the cold, mottled light of dawn break over the battered city and the heights of Charlesbourg; we had watched the sun come up, and then steal away behind the slow-travelling clouds and hanging mist; we had looked across over un-reaped cornfields and the dull, slovenly St. Charles, knowing that endless leagues of country, north and south, east and west, lay in the balance for the last time. I believed that this day would see the last of the strife between England and France for dominion here. . . .

The public stake was worthy of our army—worthy of the dauntless soldier who had begged his physicians to patch him up long enough to fight this fight, whereon he staked reputation, life, all that a man loves in the world; the private stake was more than worthy of my long sufferings. I thought that Montcalm would have waited for Vaudreuil, but no. At ten o'clock his three columns came down upon us briskly, making a wild rattle; two columns moving upon our right and one upon our left, firing obliquely and constantly as they marched. Then came the command to rise, and we stood up and waited, our muskets loaded with an extra ball. I could feel the stern malice in our ranks, as we stood there and took, without returning a shot, that damnable fire. Minute after minute passed; then came the sharp command to advance. We did so, and again halted, and yet no shot came from us. We stood there inactive, a long palisade of red.

At last I saw our General raise his sword, a command rang down the long line of battle, and, like one terrible cannon-shot, our mus-

kets sang together with as perfect a precision as on a private field of exercise. Then, waiting for the smoke to clear a little, another volley came with almost the same precision; after which the firing came in choppy waves of sound, and again in a persistent clattering. Then a light breeze lifted the smoke and mist well away, and a wayward sunlight showed us our foe, like a long white wave retreating from a rocky shore, bending, crumpling, breaking, and, in a hundred little billows, fleeing seaward.

Thus checked, confounded, the French army trembled and fell back. Then I heard the order to charge, and from nearly four thousand throats there came for the first time our exultant British cheer, and high over all rang the slogan of Fraser's Highlanders. To my left I saw the flashing broadswords of the clansmen, ahead of all the rest. Those sickles of death clove through and broke the battalions of La Sarre, and Lascelles scattered the soldiers of Languedoc into flying columns. We on the right, led by Wolfe, charged the desperate and valiant men of Roussillon and Guienne and the impetuous sharpshooters of the militia. As we came on I observed the General sway and push forward again, and then I lost sight of him, for I saw what gave the battle a new interest to me: Doltaire, cool and deliberate, animating and encouraging the French troops.

I moved in a shaking hedge of bayonets, keeping my eye upon him; and presently there was a hand-to-hand *mêlée*, out of which I fought to reach him. I was making for him, where he now sought to rally the retreating columns, when I noticed, not far away, Gabord, mounted, and attacked by three grenadiers. Looking back now, I see him, with his sabre cutting right and left, as he drove his horse at one grenadier, who slipped and fell on the slippery ground, while the horse rode on him, battering him. Obliquely down swept the sabre, and drove through the cheek and chin of one foe; another sweep, and the bayonet of the other was struck aside; and another, which was turned aside as Gabord's horse came down, bayoneted by the fallen grenadier. But Gabord was on his feet again, roaring like a bull, with a wild grin on his face, as he partly struck aside the bayonet of the last grenadier. It caught him in the flesh of the left side. He grasped the musket-barrel, and swung his sabre with fierce precision. The man's head dropped back like the lid of a pot, and he tumbled into a heap of the faded golden-rod flower which spattered the field.

At this moment I saw Juste Duvarney making towards me, hatred

and deadly purpose in his eyes. I had will enough to meet him, and to kill him too, yet I could not help but think of Alixe. Gabord saw him also, and, being nearer, made for me as well. For that act I cherish his memory. The thought was worthy of a gentleman of breeding; he had the true thing in his heart. He would save us—two brothers—from fighting, by fighting me himself!

He reached me first, and with an "Au diable!" made a stroke at me. It was a matter of sword and sabre now. Clark met Juste Duvarney's rush; and there we were, at as fine a game of cross-purposes as you can think: Clark hungering for Gabord's life (Gabord had once been his jailer too), and Juste Duvarney for mine; the battle faring on ahead of us. Soon the two were clean cut off from the French army, and must fight to the death or surrender.

Juste Duvarney spoke only once, and then it was but the rancorous word "Renegade!" nor did I speak at all; but Clark was blasphemous, and Gabord, bleeding, fought with a sputtering relish.

"Fair fight and fowl for spitting," he cried. "Go home to heaven, dickey-bird!"

Between phrases of this kind we cut and thrust for life, an odd sort of fighting. I fought with a desperate alertness, and presently my sword passed through his body, drew out, and he shivered—fell—where he stood, collapsing suddenly like a bag. I knelt beside him and lifted up his head. His eyes were glazing fast.

"Gabord! Gabord!" I called, grief-stricken, for that work was the worst I ever did in this world.

He started, stared, and fumbled at his waistcoat. I quickly put my hand in, and drew out—one of Mathilde's wooden crosses!

"To cheat—the devil—yet—aho!" he whispered, kissed the cross, and so was done with life.

When I turned from him, Clark stood alone beside me. Dazed as I was, I did not at first grasp the significance of that fact. I looked towards the town, and saw the French army hustling into the St. Louis Gate; saw the Highlanders charging the bushes at the Côte Ste. Genevieve, where the brave Canadians made their last stand; saw, not fifty feet away, the noblest soldier of our time, even General Wolfe, dead in the arms of Mr. Henderson, a volunteer in the Twenty-second; and then, almost at my feet, stretched out as I had seen him lie in the Palace courtyard two years before, I beheld Juste Duvarney.

But now he was beyond all friendship or reconciliation—forever!

S. WEIR MITCHELL

HUGH WYNNE, *FREE QUAKER* by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, published in the Century in 1896-7, was fortunate in the date of its appearance, for historical romance, which is part of English as well as of American literary history during the last decade of the nineteenth century, was in vogue. It was an "escapist" literature, inviting an escape alike from the stern industrial problems of the age and from the grim naturalistic novel as practised by Emile Zola and in more reticent English fashion by George Gissing. Years of reading and research and a loving intimacy with the customs and atmosphere of colonial and revolutionary Philadelphia went into this story of a member of the Society of Friends who did not conscientiously bind himself to opposition to a justifiable war. Hugh Wynne was illustrated by Howard Pyle, who caught the spirit of the novel.

The Fate of André and the Fate of Arnold

THE NIGHT WAS clear and beautiful; from the low hills far and near the camp bugle-calls and the sound of horses neighing filled the air. Uneasy and restless, I walked to and fro up and down the road below the little farm-house. Once or twice I fancied I saw the tall figure of the chief pass across the windowpanes. A hundred yards away was the house I had just left. There sat a gallant gentleman awaiting death. Here, in the house above me, was he in whose hands lay his fate. I pitied him too, and wondered if in his place I could be sternly just. At my feet the little brook babbled in the night, while the camp noises slowly died away. Meantime, intent on my purpose, I tried to arrange in my mind what I would say or how plead a lost cause. I have often thus prearranged the mode of saying what some serious occasion made needful. I always get ready, but when the time comes I am apt to say things altogether different, and to find, too, that the wisdom of the minute is apt to be the better wisdom.

At last I saw Hamilton approaching me through the gloom. "Come," he said. "His Excellency will see you, but I fear it will be of no use. He himself would agree to a change in the form of death, but Generals Greene and Sullivan are strongly of opinion that to do so in the present state of exasperation would be unwise and impolitic. I cannot say what I should do were I he. I am glad, Wynne,

that it is not I who have to decide. I lose my sense of the equities of life in the face of so sad a business. At least I would give him a gentleman's death. The generals who tried the case say that to condemn a man as a spy, and not at last to deal with him as Hale was dealt with, would be impolitic, and unfair to men who were as gallant as the poor fellow in yonder farm-house."

"It is only too clear," I said.

"Yes, they are right, I suppose; but it is a horrible business."

As we discussed, I went with him past the sentinels around the old stone house and through a hall, and to left into a large room.

"The general sleeps here," Hamilton said, in a lowered voice. "We have but these two apartments; across the passage is his dining-room, which he uses as his office. Wait here," and so saying, he left me. The room was large, some fifteen by eighteen feet, but so low-ceiled that the Dutch builder had need to contrive a recess in the ceiling to permit of a place for the tall Dutch clock he had brought from Holland. Around the chimney-piece were Dutch tiles. Black Billy, the general's servant, sat asleep in the corner, and two aides slumbered on the floor, tired out, I fancy. I walked to and fro over the creaking boards, and watched the Dutch clock. As it struck eleven the figure of Time, seated below the dial, swung a scythe and turned a tiny hour-glass. A bell rang; an orderly came in and woke up an aide: "Despatch for West Point, sir, in haste." The young fellow groaned, stuck the paper in his belt, and went out for his long night ride.

At last my friend returned. "The general will see you presently, Wynne, but it is a useless errand. Give me André's letter." With this he left me again, and I continued my impatient walk. In a quarter of an hour he came back. "Come," said he; "I have done my best, but I have failed as I expected to fail. Speak your mind freely; he likes frankness." I went after him, and in a moment was in the farther room and alone with the chief.

A huge fire of logs blazed on the great kitchen hearth, and at a table covered with maps and papers, neatly set in order, the general sat writing.

He looked up, and with quiet courtesy said, "Take a seat, Captain Wynne. I must be held excused for a little." I bowed and sat down, while he continued to write.

His pen moved slowly, and he paused at times, and then went on apparently with the utmost deliberation. I was favourably placed

to watch him without appearing to do so, his face being strongly lighted by the candles in front of him. He was dressed with his usual care, in a buff waistcoat and a blue-and-buff uniform, with powdered hair drawn back to a queue and carefully tied with black ribbon.

The face, with its light-blue eyes, ruddy cheeks, and rather heavy nose above a strong jaw, was now grave and, I thought, stern. At least a half-hour went by before he pushed back his chair and looked up.

I am fortunate as regards this conversation, since on my return I set it down in a diary which, however, has many gaps, and is elsewhere incomplete.

"Captain Wynne," he said, "I have refused to see several gentlemen in regard to this sad business, but I learn that Mr. André was your friend, and I have not forgotten your aunt's timely aid at a moment when it was sorely needed. For these reasons and at the earnest request of Captain Hamilton and the marquis, I am willing to listen to you. May I ask you to be brief?" He spoke slowly, as if weighing his words.

I replied that I was most grateful—that I owed it to Major André that I had not long ago endured the fate which was now to be his.

"Permit me, sir," he said, "to ask when this occurred."

I replied that it was when, at his Excellency's desire, I had entered Philadelphia as a spy; and then I went on briefly to relate what had happened.

"Sir," he returned, "you owed your danger to folly, not to what your duty brought. You were false, for the time, to that duty. But this does not concern us now. It may have served as a lesson, and I am free to admit that you did your country a great service. What now can I do for you? As to this unhappy gentleman, his fate is out of my hands. I have read the letter which Captain Hamilton gave me." As he spoke he took it from the table and deliberately read it again, while I watched him. Then he laid it down and looked up. I saw that his big, patient eyes were overfull as he spoke.

"I regret, sir, to have to refuse this most natural request; I have told Mr. Hamilton that it is not to be thought of. Neither shall I reply. It is not fitting that I should do so, nor is it necessary or even proper that I assign reasons which must already be plain to every man of sense. Is that all?"

I said, "Your Excellency, may I ask but a minute more?"

"I am at your disposal, sir, for so long. What is it?"

I hesitated, and, I suspect, showed plainly in my face my doubt as to the propriety of what was most on my mind when I sought this interview. He instantly guessed that I was embarrassed, and said, with the gentlest manner and a slight smile:

"Ah, Mr. Wynne, there is nothing which can be done to save your friend, nor indeed to alter his fate; but if you desire to say more do not hesitate. You have suffered much for the cause which is dear to us both. Go on, sir."

Thus encouraged, I said, "If on any pretext the execution can be delayed a week, I am ready to go with a friend"—I counted on Jack—"to enter New York in disguise, and to bring out General Arnold. I have been his aide, I know all his habits, and I am confident that we shall succeed if only I can control near New York a detachment of tried men. I have thought over my plan, and am willing to risk my life upon it."

"You propose a gallant venture, sir, but it would be certain to fail; the service would lose another brave man, and I should seem to have been wanting in decision for no just or assignable cause."

I was profoundly disappointed; and in the grief of my failure I forgot for a moment the august presence which imposed on all men the respect which no sovereign could have inspired.

"My God! sir," I exclaimed, "and this traitor must live unpunished, and a man who did but what he believed to be his duty must suffer a death of shame!" Then, half scared, I looked up, feeling that I had said too much. He had risen before I spoke, meaning, no doubt, to bring my visit to an end, and was standing with his back to the fire, his admirable figure giving the impression of greater height than was really his.

When, after my passionate speech, I looked up, having of course also risen, his face wore a look that was more solemn than any face of man I have ever yet seen in all my length of years.

"There is a God, Mr. Wynne," he said, "who punishes the traitor. Let us leave this man to the shame which every year must bring. Your scheme I cannot consider. I have no wish to conceal from you or from any gentleman what it has cost me to do that which, as God lives, I believe to be right. You, sir, have done your duty to your friend. And now may I ask of you not to prolong a too painful interview?"

I bowed, saying, "I cannot thank your Excellency too much for

FICTION

the kindness with which you have listened to a rash young man."

"You have said nothing, sir, which does not do you honour. Make my humble compliments to Mistress Wynne."

I bowed, and, backing a pace or two, was about to leave, when he said, "Permit me to detain you a moment. Ask Mr. Harrison—the secretary—to come to me."

I obeyed, and then in some wonder stood still, waiting.

"Mr. Harrison, fetch me Captain Wynne's papers." A moment later he sat down again, wrote the free signature, "Geo^e Washington," at the foot of a parchment, and gave it to me, saying, "That boy Hamilton has been troubling me for a month about this business. The commission is but now come to hand from Congress. You will report, at your early convenience, as major, to the colonel of the Third Pennsylvania foot; I hope it will gratify your aunt. Ah, Colonel Hamilton," for here the favourite aide entered, "I have just signed Mr. Wynne's commission." Then he put a hand affectionately on the shoulder of the small, slight figure. "You will see that the orders are all given for the execution at noon. Not less than eighty files from each wing must attend. See that none of my staff be present, and that this house be kept closed to-morrow until night. I shall transact no business that is not such as to ask instant attention. See, in any case, that I am alone from eleven until one. Good-evening, Mr. Wynne; I hope that you will shortly honour me with your company at dinner. Pray, remember it, Mr. Hamilton."

I bowed and went out, overcome with the kindness of this great and noble gentleman.

"He likes young men," said Hamilton to me long afterward. "An old officer would have been sent away with small comfort."

It was now late in the night, and, thinking to compose myself, I walked up and down the road and at last past the Dutch church, and up the hill between rows of huts and rarer tents. It was a clear, starlit night, and the noises of the great camp were for the most part stilled. A gentle slope carried me up the hill, back of André's prison, and at the top I came out on a space clear of these camp homes, and stood awhile under the quiet of the star-peopled sky. I lighted my pipe with help of flint and steel, and, walking to and fro, set myself resolutely to calm the storm of trouble and helpless dismay in which I had been for two weary days. At last, as I turned in my walk, I came on two upright posts with a cross-beam above.

It was the gallows. I moved away horror-stricken, and with swift steps went down the hill and regained Jack's quarters.

Of the horrible scene at noon on the 2d of October I shall say very little. A too early death never took from earth a more amiable and accomplished soldier. I asked and had leave to stand by the door as he came out. He paused, very white in his scarlet coat, smiled, and said, "Thank you, Wynne; God bless you!" and went on, recognising with a bow the members of the court, and so with a firm step to his ignoble death. As I had promised, I fell in behind the sad procession to the top of the hill. No fairer scene could a man look upon for his last of earth. A long range of hills rose to the northward. On all sides, near and far, was the splendour of the autumn-tinted woods, and to west the land swept downward past the headquarters to where the cliffs rose above the Hudson. I can see it all now—the loveliness of nature, the waiting thousands, mute and pitiful. I shut my eyes and prayed for this passing soul. A deathful stillness came upon the assembled multitude. I heard Colonel Scammel read the sentence. Then there was the rumble of the cart, a low murmur broke forth, and the sound of moving steps was heard. It was over. The great assemblage of farmers and soldiers went away strangely silent, and many in tears.

The effort I so earnestly desired to make for the capture of Arnold was afterward made by Sergeant Champe, but failed, as all men now know. Yet I am honestly of opinion that I should have succeeded.

Years afterward I was walking along the Strand in London, when, looking up, I saw a man and woman approaching. It was Arnold with his wife. His face was thin and wasted, a countenance writ over with gloom and disappointment. His masculine vigour was gone. Cain could have borne no plainer marks of vain remorse. He looked straight before him. As I crossed the way, with no desire to meet him, I saw the woman look up at him, a strange, melancholy sweetness in the pale, worn face of our once beautiful Margaret. Her love was all that time had left him; poor, broken, shunned, insulted, he was fast going to his grave. Where now he lies I know not. Did he repent with bitter tears on that gentle breast? God only knows. I walked on through the crowded street, and thought of the words of my great chief, "There is a God who punishes the traitor."

FRANCIS MARION CRAWFORD

FRANCIS MARION CRAWFORD'S *Via Crucis* was enormously popular when it ran in the *Century* in 1898-9. This story of the Second Crusade is typical of the pseudo-historical romances of the period—and the best of the lot. Swashbuckling and absurd as were these evocations of the far past and written though they were in a style of Wardour Street theatricality, there was something brave, confident, and joyous about them, fitting the mood of the country at the time of the Spanish-American War.

Single Combat

HE MET NO ONE in the road; but in the meadow before the castle, half a dozen Saxon grooms, in loose hose and short homespun tunics, were exercising some of Curboil's great Normandy horses. The baron himself was not in sight, and the grooms told Gilbert that he was within. The drawbridge was down, and Gilbert halted just before entering the gate, calling loudly for the porter. But instead of the latter, Sir Arnold himself appeared at that moment within the courtyard, feeding a brace of huge mastiffs with gobbets of red raw meat from a wooden bowl, carried by a bare-legged stable-boy with a shock of almost colorless flaxen hair, and a round, red face, pierced by two little round blue eyes. Gilbert called again, and the knight instantly turned and came toward him, beating down with his hands the huge dogs that sprang up at him in play and seemed trying to drive him back. Sir Arnold was smooth, spotless, and as carefully dressed as ever, and came forward with a well-composed smile in which hospitality was skilfully blended with sympathy and concern. Gilbert, who was as thorough a Norman in every instinct and thought as any whose fathers had held lands from the Conqueror, did his best to be suave and courteous on his side. Dismounting, he said quietly that he desired to speak with Sir Arnold alone upon a matter of weight, and, as the day was fair, he proposed that they should ride together for a little way into the greenwood. Sir Arnold barely showed a slight surprise, and readily assented. Gilbert, intent upon his purpose, noticed that the knight had no weapon.

"It were as well that you took your sword with you, Sir Arnold,"

he said, somewhat emphatically. "No one is safe from highwaymen in these times."

The knight met Gilbert's eyes, and the two looked at each other steadily for a moment; then Curboil sent the stable-boy to fetch his sword from the hall, and himself went out upon the drawbridge, and called to one of the grooms to bring in a horse. In less than half an hour from the time when Gilbert had reached the castle, he and his enemy were riding quietly side by side in a little glade in Stortford wood. Gilbert drew rein and walked his horse, and Sir Arnold instantly did the same. Then Gilbert spoke:

"Sir Arnold de Curboil, it is now full three days since I saw you treacherously kill my father."

Sir Arnold started and turned half round in the saddle, his olive skin suddenly white with anger; but the soft, fresh color in Gilbert's cheek never changed.

"Treacherously!" cried the knight, angrily and with a questioning tone.

"Foully," answered Gilbert, with perfect calm. "I was not twenty paces from you when you met, and had I not been hampered by a Frenchman of your side, who was unreasonably slow in dying, I should have either saved my father's life, or ended yours, as I mean to now."

Thereupon Gilbert brought his horse to a stand, and prepared to dismount; for the sward was smooth and hard, and there was room enough to fight. Sir Arnold laughed aloud, as he sat still in the saddle watching the younger man.

"So you have brought me here to kill me!" he said, as his mirth subsided.

Gilbert's foot was already on the ground, but he paused in the act of dismounting.

"If you do not like the spot," he answered coolly, "we can ride farther."

"No; I am satisfied," answered the knight; but before he had spoken the last word he broke into a laugh again.

They tied up their horses, out of reach of one another, to trees at a little distance, and Gilbert was the first to return to the ring of open ground. As he walked, he drew his father's sword from its sheath, slipped the scabbard from the belt and threw it to the edge of the grass. Sir Arnold was before him a moment later; but his left

hand only rested on the pommel of his sheathed weapon, and he was still smiling as he stopped before his young adversary.

"I should by no means object to fighting you," he said, "if I had killed your father in treachery. But I did not. I saw you as well as you saw me. Your Frenchman, as you call him, hindered your sight. Your father was either beside himself with rage, or did not know me in my mail. He dropped his point one instant, and then flew at me like a bloodhound, so that I barely saved myself by slaying him against my will. I will not fight you unless you force me to it; and you had better not, for if you do, I shall lay you by the heels in two passes."

"Bragging and lying are well coupled," answered Gilbert, falling into guard. "Draw before I shall have counted three, or I will skewer you like a trussed fowl. One—two—"

Before the next word could pass his lips, Sir Arnold's sword was out, keen and bright as if it had just left the armorer's hands, clashing upon Gilbert's hacked and blood-rusted blade.

Sir Arnold was a brave man, but he was also cautious. He expected to find in Gilbert a beginner of small skill and reckless bravery, who would expose himself for the sake of bringing in a sweeping blow in *carte*, or attempting a desperate thrust. Consequently he did not attempt to put his bragging threat into practice, for Gilbert was taller than he, stronger, and more than twenty years younger. Unmailed, as he stood in his tunic and hose, one vigorous sword-stroke of the furious boy might break down his guard and cut him half in two. But in one respect Curboil was mistaken. Gilbert, though young, was one of those naturally gifted fencers in whom the movements of wrist and arm are absolutely simultaneous with the perception of the eye, and not divided by any act of reasoning or thought. In less than half a minute Sir Arnold knew that he was fighting for his life; the full minute had not passed before he felt Gilbert's jagged blade deep in the big muscles of his sword-arm, and his own weapon, running past his adversary, fell from his powerless hand.

In those days it was no shame to strike a disarmed foe in a duel to the death. As Sir Arnold felt the rough steel wrenched from the flesh-wound, he knew that the next stroke would be his end. Quick as light, his left hand snatched his long dagger from its sheath at his left side, and even as Gilbert raised his blade to strike, he felt as if an icicle had pierced his throat; his arm trembled in the air,

and lost its hold upon the hilt; a scarlet veil descended before his eyes, and the bright blood gushed from his mouth, as he fell straight backward upon the green turf.

Sir Arnold stepped back, and stood looking at the fallen figure curiously, drawing his lids down, as some short-sighted men do. Then, as the sobbing breast ceased to heave and the white hands lay quite still upon the sword, he shrugged his shoulders, and began to take care of his own wound by twisting a leathern thong from Gilbert's saddle very tight upon his upper arm, using a stout oak twig for a lever. Then he plucked a handful of grass with his left hand, and tried to hold his dagger in his right, in order to clean the reddened steel. But his right hand was useless, so he knelt on one knee beside the body, and ran the poniard two or three times through the skirt of Gilbert's dark tunic, and returned it to its sheath. He picked up his sword, too, and succeeded in sheathing it. He mounted his horse, leaving Gilbert's tethered to the tree, cast one more glance at the motionless figure on the grass, and rode away toward Stortford Castle.

St. Bernard Preaches the Crusade

BUT WHEN Bernard had ascended the white wooden stage and stood near the king and the queen, then the hushed stillness became a dead silence, and the eyes of all that multitude were fastened upon his face and form, and each could see him. For a moment every man held his breath, as if an angel had come down from heaven, bringing on his lips the word of God and in his look the evidence of eternal light. He was the holy man of the world even while he lived, and neither before him nor after him, since the days of the apostles, has any one person so stood in the eyes of all mankind.

The gentle voice began to speak, without effort to be heard, yet as distinct and clear as if it spoke to each several ear, pleading the cause of the cross of Christ, and for the suffering men who held the holy places in the East with ever-weakening hands, but still with undaunted and desperate courage. . . .

"Ye kings, that are anointed leaders, lead ye the armies of Heaven! Ye knights, that are sworn to honor, draw your unsullied swords for the honor of God! Men and youths, that bear arms by

allegiance, be ye soldiers of Christ and allegiant to the cross! Be ye all first for honor, first for France, first for God Most High!"

With those words the white-sleeved arm was high above his head, holding up the plain white wooden cross, and there was silence for a moment. But when the people saw that he had finished speaking, they drew deep breath, and the air thundered with the great cry that came:

"Crosses! Give us crosses!"

And they pressed upon one another to get nearer. The king had risen, and the queen with him, and he came forward and knelt at Bernard's feet, with bent head and folded hands. The great abbot took pieces of scarlet cloth from a page who held them ready in a basket, and he fastened them upon the king's left shoulder and then raised his right hand in blessing. The people were silent again and looked on, and many thought that the king, in his great mantle and high crown, was like a bishop wearing a cope, for he had a churchman's face. He rose to his feet and stepped back; but he was scarcely risen when the queen stood in his place, radiant, the evening light in her hair.

"I also will go," she said in a clear, imperious voice. "Give me the cross!"

She knelt, and placed her hands together, as in prayer, and there was a fair light in her eyes as she looked up to Bernard's face. He hesitated a moment, then took a cross and laid it upon her mantle; and she smiled.

A great cry went up from all the knights, and then from the people, strong and triumphant, echoing, falling, and rising again:

"God save the queen—the queen that wears the cross!"

And suddenly every man held up his sword by the sheath, and the great cross-hilts made forests of crosses in the glowing air. But the queen's three hundred ladies pressed upon her.

"We will not leave you!" they cried. "We will take the cross with you!"

And they thronged upon Bernard like a flight of doves, holding out white hands for crosses, and more crosses, which he gave them as best he could. Also the people and the knights began to tear pieces from their own garments to make the sign, and one great lord took his white mantle and made strips of the fine cloth for his liege vassals and his squires and men; but another took Bernard's white cape from his shoulders and with a sharp dagger made many

little crosses of it for the people, who kissed them as holy things when they received them.

In the throng, Gilbert pressed forward to the edge of the platform, where the queen was standing, for he was strong and tall. He touched her mantle softly, and she looked down, and he saw how her face turned white and gentle when she knew him. Being too far below her to take her hand, he took the rich border of her cloak and kissed it, whereat she smiled; but she made a sign to him that he should not try to talk with her in the confusion. Then looking down again, she saw that he had yet no cross. She took one from one of her ladies, and, bending low, tried to fasten it upon his shoulder.

EDWARD NOYES WESTCOTT

DAVID HARUM, by Edward Noyes Westcott, was published by D. Appleton and Company in 1898. It is one of the most famous of best-sellers. It has not yet faded altogether from the general memory, though the literary historians give it the cold shoulder. Professor F. L. Pattee barely mentions it in his *History of American Literature* since 1870 (*The Century Company*, 1915), and Professor A. H. Quinn does not refer to it at all in his *American Fiction* (*D. Appleton-Century Company*, 1936). The new coöperative *Literary History of the United States* dismisses it in a few contemptuous words. Whether these estimates are quite fair let the reader judge after reading the opening episode which follows.

The Horse-Trade

I GUESS I'LL TAKE a look at the Trybune," said David, unfolding that paper.

Mrs. Bixbee went on with her needlework, with an occasional side glance at her brother, who was immersed in the gospel of his politics. Twice or thrice she opened her lips as if to address him, but apparently some restraining thought interposed. Finally, the impulse to utter her mind culminated. "Dave," she said, "d' you know what Deakin Perkins is sayin' about ye?"

David opened his paper so as to hide his face, and the corners of his mouth twitched as he asked in return, "Wa'al, what's the deakin sayin' now?"

"He's sayin'," she replied, in a voice mixed of indignation and

apprehension, "thet you sold him a balky horse, an' he's goin' to hev the law on ye."

David's shoulders shook behind the sheltering page, and his mouth expanded in a grin.

"Wa'al," he replied after a moment, lowering the paper and looking gravely at his companion over his glasses, "next to the deakin's religious experience, them of lawin' an' horse-tradin' air his strongest p'int, an' he works the hull on 'em to once sometimes."

The evasiveness of this generality was not lost on Mrs. Bixbee, and she pressed the point with, "Did ye? an' will he?"

"Yes, an' no, an' mebbe, an' mebbe not," was the categorical reply.

"Wa'al," she answered with a snap, "mebbe you call that an answer. I s'pose if you don't want to let on you won't, but I do believe you've ben playin' some trick on the deakin, an' won't own up. I do wish," she added, "that if you hed to git rid of a balky horse onto somebody you'd hev picked out somebody else."

"When you got a balker to dispose of," said David gravely, "you can't alwus pick an' choose. Fust come, fust served." Then he went on more seriously: "Now I'll tell ye. Quite a while ago—in fact, not long after I come to enjoy the priv'lidge of the deakin's acquaintance—we hed a deal. I wa'n't jest on my guard, knowin' him to be a deakin an' all that, an' he lied to me so splendid that I was took in, clean over my head. He done me so brown I was burnt in places, an' you c'd smell smoke 'round me fer some time."

"Was it a horse?" asked Mrs. Bixbee gratuitously.

"Wa'al," David replied, "mebbe it *had* ben some time, but at that partic'lar time the only thing to determine that fact was that it wa'nt nothin' else."

"Wa'al, I declare!" exclaimed Mrs. Bixbee, wondering not more at the deacon's turpitude than at the lapse in David's acuteness, of which she had an immense opinion, but commenting only on the former. "I'm 'mazed at the deakin."

"Yes'm," said David with a grin, "I'm quite a liar myself when it comes right down to the hoss bus'nis, but the deakin c'n give me both bowers ev'ry hand. He done it so slick that I had to laugh when I come to think it over—an' I had witnesses to the hull confab, too, that he didn't know of, an' I c'd 've showed him up in great shape if I'd had mind to."

"Why didn't ye?" said Aunt Polly, whose feelings about the deacon were undergoing a revulsion.

"Wa'al, to tell ye the truth, I was so completely skunked that I hadn't a word to say. I got rid o' the thing fer what it was wuth fer hide an' taller, an' stid of squealin' 'round the way you say he's doin', like a stuck pig, I kep' my tongue between my teeth an' laid to git even some time."

"You ort to 've hed the law on him," declared Mrs. Bixbee, now fully converted. "The old scamp!"

"Wa'al," was the reply, "I gen'ally prefer to settle out of court, an' in this partic'lar case, while I might 'a' ben willin' t' admit that I hed ben did up, I didn't feel much like swearin' to it. I reckoned the time 'd come when mebbe I'd git the laugh on the deakin, an' it did, an' we're putty well settled now in full."

"You mean this last pufformance?" asked Mrs. Bixbee. "I wish you'd quit beatin' about the bush, an' tell me the hull story."

"Wa'al, it's like this, then, if you *will* hev it. I was over to Whiteboro a while ago on a little matter of worldly bus'nis, an' I seen a couple of fellers halter-exercisin' a hoss in the tavern yard. I stood 'round a spell watchin' em, an' when he come to a standstill I went an' looked him over, an' I liked his looks fust rate.

"'Fer sale?' I says.

"'Wa'al,' says the chap that was leadin' him, 'I never see the hoss that wa'n't if the price was right.'

"'Your'n?' I says.

"'Mine an' his'n,' he says, noddin' his head at the other feller.

"'What ye askin' fer him?' I says.

"'One-fifty,' he says.

"I looked him all over agin putty careful, an' once or twice I kind o' shook my head 's if I didn't quite like what I seen, an' when I got through I sort o' half turned away without sayin' anythin', 's if I'd seen enough.

"'The' ain't a scratch ner a pimple on him,' says the feller, kind o' resentin' my looks. 'He's sound an' kind, an' 'll stand without hitchin', an' a lady c'n drive him 's well 's a man.'

"'I ain't got anythin' agin him,' I says, 'an' prob'ly that's all true, ev'ry word on't; but one-fifty's a consid'able price fer a hoss these days. I hain't no pressin' use fer another hoss, an', in fact,' I says, 'I've got one or two fer sale myself.'

"'He's wuth two hunderd jest as he stands,' the feller says. 'He hain't had no trainin', an' he c'n draw two men in a road-wagin better'n fifty.'

"Wa'al, the more I looked at him the better I liked him, but I only says, 'Jes' so, jes' so, he may be wuth the money, but jest as I'm fixed now he ain't wuth it to *me*, an' I hain't got that much money with me if he was,' I says. The other feller hadn't said nothin' up to that time, an' he broke in now. 'I s'pose you'd take him fer a gift, wouldn't ye?' he says, kind o' sneerin'.

"'Wa'al, yes,' I says, 'I dunno but I would if you'd throw in a pound of tea an' a halter.'

"He kind o' laughed an' says, 'Wa'al, this ain't no gift enterprise,



"I looked him all over agin putty careful."

an' I guess we ain't goin' to trade, but I'd like to know,' he says, 'jest as a matter of curios'ty, what you'd say he *was* wuth to ye?'

"'Wa'al,' I says, 'I come over this mornin' to see a feller that owed me a trifle o' money. Exceptin' of some loose change, what he paid me 's all I got with me,' I says, takin' out my wallet. 'That wad's got a hunderd an' twenty-five into it, an' if you'd sooner have your hoss an' halter than the wad,' I says, 'why, I'll bid ye good-day.'

"'You're offerin' one-twenty-five fer the hoss an' halter?' he says.

"'That's what I'm doin',' I says.

"'You've made a trade,' he says, puttin' out his hand fer the money an' handin' the halter over to me."

"An' didn't ye suspicion nuthin' when he took ye up like that?" asked Mrs. Bixbee.

"I did smell woolen some," said David, "but I had the *hoss* an' they had the *money*, an', as fur 's I c'd see, the critter was all right. Howsomever, I says to 'em: 'This here's all right, fur 's it's gone, but

you've talked putty strong 'bout this hoss. I don't know who you fellers be, but I c'n find out,' I says. Then the fust feller that done the talkin' 'bout the hoss put in an' says, 'The' hain't ben one word said to you about this hoss that wa'n't gospel truth, not one word.' An' when I come to think on't afterward," said David with a half laugh, "it mebbe wa'n't *gospel* truth, but it was good enough *jury* truth. I guess this ain't over 'n' above int'restin' to ye, is it?" he asked after a pause, looking doubtfully at his sister.

"Yes, 'tis," she asserted. "I'm lookin' forrered to where the deakin comes in, but you jes' tell it your own way."

"I'll git there all in good time," said David, "but some of the point of the story'll be lost if I don't tell ye what come fust."

"I allow to stan' it 's long 's you can," she said encouragingly, "seein' what work I had gettin' ye started. Did ye find out anythin' 'bout them fellers?"

"I ast the barn man if he knowed who they was, an' he said he never seen 'em till the yestiddy before, an' didn't know 'em f'm Adam. They come along with a couple of hosses, one drivin' an' t'other leadin'—the one I bought. I ast him if they knowed who I was, an' he said one on 'em ast him, an' he told him. The feller said to him, seein' me drive up: 'That's a putty likely-lookin' hoss. Who's drivin' him?' An' he says to the feller: 'That's Dave Harum, f'm over to Homeville. He's a great feller fer hosses,' he says."

"Dave," said Mrs. Bixbee, "them chaps jest laid fer ye, didn't they?"

"I reckon they did," he admitted; "an' they was as slick a pair as was ever drawed to," which expression was lost upon his sister. David rubbed the fringe of yellowish-gray hair which encircled his bald pate for a moment.

"Wa'al," he resumed, "after the talk with the barn man, I smelt woolen stronger'n ever, but I didn't say nothin', an' had the mare hitched an' started back. Old Jinny drives with one hand, an' I c'd watch the new one all right, an' as we come along I begun to think I wa'n't stuck after all. I never see a hoss travel evener an' nicer, an' when we come to a good level place I sent the old mare along the best she knew, an' the new one never broke his gait, an' kep' right up 'ithout 'par'ntly half tryin'; an' Jinny don't take most folks' dust neither. I swan! 'fore I got home I reckoned I'd jest as good as made seventy-five anyway."

"Then the' wa'n't nothin' the matter with him, after all," commented Mrs. Bixbee in rather a disappointed tone.

"The meanest thing top of the earth was the matter with him," declared David, "but I didn't find it out till the next afternoon, an' then I found it out good. I hitched him to the open buggy an' went 'round by the East road, 'cause that ain't so much travelled. He went along all right till we got a mile or so out of the village, an' then I slowed him down to a walk. Wa'al, sir, scat my —! He hadn't walked more'n a rod 'fore he come to a dead stan'still. I clucked an' gitapp'd, an' finely took the gad to him a little; but he only jes' kind o' humped up a little, an' stood like he'd took root."

"Wa'al, now!" exclaimed Mrs. Bixbee.

"Yes'm," said David; "I was stuck in ev'ry sense of the word."

"What d'ye do?"

"Wa'al, I tried all the tricks I knowed—an' I could lead him—but when I was in the buggy he wouldn't stir till he got good an' ready; 'n' then he'd start of his own accord an' go on a spell, an'—"

"Did he keep it up?" Mrs. Bixbee interrupted.

"Wa'al, I s'd say he did. I finely got home with the critter, but I thought one time I'd either hev to lead him or spend the night on the East road. He balked five sep'rate times, varyin' in length, an' it was dark when we struck the barn."

"I should hev thought you'd a wanted to kill him," said Mrs. Bixbee; "an' the fellers that sold him to ye, too."

"The' *was* times," David replied, with a nod of his head, "when if he'd a fell down dead I wouldn't hev figgered on puttin' a band on my hat, but it don't never pay to git mad with a hoss; an' as fur 's the feller I bought him of, when I remembered how he told me he'd stand without hitchin', I swan! I had to laugh. I did, fer a fact. 'Stand without hitchin'!' He, he, he!"

"I guess you wouldn't think it was so awful funny if you hadn't gone an' stuck that horse onto Deakin Perkins—an' I don't see how you done it."

"Mebbe that *is* part of the joke," David allowed, "an' I'll tell ye th' rest on't. Th' next day I hitched the new one to th' dem'crat wagin an' put in a lot of straps an' rope, an' started off fer the East road agin. He went fust rate till we come to about the place where we had the fust trouble, an', sure enough, he balked agin. I leaned over an' hit him a smart cut on the off shoulder, but he only humped a little, an' never lifted a foot. I hit him another lick, with the self-

same result. Then I got down an' I strapped that animal so't he couldn't move nothin' but his head an' tail, an' got back into the buggy. Wa'al, bomby, it may 'a' ben ten minutes, or it may 'a' ben more or less—it's slow work settin' still behind a balkin' hoss—he was ready to go on his own account, but he couldn't budge. He kind o' looked around, much as to say, 'What on earth's the matter?' an' then he tried another move, an' then another, but no go. Then I got down an' took the hopples off an' then climbed back into the buggy, an' says 'Cluck,' to him, an' off he stepped as chipper as could be, an' we went joggin' along all right mebbe two mile, an' when I slowed up, up he come agin. I gin him another clip in the same place on the shoulder, an' I got down an' tied him up agin, an' the same thing happened as before, on'y it didn't take him quite so long to make up his mind about startin', an' we went some further without a hitch. But I had to go through the pufformance the third time before he got it into his head that if he didn't go when *I* wanted he couldn't go when *he* wanted, an' that didn't suit him; an' when he felt the whip on his shoulder it meant bus'nis."

"Was that the end of his balkin'?" asked Mrs. Bixbee.

"I had to give him one more go-round," said David, "an' after that I didn't have no more trouble with him. He showed symptoms at times, but a touch of the whip on the shoulder alwus fetched him. I alwus carried them straps, though, till the last two three times."

"Wa'al, what's the deakin kickin' about, then?" asked Aunt Polly. "You're jes' sayin' you broke him of balkin'."

"Wa'al," said David slowly, "some hosses will balk with some folks an' not with others. You can't most alwus gen'ally tell."

"Didn't the deakin have a chance to try him?"

"He had all the chance he ast fer," replied David. "Fact is, he done most of the sellin', as well 's the buyin', himself."

"How's that?"

"Wa'al," said David, "it come about like this: After I'd got the hoss where I c'd handle him I begun to think I'd had some int'restin' an' valu'ble experience, an' it wa'n't scurcely fair to keep it all to myself. I didn't want no patent on't, an' I was willin' to let some other feller git a piece. So one mornin', week before last—let's see, week ago Tuesday it was, an' a mighty nice mornin' it was, too—one o' them days that kind o' lib'ral up your mind—I allowed to hitch an' drive up past the deakin's an' back, an' mebbe git some-thin' to strengthen my faith, et cetera, in case I run acrost him.

Wa'al, 's I come along I seen the deakin putterin' 'round, an' I waved my hand to him an' went by a-kitin'. I went up the road a ways an' killed a little time, an' when I come back there was the deakin, as I expected. He was leanin' over the fence, an' as I jogged up he hailed me, an' I pulled up.

"'Mornin', Mr. Harum,' he says.

"'Mornin', deakin,' I says. 'How are ye? an' how's Mis' Perkins these days?'

"'I'm fair,' he says; 'fair to middlin', but Mis' Perkins is ailin' some—as *usyul*,' he says."

"They do say," put in Mrs. Bixbee, "thet Mis' Perkins don't hev much of a time herself."

"Guess she hez all the time the' is," answered David. "Wa'al," he went on, "we passed the time o' day, an' talked a spell about the weather an' all that, an' finely I straightened up the lines as if I was goin' on, an' then I says: 'Oh, by the way,' I says, 'I jest thought on't. I heard Dominie White was lookin' fer a hoss that'd suit him.' 'I hain't heard,' he says; but I see in a minute he had—an' it really was a fact—an' I says: 'I've got a roan colt risin' five, that I took on a debt a spell ago, that I'll sell reasonable, that's as likely an' nice ev'ry way a young hoss as ever I owned. I don't need him,' I says, 'an' didn't want to take him, but it was that or nothin' at the time an' glad to git it, an' I'll sell him a barg'in. Now what I want to say to you, deakin, is this: That hoss 'd suit the dominie to a tee in my opinion, but the dominie won't come to me. Now if *you* was to say to him—bein' in his church an' all thet,' I says, 'that you c'd git him the right kind of a hoss, he'd believe you, an' you an' me'd be doin' a little stroke of bus'nis, an' a favor to the dominie into the bargain. The dominie's well off,' I says, 'an' c'n afford to drive a good hoss.'"

"What did the deakin say?" asked Aunt Polly as David stopped for breath.

"I didn't expect him to jump down my throat," he answered; "but I seen him prick up his ears, an' all the time I was talkin' I noticed him lookin' my hoss over, head an' foot. 'Now I 'member,' he says, 'hearin' sunthin' 'bout Mr. White's lookin' fer a hoss, though when you fust spoke on't it had slipped my mind. Of course,' he says, 'the' ain't any real reason why Mr. White shouldn't deal with you direct, an' yit mebbe I *could* do more with him 'n you could. But,' he says, 'I wa'n't cal'latin' to go t' the village this mornin', an' I sent

my hired hand off with my drivin' hoss. Mebbe I'll drop 'round in a day or two,' he says, 'an look at the roan.'

"'You mightn't ketch me,' I says, 'an' I want to show him myself; an' more'n that,' I says, 'Dug Robinson's after the dominie. I'll tell ye,' I says, 'you jest git in 'ith me an' go down an' look at him, an' I'll send ye back or drive ye back, an' if you've got anythin' special on hand you needn't be gone three quarters of an hour,' I says."

"He come, did he?" inquired Mrs. Bixbee.

"He done so," said David sententiously. "Jest as I knowed he would, after he'd hem'd an' haw'd about so much, an' he rode a mile an' a half livelier 'n he done in a good while, I reckon. He had to pull that old broadbrim of his'n down to his ears, an' don't you fergit it. He, he, he, he! The road was jest *full* o' hosses. Wa'al, we drove into the yard, an' I told the hired man to unhitch the bay hoss an' fetch out the roan, an' while he was bein' unhitched the deakin stood 'round an' never took his eyes off'n him, an' I knowed I wouldn't sell the deakin no roan hoss *that* day, even if I wanted to. But when he come out I begun to crack him up, an' I talked hoss fer all I was wuth. The deakin looked him over in a don't-care kind of a way, an' didn't 'parently give much heed to what I was sayin'. Finely I says, 'Wa'al, what do you think of him?' 'Wa'al,' he says, 'he seems to be a likely enough critter, but I don't believe he'd suit Mr. White—'fraid not,' he says. 'What you askin' fer him?' he says. 'One-fifty,' I says, 'an' he's a cheap hoss at the money'; but," added the speaker with a laugh, "I knowed I might 's well of said a thousan'. The deakin wa'n't buyin' no roan colts that mornin'."

"What did he say?" asked Mrs. Bixbee.

"'Wa'al,' he says, 'wa'al, I guess you ought to git that much fer him, but I'm 'fraid he ain't what Mr. White wants.' An' then, 'That's quite a hoss we come down with,' he says. 'Had him long?' 'Jes' long 'nough to git 'quainted with him,' I says. 'Don't you want the roan fer your own use?' I says. 'Mebbe we c'd shade the price a little.' 'No,' he says, 'I guess not. I don't need another hoss jes' now.' An' then, after a minute he says: 'Say, mebbe the bay hoss we drove 'd come nearer the mark fer White, if he's all right. Jest as soon I'd look at him?' he says. 'Wa'al, I hain't no objections, but I guess he's more of a hoss than the dominie 'd care for, but I'll go an' fetch him out,' I says. So I brought him out, an' the deakin looked him all over. I see it was a case of love at fust sight, as the storybooks says. 'Looks all right,' he says. 'I'll tell ye,' I says, 'what the feller I bought him

of told me.' 'What's that?' says the deakin. 'He said to me,' I says, "'that hoss hain't got a scratch ner a pimple on him. He's sound an' kind, an' 'll stand without hitchin', an' a lady c'd drive him as well 's a man.'"

"'That's what he said to me,' I says, 'an' it's every word on't true. You've seen whether or not he c'n travel,' I says, 'an', so fur 's I've seen, he ain't 'fraid of nothin'.' 'D'ye want to sell him?' the deakin says. 'Wa'al,' I says, 'I ain't offerin' him fer sale. You'll go a good ways,' I says, 'fore you'll strike such another; but, of course, he



"It was a case of love at fust sight."

ain't the only hoss in the world, an' I never had anythin' in the hoss line I wouldn't sell at *some* price.' 'Wa'al,' he says, 'what d' ye ask fer him?' 'Wa'al,' I says, 'if my own brother was to ask me that question I'd say to him two hunderd dollars, cash down, an' I wouldn't hold the offer open an hour,' I says."

"My!" ejaculated Aunt Polly. "Did he take you up?"

"That's more'n I give fer a hoss 'n a good while,' he says, shakin' his head, 'an' more'n I c'n afford, I'm 'fraid.' 'All right,' I says; 'I c'n afford to keep him'; but I knew I had the deakin same as the wood-chuck had Skip. 'Hitch up the roan,' I says to Mike; 'the deakin wants to be took up to his house.' 'Is that your last word?' he says. 'That's what it is,' I says. 'Two hunderd, cash down.'"

"Didn't ye dast to trust the deakin?" asked Mrs. Bixbee.

"Polly," said David, "the's a number of holes in a ten-foot ladder." Mrs. Bixbee seemed to understand this rather ambiguous rejoinder.

"He must 'a' squirmed some," she remarked. David laughed.

"The deakin ain't much used to payin' the other feller's price," he said, "an' it was like pullin' teeth; but he wanted that hoss more'n a cow wants a calf, an' after a little more squimmidgin' he hauled out his wallet an' forked over. Mike come out with the roan, an' off the deakin went, leadin' the bay hoss."

"I don't see," said Mrs. Bixbee, looking up at her brother, "thet after all the' was anythin' you said to the deakin thet he could ketch holt on."

"The' wa'n't nothin'," he replied. "The only thing he c'n complain about's what I *didn't* say to him."

"Hain't he said anythin' to ye?" Mrs. Bixbee inquired.

"He, he, he, he! He hain't but once, an' the' wa'n't but little of it then."

"How?"

"Wa'al, the day but one after the deakin sold himself Mr. Stickin'-Plaster I had an arrant three four mile or so up past his place, an' when I was comin' back, along 'bout four or half past, it come on to rain like all possessed. I had my old umbrel'—though it didn't hender me f'm gettin' more or less wet—an' I sent the old mare along fer all she knew. As I come along to within a mile f'm the deakin's house I seen somebody in the road, an' when I come up closter I see it was the deakin himself, in trouble, an' I kind o' slowed up to see what was goin' on. There he was, settin' all humped up with his ole broad-brim hat slopin' down his back, a-sheddin' water like a roof. Then I seen him lean over an' larrup the hoss with the ends of the lines fer all he was wuth. It appeared he hadn't no whip, an' it wouldn't done him no good if he'd had. Wa'al, sir, rain or no rain, I jist pulled up to watch him. He'd larrup a spell, an' then he'd set back; an' then he'd lean over an' try it agin, harder'n ever. Scat my—! I thought I'd die a-laughin'. I couldn't hardly cluck to the mare when I got ready to move on. I drove alongside an' pulled up. 'Hullo, deakin,' I says, 'what's the matter?' He looked up at me, an' I won't say he was the maddest man I ever see, but he was long ways the maddest-lookin' man, an' he shook his fist at me jes' like one o' the unregen'rit. 'Consarn ye, Dave Harum!' he says, 'I'll hev the law on ye fer this.' 'What fer?' I says. 'I didn't make it come on to rain,

FICTION

did I?" I says. "You know mighty well what fer," he says. "You sold me this *damned beast*," he says, "an' he's balked with me *nine* times this afternoon, an' I'll fix ye for 't," he says. "Wa'al, deakin," I says, "I'm 'fraid the squire's office 'll be shut up 'fore you *git* there, but I'll take any word you'd like to send. You know I told ye," I says, "that he'd stand 'ithout hitchin'." An' at that he only jest kind o' choked an' sputtered. He was so mad he couldn't say nothin', an' on I drove, an' when I got about forty rod or so I looked back, an'



"Then I seen him lean over an' larrup the hoss with the end of the lines."

there was the deakin a-comin' along the road with as much of his shoulders as he could git under his hat an' *leadin'* his new hoss. He, he, he, he! Oh, my stars an' garters! Say, Polly, it paid me fer bein' born into this vale o' tears. It did, I declare for't!"

Aunt Polly wiped her eyes on her apron.

"But, Dave," she said, "did the deakin really say—*that word*?"

"Wa'al," he replied, "if 'twa'n't that it was the puttiest imitation on't that ever I heard."

"David," she continued, "don't you think it putty mean to badger the deakin so't he swore, an' then laugh 'bout it? An' I s'pose you've told the story all over."

"Mis' Bixbee," said David emphatically, "if I'd paid good money

ALICE HEGAN RICE

to see a funny show I'd be a blamed fool if I didn't laugh, wouldn't I? That spectacle of the deakin cost me consid'able, but it was more'n wuth it. But," he added, "I guess, the way the thing stands now, I ain't so much out on the hull."

Mrs. Bixbee looked at him inquiringly.

"Of course, you know Dick Larrabee?" he asked.

She nodded.

"Wa'al, three four days after the shower, an' the story 'd got aroun' some—as *you* say, the deakin *is* consid'able of a talker—I got holt of Dick—I've done him some favors an' he natur'ly expects more—an' I says to him: 'Dick,' I says, 'I hear 't Deakin Perkins has got a hoss that don't jest suit him—hain't got knee-action enough at times,' I says, 'an' mebbe he'll sell him reasonable.' 'I've heerd some-thin' about it,' says Dick, laughin'. 'One of them kind o' hosses 't you don't like to git ketched out in the rain with,' he says. 'Jes' so,' I says. 'Now,' I says, 'I've got a notion 't I'd like to own that hoss at a price, an' that mebbe I c'd git him home even if it did rain. Here's a hundred an' ten,' I says, 'an' I want you to see how fur it'll go to buyin' him. If you git me the hoss you needn't bring none on't back. Want to try?' I says. 'All right,' he says, an' took the money. 'But,' he says 'won't the deakin suspicion that it comes from you?' 'Wa'al,' I says 'my portrit ain't on none o' the bills, an' I reckon *you* won't tell him so, out an' out,' an' off he went. Yistidy he come in, an' I says, 'Wa'al done anythin'?' 'The hoss is in your barn,' he says. 'Good fer you!' I says. 'Did you make anythin'?' 'I'm satisfied,' he says. 'I made a ten-dollar note.' An' that's the net results on't," concluded David, "that I've got the hoss, an' he's cost me just thirty-five dollars."

ALICE HEGAN RICE

MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH by *Alice Hegan Rice* was published by The Century Company in 1901. It had not appeared in the magazine, probably because of its inconvenient length—too short for a serial, too long for a short story. The "Cabbage Patch" was a slum on the outskirts of Louisville, Kentucky, across the railway-tracks. Today a settlement house is built on its site.

Mrs. Wiggs Teaches Sunday-School

WHAT I THINK you childern need is a talk about fussin' an' fightin'. There ain't no use in me teachin' what they done a thousand years ago, when you ain't got manners 'nough to listen at what I am sayin'. I recollect one time durin' the war, when the soldiers was layin' 'round the camp, tryin' they best to keep from freezin' to death, a preacher come 'long to hold a service. An' when he got up to preach he sez, 'Friends,' sez he, 'my tex' is Chilblains. They ain't no use a-preachin' religion to men whose whole thought is set on their feet. Now, you fellows git some soft-soap an' pour it in yer shoes, an' jes' keep them shoes on till yer feet gits well, an' the nex' time I come 'round yer minds'll be better prepared to receive the word of the Lord.' Now, that's the way I feel 'bout this here Sunday-school. First an' fo'most, I am goin' to learn you all manners. Jes' one thought I want you to take away, an' that is, it's sinful to fuss. Ma use' to say livin' was like quiltin'—you orter keep the peace an' do 'way with the scraps. Now, what do I want you all to remember?"

"Don't fuss!" came the prompt answer.

"That's right; now we'll sing 'Pull fer the shore.'"

When the windows had ceased to rattle from the vibrations of the lusty chorus, Mrs. Wiggs lifted her hands for silence.

"O Lord!" she prayed earnestly, "help these here childern to be good an' kind to each other, an' to their mas an' their pas. Make 'em thankful fer whatever they've got, even if it ain't but a little. Show us all how to live like you want us to live, an' praise God from whom all blessin's flow. Amen."

The Annexation of Cuby

ALMOST A year rolled over the Cabbage Patch, and it was nearing Christmas again. The void left in Mrs. Wiggs's heart by Jim's death could never be filled, but time was beginning to soften her grief, and the necessity for steady employment kept her from brooding over her trouble.

It was still needful to maintain the strictest economy, for half the money which had been given them was in Miss Olcott's keeping as a safeguard against another rainy day. Mrs. Wiggs had got as

much washing as she could do; Asia helped about the house, and Billy did odd jobs wherever he could find them.

The direct road to fortune, however, according to Billy's ideas, could best be traveled in a kindling-wagon, and, while he was the proud possessor of a dilapidated wagon, sole relic of the late Mr. Wiggs, he had nothing to hitch to it. Scarcely a week passed that he did not agitate the question, and, as Mrs. Wiggs often said, "When Billy Wiggs done set his head to a thing, he's as good as got it!"

So she was not surprised when he rushed breathlessly into the kitchen one evening, about supper-time, and exclaimed in excited tones: "Ma, I've got a horse! He was havin' a fit on the commons an' they was goin' to shoot him, an' I ast the man to give him to me!"

"My land, Billy! What do you want with a fit-horse?" asked his mother.

"'Cause I knowed you could cure him. The man said if I took him I'd have to pay fer cartin' away his carcass, but I said, 'All right, I'll take him, anyway.' Come on, ma, an' see him!" and Billy hurried back to his new possession.

Mrs. Wiggs pinned a shawl over her head and ran across the commons. A group of men stood around the writhing animal, but the late owner had departed.

"He's 'most gone," said one of the men, as she came up. "I tole Billy you'd beat him fer takin' that ole nag offen the man's han's."

"Well, I won't," said Mrs. Wiggs, stoutly. "Billy Wiggs's got more sense than most men I know. That hoss's carcass is worth somethin'; I 'spect he'd bring 'bout two dollars dead, an' mebbe more livin'. Anyway, I'm goin' to save him if there's any save to him!"

She stood with her arms on her hips, and critically surveyed her patient. "I'll tell you what's the matter with him," was her final diagnosis; "his lights is riz. Billy, I'm goin' home fer some medicine; you set on his head so's he can't git up, an' ma'll be right back in a minute."

The crowd which had collected to see the horse shot began to disperse, for it was supper-time, and there was nothing to see now but the poor suffering animal, with Billy Wiggs patiently sitting on its head.

When Mrs. Wiggs returned she carried a bottle, and what appeared to be a large marble. "This here is a calomel pill," she explained. "I jes' rolled the calomel in with some soft, light bread.

Now, you prop his jaw open with a little stick, an' I'll shove it in, an' then hole his head back, while I pour down some water and turentine outen this bottle."

It was with great difficulty that this was accomplished, for the old horse had evidently seen a vision of the happy hunting-ground, and was loath to return to the sordid earth. His limbs were already stiffening in death, and the whites of his eyes only were visible. Mrs. Wiggs noted these discouraging symptoms, and saw that violent measures were necessary.

"Gether some sticks an' build a fire quick as you kin. I've got to run over home. Build it right up clost to him, Billy; we've got to get him het up."

She rushed into the kitchen, and, taking several cakes of tallow from the shelf, threw them into a tin bucket. Then she hesitated for a moment. The kettle of soup was steaming away on the stove ready for supper. Mrs. Wiggs did not believe in sacrificing the present need to the future comfort. She threw in a liberal portion of pepper, and, seizing the kettle in one hand and the bucket of tallow in the other, staggered back to the bonfire.

"Now, Billy," she commanded, "put this bucket of tallow down there in the hottest part of the fire. Look out; don't tip it—there! Now, you come here an' help me pour this soup into the bottle. I'm goin' to git that ole hoss so het up he'll think he's havin' a sun-stroke! Seems sorter bad to keep on pestering him when he's so near gone, but this here soup'll feel good when it once gits inside him."

When the kettle was empty, the soup was impartially distributed over Mrs. Wiggs and the patient, but a goodly amount had "got inside," and already the horse was losing his rigidity.

Only once did Billy pause in his work, and that was to ask:

"Ma, what do you think I'd better name him?"

Giving names was one of Mrs. Wiggs's chief accomplishments, and usually required much thoughtful consideration; but in this case if there was to be a christening it must be at once.

"I'd like a jography name," suggested Billy, feeling that nothing was too good to bestow upon his treasure.

Mrs. Wiggs stood with the soup dripping from her hands, and earnestly contemplated the horse. Babies, pigs, goats, and puppies had drawn largely on her supply of late, and geography names especially were scarce. Suddenly a thought struck her.

"I'll tell you what, Billy! We'll call him Cuby! It's a town I heard 'em talkin' 'bout at the grocery."

By this time the tallow was melted, and Mrs. Wiggs carried it over by the horse, and put each of his hoofs into the hot liquid, while Billy rubbed the legs with all the strength of his young arms.

"That's right," she said; "now you run home an' git that piece of carpet by my bed, an' we'll kiver him up. I am goin' to git them fence rails over yonder to keep the fire goin'."

Through the long night they worked with their patient, and when the first glow of morning appeared in the east, a triumphant procession wended its way across the Cabbage Patch. First came an old woman, bearing sundry pails, kettles, and bottles; next came a very sleepy little boy, leading a trembling old horse, with soup all over its head, tallow on its feet, and a strip of rag-carpet tied about its middle.

And thus Cuba, like his geographical namesake, emerged from the violent ordeal of reconstruction with a mangled constitution, internal dissension, a decided preponderance of foreign element, but a firm and abiding trust in the new power with which his fortunes had been irrevocably cast.

Mrs. Wiggs's Philosophy

YOU HAVE taught me lots of things!" [Lucy] said impulsively. "You are one of the best and happiest women I know."

"Well, I guess I ain't the best by a long sight, but I may be the happiest. An' I got cause to be: four of the smartest childern that ever lived, a nice house, fair to middlin' health when I ain't got the rheumatiz, and folks always goin' clean out of the way to be good to me! Ain't that 'nough to make a person happy? I'll be fifty years old on the Fourth of July, but I hold there ain't no use in dyin' 'fore yer time. Lots of folks is walkin' 'round jes' as dead as they'll ever be. I believe in gittin' as much good outen life as you kin—not that I ever set out to look fer happiness; seems like the folks that does that never finds it. I jes' do the best I kin where the good Lord put me at, an' it looks like I got a happy feelin' in me 'most all the time."

JACK LONDON

THE SEA-WOLF by Jack London appeared in the Century in 1903-4. It is a tale of the violence and hardship endured by a scholarly dilettante who, having been rescued after a collision in San Francisco Bay, is compelled to serve as a cabin-boy on a seal-hunter in the Pacific. The brutal captain, Wolf Larsen, is one of the most characteristic creations of Jack London's imagination.

A Green Hand in the Crew

A CRUEL THING happened just before supper, indicative of the callousness and brutishness of these men. There was one green hand in the crew, Harrison by name, a clumsy-looking country boy, mastered, I imagine, by the spirit of adventure, and making his first voyage. In the light baffling airs the schooner had been tacking about a great deal, at which times the sails pass from one side to the other and a man is sent aloft to shift over the fore-gaff-topsail. In some way, when Harrison was aloft, the sheet jammed in the block through which it runs at the end of the gaff. As I understood it, there were two ways of getting it cleared,—first, by lowering the foresail, which was comparatively easy and without danger; and second, by climbing out the peak-halyards to the end of the gaff itself, an exceedingly hazardous performance.

Johansen called out to Harrison to go out the halyards. It was patent to everybody that the boy was afraid. And well he might be, eighty feet above the deck, to trust himself on those thin and jerking ropes. Had there been a steady breeze it would not have been so bad, but the *Ghost* was rolling emptily in a long sea, and with each roll the canvas flapped and boomed and the halyards slacked and jerked taut. They were capable of snapping a man off like a fly from a whip-lash.

Harrison heard the order and understood what was demanded of him, but hesitated. It was probably the first time he had been aloft in his life. Johansen, who had caught the contagion of Wolf Larsen's masterfulness, burst out with a volley of abuse and curses.

"That'll do, Johansen," Wolf Larsen said brusquely. "I'll have you know that I do the swearing on this ship. If I need your assistance, I'll call you in."

"Yes, sir," the mate acknowledged submissively.

In the meantime Harrison had started out on the halyards. I was looking up from the galley door, and I could see him trembling, as with ague, in every limb. He proceeded very slowly and cautiously, an inch at a time. Outlined against the clear blue of the sky, he had the appearance of an enormous spider crawling along the tracery of its web.

It was a slight uphill climb, for the foresail peaked high; and the halyards, running through various blocks on the gaff and mast, gave him separate holds for hands and feet. But the trouble lay in that the wind was not strong enough nor steady enough to keep the sail full. When he was halfway out, the *Ghost* took a long roll to windward and back again into the hollow between two seas. Harrison ceased his progress and held on tightly. Eighty feet beneath, I could see the agonized strain of his muscles as he gripped for very life. The sail emptied and the gaff swung amidships. The halyards slackened, and, though it all happened very quickly, I could see them sag beneath the weight of his body. Then the gaff swung to the side with an abrupt swiftness, the great sail boomed like a cannon, and the three rows of reef-points slatted against the canvas like a volley of rifles. Harrison, clinging on, made a giddy rush through the air. This rush ceased abruptly. The halyards became instantly taut. It was the snap of a whip. His clutch was broken. One hand was torn loose from its hold. The other lingered desperately for a moment, and followed. His body pitched out and down, but in some way he managed to save himself with his legs. He was hanging by them, head downward. A quick effort brought his hands up to the halyards again; but he was a long time regaining his former position, where he hung, a pitiable object.

"I'll bet he has no appetite for supper," I heard Wolf Larsen's voice, which came to me from around the corner of the galley. "Stand from under, you, Johansen! Watch out! Here she comes!"

In truth, Harrison was very sick, as a person is sea-sick; and for a long time he clung to his precarious perch without attempting to move. Johansen, however, continued violently to urge him on to the completion of his task.

"It is a shame," I heard Johnson growling in painfully slow and correct English. He was standing by the main rigging, a few feet away from me. "The boy is willing enough. He will learn if he has a chance. But this is—" He paused awhile, for the word "murder" was his final judgment.

"Hist, will yel" Louis whispered to him. "For the love iv your mother hold your mouth!"

But Johnson, looking on, still continued his grumbling.

"Look here," the hunter, Standish, spoke to Wolf Larsen, "that's my boat-puller, and I don't want to lose him."

"That's all right, Standish," was the reply. "He's your boat-puller when you've got him in the boat; but he's my sailor when I have him aboard, and I'll do what I damn well please with him."

"But that's no reason—" Standish began in a torrent of speech.

"That'll do, easy as she goes," Wolf Larsen counselled back. "I've told you what's what, and let it stop at that. The man's mine, and I'll make soup of him and eat it if I want to."

JEAN WEBSTER

DADDY-LONG-LEGS by Jean Webster (Mrs. McKinney) was published by The Century Company in 1912. The opening episode in the orphanage is in narrative; the rest of the book in letters written by Judy Abbott to the unknown benefactor who sends her to college. We have chosen some of the passages showing Judy's response to the books she reads.

Judy's Reading

I HAVE A new unbreakable rule: never, never to study at night no matter how many written reviews are coming in the morning. Instead, I read just plain books—I have to, you know, because there are eighteen blank years behind me. You wouldn't believe, Daddy, what an abyss of ignorance my mind is; I am just realizing the depths myself. The things that most girls with a properly assorted family and a home and friends and a library know by absorption, I have never heard of. For example:

I never read "Mother Goose" or "David Copperfield" or "Ivanhoe" or "Cinderella" or "Blue Beard" or "Robinson Crusoe" or "Jane Eyre" or "Alice in Wonderland" or a word of Rudyard Kipling. I didn't know that Henry the Eighth was married more than once or that Shelley was a poet. I didn't know that people used to be monkeys and that the Garden of Eden was a beautiful myth. I didn't know that R.L.S. stood for Robert Louis Stevenson or that George Eliot was a lady. I had never seen a picture of the "Mona Lisa"

JEAN WEBSTER

and (it's true but you won't believe it) I had never heard of Sherlock Holmes. . . .

One book isn't enough. I have four going at once. Just now, they're Tennyson's poems and "Vanity Fair" and Kipling's "Plain Tales" and—don't laugh—"Little Women." I find that I am the only girl in college who wasn't brought up on "Little Women." I haven't told anybody though (that *would* stamp me as queer). I just quietly went and bought it with \$1.12 of my last month's allowance; and the next time somebody mentions pickled limes, I'll know what she is talking about! . . . I've read seventeen novels and *bushels* of poetry—really necessary novels like "Vanity Fair" and "Richard Feverel" and "Alice in Wonderland." Also Emerson's "Essays" and Lockhart's "Life of Scott" and the first volume of Gibbon's "Roman Empire" and half of Benvenuto Cellini's "Life"—wasn't he entertaining? He used to saunter out and casually kill a man before breakfast. . . .

In English class this afternoon we had an unexpected written lesson. This was it:

I asked no other thing,
No other was denied.
I offered Being for it;
The mighty merchant smiled.

Brazil? He twirled a button
Without a glance my way:
But, madam, is there nothing else
That we can show to-day?

That is a poem. I don't know who wrote it or what it means. It was simply printed out on the blackboard when we arrived and we were ordered to comment upon it. When I read the first verse I thought I had an idea—The Mighty Merchant was a divinity who distributes blessings in return for virtuous deeds—but when I got to the second verse and found him twirling a button, it seemed a blasphemous supposition, and I hastily changed my mind. The rest of the class was in the same predicament; and there we sat for three quarters of an hour with blank paper and equally blank minds. Getting an education is an awfully wearing process! . . .

I sat up half of last night reading "Jane Eyre." Are you old enough, Daddy, to remember sixty years ago? And if so, did people talk that way?

The haughty Lady Blanche says to the footman, "Stop your chattering, knave, and do my bidding." Mr. Rochester talks about the

metal welkin when he means the sky; and as for the mad woman who laughs like a hyena and sets fire to bed curtains and tears up wedding veils and *bites*—it's melodrama of the purest, but just the same, you read and read and read. I can't see how any girl could have written such a book, especially any girl who was brought up in a churchyard. There's something about those Brontës that fascinates me. Their books, their lives, their spirit. Where did they get it? When I was reading about little Jane's troubles in the charity school, I got so angry that I had to go out and take a walk. I understood exactly how she felt. . . .

During our week of rain I sat up in the attic and had an orgy of reading—Stevenson, mostly. He himself is more entertaining than any of the characters in his books; I dare say he made himself into the kind of hero that would look well in print. Don't you think it was perfect of him to spend all the ten thousand dollars his father left for a yacht and go sailing off to the South Seas? He lived up to his adventurous creed. If my father had left me ten thousand dollars, I'd do it, too. The thought of Vailima makes me wild. I want to see the tropics. I want to see the whole world. I am going to some day—I am, really, Daddy, when I get to be a great author, or artist, or actress, or playwright—or whatever sort of a great person I turn out to be. I have a terrible wanderthirst; the very sight of a map makes me want to put on my hat and take an umbrella and start. "I shall see before I die the palms and temple of the South." . . .

This morning I did eat my breakfast upon a cold turkey pie and a goose, and I did send for a cup of tee (a china drink) of which I had never drank before.

Don't be nervous, Daddy—I haven't lost my mind; I'm merely quoting Sam'l Pepys. We're reading him in connection with English History, original sources. Sallie and Julia and I converse now in the language of 1660. Listen to this:

"I went to Charing Cross to see Major Harrison hanged, drawn and quartered: he looking as cheerful as any man could do in that condition." And this: "Dined with my lady who is in handsome mourning for her brother who died yesterday of spotted fever."

Seems a little early to commence entertaining, doesn't it? A friend of Pepys devised a very cunning manner whereby the king might pay his debts out of the sale to poor people of old decayed provisions. What do you, a reformer, think of that? I don't believe we're so bad to-day as the newspapers make out.

Samuel was as excited about his clothes as any girl; he spent five times as much on dress as his wife—that appears to have been the Golden Age of husbands. Isn't this a touching entry? You see he really was honest. "To-day came home my fine Camlett cloak with gold buttons, which cost me much money, and I pray God to make me able to pay for it."

Excuse me for being so full of Pepys; I'm writing a special topic on him.

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT'S *T. Tembarom* was a *Century* serial of 1913. It is the story of a waif of the New York streets who is discovered to be the missing heir to property in England. The formula is almost that of *Little Lord Fauntleroy* adapted to the tastes of adult readers. The novel is not without wit and insight, but it is as a curious specimen of outmoded literary fashions that we reprint an episode.

The English Valet

FOR A FEW moments the two young men looked at each other, Pearson's gaze being one of respectfulness which hoped to propitiate, if propitiation was necessary, though Pearson greatly trusted it was not. Tembarom's was the gaze of hasty investigation and inquiry. He suddenly thought that it would have been "all to the merry" if somebody had "put him on to" a sort of idea of what was done to a fellow when he was "valeted." A valet, he had of course gathered, waited on one somehow and looked after one's clothes. But were there by chance other things he expected to do,—manicure one's nails or cut one's hair,—and how often did he do it, and was this the day? He was evidently there to do something, or he wouldn't have been waiting behind the door to pounce out the minute he appeared, and when the other two went away, Burrill wouldn't have closed the door as solemnly as though he shut the pair of them in together to get through some sort of performance.

"Here's where T. T. begins to feel like a fool," he thought. "And here's where there's no way out of looking like one. I don't know a thing."

But personal vanity was not so strong in him as healthy and normal good temper. Despite the fact that the neat correctness of

Pearson's style and the finished expression of his neat face suggested that he was of a class which knew with the most finished exactness all that custom and propriety demanded on any occasion on which "valeting" in its most occult branches might be done, he was only "another fellow," after all, and must be human. So Tembarom smiled at him.

"Hello, Pearson," he said. "How are you?"

Pearson slightly started. It was the tiniest possible start, quite involuntary, from which he recovered instantly, to reply in a tone of respectful gratefulness:

"Thank you, sir, very well; thank you, sir."

"That's all right," answered Tembarom, a sense of relief because he'd "got started" increasing the friendliness of his smile. "I see you got my trunk open," he said, glancing at some articles of clothing neatly arranged upon the bed.

Pearson was slightly alarmed. It occurred to him suddenly that perhaps it was not the custom in America to open a gentleman's box and lay out his clothes for him. For special reasons he was desperately anxious to keep his place, and above all things he felt he must avoid giving offense by doing things which, by being too English, might seem to cast shades of doubt on the entire correctness of the customs of America. He had known ill feeling to arise between "gentlemen's gentlemen" in the servants' hall in the case of slight differences in customs, contested with a bitterness of feeling which had made them almost an international question. There had naturally been a great deal of talk about the new Mr. Temple Barholm and what might be expected of him. When a gentleman was not a gentleman,—this was the form of expression in "the hall,"—the Lord only knew what would happen. And this one, who had, for all one knew, been born in a workhouse, and had been a boot-black kicked about in American streets,—they did not know Tembarom,—and nearly starved to death, and found at last in a low lodging-house, what could he know about decent living? And ten to one he'd be American enough to swagger and bluster and pretend he knew everything better than any one else, and lose his temper frightfully when he made mistakes, and try to make other people seem to blame. Set a beggar on horseback, and who didn't know what he was? There were chances enough and to spare that not one of them would be able to stand it, and that in a month's time they would all be looking for new places.

So while Tembarom was rather afraid of Pearson and moved about in an awful state of uncertainty, Pearson was horribly afraid of Tembarom, and was, in fact, in such a condition of nervous anxiety that he was obliged more than once furtively to apply to his damp, pale young forehead his exceedingly fresh and spotless pocket-handkerchief.

In the first place, there was the wardrobe. What could he do? How could he approach the subject with sufficient delicacy? Mr. Temple Barholm had brought with him only a steamer trunk and a Gladstone bag, the latter evidently bought in London, to be stuffed with hastily purchased handkerchiefs and shirts, worn as they came out of the shop, and as evidently bought without the slightest idea of the kind of linen a gentleman should own. What most terrified Pearson, who was of a timid and most delicate-minded nature, was that having the workhouse and the boot-blackening as a background, the new Mr. Temple Barholm couldn't know, as all this had come upon him so suddenly. And was it to be Pearson's calamitous duty to explain to him that he had nothing, that he apparently knew nothing, and that as he had no friends who knew, a mere common servant must educate him, if he did not wish to see him derided and looked down upon and actually "cut" by gentlemen that were gentlemen? All this to say nothing of Pearson's own well-earned reputation for knowledge of custom, intelligence, and deftness in turning out the objects of his care in such form as to be a reference in themselves when a new place was wanted. Of course sometimes there were even real gentlemen who were most careless and indifferent to appearance, and who, if left to themselves, would buy garments which made the blood run cold when one realized that his own character and hopes for the future often depended upon his latest employer's outward aspect. But the ulster in which Mr. Temple Barholm had presented himself was of a cut and material such as Pearson's most discouraged moments had never forced him to contemplate. The limited wardrobe in the steamer trunk was all new and all equally bad. There was no evening dress, no proper linen,—not what Pearson called "proper,"—no proper toilet appurtenances. What was Pearson called upon by duty to do? If he had only had the initiative to anticipate this, he might have asked permission to consult in darkest secrecy with Mr. Palford. But he had never dreamed of such a situation, and apparently he would be obliged to send his new charge down to his first dinner in the majes-

tically decorous dining-room, "before all the servants," in a sort of speckled tweed cutaway, with a brown necktie.

Tembarom, realizing without delay that Pearson did not expect to be talked to and being cheered by the sight of the fire, sat down before it in an easy-chair the like of which for luxurious comfort he had never known. He was, in fact, waiting for developments. Pearson would say or do something shortly which would give him a chance to "catch on," or perhaps he'd go out of the room and leave him to himself, which would be a thing to thank God for. Then he could wash his face and hands, brush his hair, and wait till the dinner-bell rang. They'd be likely to have one. They'd have to in a place like this.

But Pearson did not go out of the room. He moved about behind him for a short time with footfall so almost entirely soundless that Tembarom became aware that, if it went on long, he should be nervous; in fact, he was nervous already. He wanted to know what he was doing. He could scarcely resist the temptation to turn his head and look; but he did not want to give himself away more entirely than was unavoidable, and, besides, instinct told him that he might frighten Pearson, who looked frightened enough, in a neat and well-mannered way, already. Hully gee! how he wished he would go out of the room!

But he did not. There were gently gliding footsteps of Pearson behind him, quiet movements which would have seemed stealthy if they had been a burglar's, soft removals of articles from one part of the room to another, delicate brushings, and almost noiseless foldings. Now Pearson was near the bed, now he had opened a wardrobe, now he was looking into the steamer trunk, now he had stopped somewhere behind him, within a few yards of his chair. Why had he ceased moving? What was he looking at? What kept him quiet?

Tembarom expected him to begin stirring mysteriously again; but he did not. Why did he not? There reigned in the room entire silence; no soft footfalls, no brushing, no folding. Was he doing nothing? Had he got hold of something which had given him a fit? There had been no sound of a fall; but perhaps even if an English valet had a fit, he'd have it so quietly and respectfully that one wouldn't hear it. Tembarom felt that he must be looking at the back of his head, and he wondered what was the matter with it. Was his hair cut in a way so un-English that it had paralyzed

him? The back of his head began to creep under an investigation so prolonged. No sound at all, no movement. Tembarom stealthily took out his watch—good old Waterbury he wasn't going to part with—and began to watch the minute-hand. If nothing happened in three minutes he was going to turn round. One—two—three—and the silence made it seem fifteen. He returned his Waterbury to his pocket and turned round.

Pearson was not dead. He was standing quite still and resigned, waiting. It was his business to wait, not to intrude or disturb, and having put everything in order and done all he could do, he was waiting for further commands—in some suspense, it must be admitted.

"Hello!" exclaimed Tembarom, involuntarily.

"Shall I get your bath ready, sir?" inquired Pearson. "Do you like it hot or cold, sir?"

Tembarom drew a relieved breath. He hadn't dropped dead and he hadn't had a fit, and here was one of the things a man did when he valeted you—he got your bath ready. A hasty recollection of the much-used, paint-smeared tin bath on the fourth floor of Mrs. Bowse's boarding-house sprang up before him. Everybody had to use it in turn, and you waited hours for the chance to make a dash into it. No one stood still and waited fifteen minutes until you got good and ready to tell him he could go and turn on the water. Gee whizz!

Being relieved himself, he relieved Pearson by telling him he might "fix it" for him, and that he would have hot water.

"Very good, sir. Thank you, sir," said Pearson, and silently left the room.

Then Tembarom got up from his chair and began to walk about rather restlessly. A new alarm seized him. Did Pearson expect to wash him or to stand round and hand him soap and towels and things while he washed himself?

If it was supposed that you hadn't the strength to turn the faucets yourself, it might be supposed you didn't have the energy to use a flesh-brush and towels. Did valeting include a kind of shampoo all over?

"I couldn't stand for that," he said. "I'd have to tell him there'd been no Turkish baths in mine, and I'm not trained up to them. When I've got on to this kind of thing a bit more, I'll make him

understand what I'm not in for; but I don't want to scare the life out of him right off. He looks like a good little fellow."

But Pearson's duties as valet did not apparently include giving him his bath by sheer physical force. He was deft, calm, amenable. He led Tembarom down the corridor to the bath-room, revealed to him stores of sumptuous bath-ropes and towels, hot- and cold-water faucets, sprays, and tonic essences. He forgot nothing and, having prepared all, mutely vanished, and returned to the bedroom to wait—and gaze in troubled wonder at the speckled tweed cutaway. There was an appalling possibility—he was aware that he was entirely ignorant of American customs—that tweed was the fashionable home evening wear in the States. Tembarom, returning from his bath much refreshed after a warm plunge and a cold shower, evidently felt that as a costume it was all that could be desired.

"Will you wear—these, sir,—this evening?" Pearson suggested.

It was suggestive of more than actual inquiry. If he had dared to hope that his manner might suggest a number of things! For instance, that in England gentlemen really didn't wear tweed in the evening even in private. That through some unforeseen circumstances his employer's evening-dress suit had been delayed, but would of course arrive to-morrow!

But Tembarom, physically stimulated by hot and cold water, and relief at being left alone, was beginning to recover his natural buoyancy.

"Yes, I'll wear 'em," he answered, snatching at his hairbrush and beginning to brush his damp hair. It was a wooden-backed brush that Pearson had found in his Gladstone bag and shudderingly laid in readiness on the dressing-table. "I guess they're all right, ain't they?"

"Oh, quite right, sir, quite," Pearson ventured—"for morning wear."

"Morning?" said Tembarom, brushing vigorously. "Not night?"

"Black, sir," most delicately hinted Pearson, "is—more usual—in the evening—in England." After which he added, "So to speak," with a vague hope that the mollifying phrase might counteract the effect of any apparently implied aspersion on colors preferred in America.

Tembarom ceased brushing his hair, and looked at him in good-natured desire for information.

"Frock-coats or claw-hammer?" he asked. Despite his natural

anxiety, and in the midst of it, Pearson could not but admit that he had an uncondemnatory voice and a sort of young way with him which gave one courage. But he was not quite sure of "claw-hammer."

"Frock-coats for morning dress and afternoon wear, sir," he ventured. "The evening cut, as you know, is—"

"Claw-hammer. Swallow-tail, I guess you say here," Tembarom ended for him, quite without hint of rancor, he was rejoiced to see.

"Yes, sir," said Pearson.

The ceremony of dressing proved a fearsome thing as it went on. Pearson moved about deftly and essayed to do things for the new Mr. Temple Barholm which the new Mr. Temple Barholm had never heard of a man not doing for himself. He reached for things Pearson was about to hand to him or hold for him. He unceremoniously achieved services for himself which it was part of Pearson's manifest duty to perform. They got into each other's way; there was even danger sometimes of their seeming to snatch things from each other, to Pearson's unbounded horror. Mr. Temple Barholm did not express any irritation whatsoever misunderstandings took place, but he held his mouth rather close-shut, and Pearson, not aware that he did this as a precaution against open grinning or shouts of laughter as he found himself unable to adjust himself to his attendant's movements, thought it possible that he was secretly annoyed and regarded the whole matter with disfavor. But when the dressing was at an end and he stood ready to go down in all his innocent ignoring of speckled tweed and brown necktie, he looked neither flurried nor out of humor.

H. G. WELLS

THE WORLD SET FREE by H. G. Wells was serialized in the *Century* in the early months of 1914, before the outbreak of the First World War. The story is told from the point of view of a citizen of the utopian, Wellsian world state. This characteristic, distorted vision of the future reads today almost like a tragic parody of what has since come to pass. The first part of the book, called "A Trap to Catch the Sun," tells of the achievement of atomic disintegration with an explosion of "great violence into a heavy gas of extreme radio-activity." The industrial use of atomic energy had by 1953 brought with it disastrous results economically because of the lack

of foresight in the release of this flood of inexpensive power. As a consequence "*The Last War of the World*" was fought. In it atomic bombs were employed. After German aviators had bombed Paris with "conventional" missiles, the French retaliated in the manner narrated as follows.

The Atomic Bomb

WHEN THE RATHER brutish young aviator with the bullet head and the black hair cropped "*en brosse*" who was in charge of the French special scientific corps heard presently of this disaster to the War Control, he was so wanting in imagination in any sphere but his own that he laughed. Small matter to him that Paris was burning. . . . He slapped his second-in-command on the shoulder. "Now," he said, "there's nothing on earth to stop us going to Berlin and giving them tit-for-tat. Strategy and reasons of state—they're over. Come along, my boy, and we'll show these old women what we can do when they let us have our heads."

He spent five minutes telephoning, and then he went out into the courtyard of the château in which he had been installed and shouted for his automobile. Things would have to move quickly, because there was scarcely an hour and a half before dawn. He looked at the sky and noted with satisfaction a heavy bank of clouds athwart the pallid east. . . .

And presently over the cloud-banks that lay above Westphalia and Saxony the swift aeroplane, with its atomic engine as noiseless as a dancing sunbeam, and its phosphorescent gyroscope compass, flew like an arrow to the heart of the Central European hosts. . . .

The sky above the indistinct horizons of this cloud sea was at first starry and then paler with a light that crept from north to east as the dawn came on. The Milky Way was invisible in the blue, and the lesser stars vanished. The face of the adventurer at the steering-wheel, darkly visible ever and again by the oval greenish glow of the compass face, had something of that firm beauty which all concentrated purpose gives, and something of the happiness of an idiot child that has at last got hold of the matches. His companion, a less imaginative type, sat with his legs spread wide over the long, coffin-shaped box which contained in its compartments the three atomic bombs, the new bombs that would continue to explode indefinitely and which no one so far had ever seen in action.

Hitherto Carolinum, their essential substance, had been tested only in almost infinitesimal quantities within steel chambers embedded in lead. Beyond the thought of great destruction slumbering in the black spheres between his legs, and a keen resolve to follow out very exactly the instructions that had been given him, the man's mind was a blank. His aquiline profile against the starlight expressed nothing but a profound gloom. . . .

Away to the north-eastward in a cloudless pool of gathering light, and with all its nocturnal illuminations still blazing, was Berlin. The left finger of the steersman verified roads and open spaces upon the mica-covered square of map that was fastened by his wheel. There, in a series of lake-like expansions, was the Havel away to the right, over by those forests must be Spandau; there the river split about the Potsdam island, and right ahead was Charlottenburg, cleft by a great thoroughfare that fell like an indicating beam of light straight to the imperial headquarters. There, plain enough, was the Thiergarten; beyond rose the imperial palace, and to the right those tall buildings, those clustering, be-flagged, be-masted roofs, must be the offices in which the Central European staff was housed. . . .

It was time to act. The broad avenues, the park, the palaces below rushed, widening out nearer and nearer to them.

"Ready!" said the steersman.

The gaunt face hardened to grimness, and with both hands the bomb-thrower lifted the big atomic bomb from the box and steadied it against the side. It was a black sphere two feet in diameter. Between its handles was a little celluloid stud, and to this he bent his head until his lips touched it. Then he had to bite in order to let the air in upon the inductive. Sure of its accessibility, he craned his neck over the side of the aeroplane and judged his pace and distance. Then very quickly he bent forward, bit the stud, and hoisted the bomb over the side.

"Round," he whispered inaudibly.

The bomb flashed blinding scarlet in mid-air and fell, a descending column of blaze eddying spirally in the midst of a whirlwind. . . . The steersman with gleaming eyes and set teeth fought in great banking curves for a balance. The gaunt man clung tight with hands and knees; his nostrils dilated, his teeth biting his lips. He was firmly strapped.

When he could look down again it was like looking down upon the crater of a small volcano. In the open garden before the Impe-

rial castle a shuddering star of evil splendour spurted and poured up smoke and flame towards them like an accusation. They were too high to distinguish people clearly, or mark the bomb's effect upon the building until suddenly the façade tottered and crumbled before the flare as sugar dissolves in water. The man stared for a moment, showed all his long teeth, and then staggered into the cramped standing position his straps permitted, hoisted out and bit another bomb and sent it down after its fellow.

The explosion came this time more directly underneath the aeroplane and shot it upward edgewise. The bomb box tipped to the point of disgorgement, and the bomb-thrower was pitched forward upon the third bomb with his face close to its celluloid stud. He clutched its handles and with a sudden gust of determination that the thing should not escape him, bit its stud. Before he could hurl it over, the monoplane was slipping sideways. Everything was falling sideways. Instinctively he gave himself up to gripping, his body holding the bomb in its place.

Then that bomb had exploded, and steersman, thrower, and aeroplane were just flying rags and splinters of metal and drops of moisture in the air, and a third column of fire rushed eddying down upon the doomed buildings below.

Never before in the history of warfare had there been a continuing explosive; indeed, up to the middle of the twentieth century the only explosives known were combustibles whose explosiveness was due entirely to their instantaneousness; and these atomic bombs which science burst upon the world that night were strange even to the men who used them. Those used by the Allies were lumps of pure Carolinum, painted on the outside with unoxidised cydonator inducive enclosed hermetically in a case of menbranium. A little celluloid stud between the handles by which the bomb was lifted was arranged so as to be easily torn off and admit air to the inducive, which at once became active and set up radio-activity in the outer layer of the Carolinum sphere. This liberated fresh inducive, and so in a few minutes the whole bomb was blazing continual explosion. . . . As with all radio-active substances, this Carolinum, though every seventeen days its power is halved, though constantly it diminishes towards the imperceptible, is never entire exhausted, and to this day the battle-fields and bomb-fields of that frantic time

EDITH WHARTON

in human history are sprinkled with radiant matter and so centres of inconvenient rays. . . .

A moment or so after its explosion began it was still mainly an inert sphere exploding superficially, a big, inanimate nucleus wrapped in flame and thunder. Those that were thrown from aeroplanes fell in this state; they reached the ground still mainly solid and, melting soil and rock in their progress, bored into the earth. There, as more and more of the Carolinum became active, the bomb spread itself at the base of what became very speedily a miniature active volcano. The Carolinum, unable to disperse freely, drove into and mixed up with a boiling confusion of molten soil and superheated steam, and so remained, spinning furiously and maintaining an eruption that lasted for years or months or weeks according to the size of the bomb employed and the chances of its dispersal. Once launched, the bomb was absolutely unapproachable and uncontrollable until its forces were nearly exhausted. . . .

Such was the crowning triumph of military science, the ultimate explosive, that was to give the "decisive touch" to war. . . .

Before the last war began it was a matter of common knowledge that a man could carry about in a handbag an amount of latent energy sufficient to wreck half a city. These facts were before the minds of everybody; the children in the streets knew them. And yet the world still, as the Americans used to phrase it, "fooled around" with the paraphernalia and pretensions of war.

EDITH WHARTON

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE by Edith Wharton was published by Appleton in 1920 and won the Pulitzer Prize for the best novel of the year—a judgment that has stood the test of time. The scene is laid mainly in the New York of the eighteen-seventies. The story is of Newland Archer's betrothal and marriage to May Welland though he passionately loves her cousin, the Countess Olenska. When he meditates running away with the Countess the situation is redeemed by the revelation that his young wife is to bear him a child. The Countess returns to Europe and he never sees her again. Mrs. Wharton depicts with something of satire but more of nostalgia, even of love, the manners and social code of a high caste, stiff with ceremonial. This society seems impermanent, an effect not due to the author's uncertainty of her ground (as has sometimes been held)

but to her deliberate art, for "the age of innocence" was doomed to pass. Comparisons with Henry James are valid, but it is a thinner, diluted James. Episodes by way of specimens of the novel are hard to detach, so closely knit is the story, but the two dinner-parties are characteristic.

Dining with the van der Luydens

THE DINNER WAS a somewhat formidable business. Dining with the van der Luydens was at best no light matter, and dining there with a Duke who was their cousin was almost a religious solemnity. It pleased Archer to think that only an old New Yorker could perceive the shade of difference (to New York) between being merely a Duke and being the van der Luydens' Duke. New York took stray noblemen calmly, and even (except in the Struthers set) with a certain distrustful *hauteur*; but when they presented such credentials as these they were received with an old-fashioned cordiality that they would have been greatly mistaken in ascribing solely to their standing in Debrett. It was for just such distinctions that the young man cherished his old New York even while he smiled at it.

The van der Luydens had done their best to emphasize the importance of the occasion. The du Lac Sèvres and the Trevenna George II plate were out; so was the van der Luyden "Lowestoft" (East India Company) and the Dagonet Crown Derby. Mrs. van der Luyden looked more than ever like a Cabanel, and Mrs. Archer, in her grandmother's seed-pearls and emeralds, reminded her son of an Isabey miniature. All the ladies had on their handsomest jewels, but it was characteristic of the house and the occasion that these were mostly in rather heavy old-fashioned settings; and old Miss Lanning, who had been persuaded to come, actually wore her mother's cameos and a Spanish blonde shawl.

The Countess Olenska was the only young woman at the dinner; yet, as Archer scanned the smooth plump elderly faces between their diamond necklaces and towering ostrich feathers, they struck him as curiously immature compared with hers. It frightened him to think what must have gone to the making of her eyes.

The Duke of St. Austrey, who sat at his hostess's right, was naturally the chief figure of the evening. But if the Countess Olenska was less conspicuous than had been hoped, the Duke was almost invisible. Being a well-bred man he had not (like another recent

ducal visitor) come to the dinner in a shooting-jacket; but his evening clothes were so shabby and baggy, and he wore them with such an air of their being homespun, that (with his stooping way of sitting, and the vast beard spreading over his shirt-front) he hardly gave the appearance of being in dinner attire. He was short, round-shouldered, sunburnt, with a thick nose, small eyes and a sociable smile; but he seldom spoke, and when he did it was in such low tones that, despite the frequent silences of expectation about the table, his remarks were lost to all but his neighbours.

When the men joined the ladies after dinner the Duke went straight up to the Countess Olenska, and they sat down in a corner and plunged into animated talk. Neither seemed aware that the Duke should first have paid his respects to Mrs. Lovell Mingott and Mrs. Headly Chivers, and the Countess have conversed with that amiable hypochondriac, Mr. Urban Dagonet of Washington Square, who, in order to have the pleasure of meeting her, had broken through his fixed rule of not dining out between January and April. The two chatted together for nearly twenty minutes; then the Countess rose and, walking alone across the wide drawing-room, sat down at Newland Archer's side.

It was not the custom in New York drawing-rooms for a lady to get up and walk away from one gentleman in order to seek the company of another. Etiquette required that she should wait, immovable as an idol, while the men who wished to converse with her succeeded each other at her side. But the Countess was apparently unaware of having broken any rule; she sat at perfect ease in a corner of the sofa beside Archer, and looked at him with the kindest eyes.

Trends

EVERY YEAR ON the fifteenth of October Fifth Avenue opened its shutters, unrolled its carpets and hung up its triple layer of window-curtains.

By the first of November this household ritual was over, and society had begun to look about and take stock of itself. By the fifteenth the season was in full blast, Opera and theatres were putting forth their new attractions, dinner-engagements were accumulating, and dates for dances being fixed. And punctually at about this time Mrs. Archer always said that New York was very much changed.

Observing it from the lofty stand-point of a non-participant, she was able, with the help of Mr. Sillerton Jackson and Miss Sophy, to trace each new crack in its surface, and all the strange weeds pushing up between the ordered rows of social vegetables. It had been one of the amusements of Archer's youth to wait for this annual pronouncement of his mother's, and to hear her enumerate the minute signs of disintegration that his careless gaze had overlooked. For New York, to Mrs. Archer's mind, never changed without changing for the worse; and in this view Miss Sophy Jackson heartily concurred.

Mr. Sillerton Jackson, as became a man of the world, suspended his judgment and listened with an amused impartiality to the lamentations of the ladies. But even he never denied that New York had changed; and Newland Archer, in the winter of the second year of his marriage, was himself obliged to admit that if it had not actually changed it was certainly changing.

These points had been raised, as usual, at Mrs. Archer's Thanksgiving dinner. At the date when she was officially enjoined to give thanks for the blessings of the year it was her habit to take a mournful though not embittered stock of her world, and wonder what there was to be thankful for. At any rate, not the state of society; society, if it could be said to exist, was rather a spectacle on which to call down Biblical imprecations—and in fact, every one knew what the Reverend Dr. Ashmore meant when he chose a text from Jeremiah (Chap. ii., verse 25) for his Thanksgiving sermon. Dr. Ashmore, the new Rector of St. Matthew's, had been chosen because he was very "advanced": his sermons were considered bold in thought and novel in language. When he fulminated against fashionable society he always spoke of its "trend"; and to Mrs. Archer it was terrifying and yet fascinating to feel herself part of a community that was trending.

"There's no doubt that Dr. Ashmore is right: there *is* a marked trend," she said, as if it were something visible and measurable, like a crack in a house.

"It was odd, though, to preach about it on Thanksgiving," Miss Jackson opined; and her hostess drily rejoined: "Oh, he means us to give thanks for what's left."

Archer had been wont to smile at these annual vaticinations of his mother's; but this year even he was obliged to acknowledge, as

he listened to an enumeration of the changes, that the "trend" was visible.

"The extravagance in dress—" Miss Jackson began. "Sillerton took me to the first night of the Opera, and I can only tell you that Jane Merry's dress was the only one I recognised from last year; and even that had had the front panel changed. Yet I know she got it out from Worth only two years ago, because my seamstress always goes in to make over her Paris dresses before she wears them."

"Ah, Jane Merry is one of us," said Mrs. Archer sighing, as if it were not such an enviable thing to be in an age when ladies were beginning to flaunt abroad their Paris dresses as soon as they were out of the Custom House, instead of letting them mellow under lock and key, in the manner of Mrs. Archer's contemporaries.

"Yes; she's one of the few. In my youth," Miss Jackson rejoined, "it was considered vulgar to dress in the newest fashions; and Amy Sillerton has always told me that in Boston the rule was to put away one's Paris dresses for two years. Old Mrs. Baxter Pennilow, who did everything handsomely, used to import twelve a year, two velvet, two satin, two silk, and the other six of poplin and the finest cashmere. It was a standing order, and as she was ill for two years before she died they found forty-eight Worth dresses that had never been taken out of tissue paper; and when the girls left off their mourning they were able to wear the first lot at the Symphony concerts without looking in advance of the fashion."

"Ah, well, Boston is more conservative than New York; but I always think it's a safe rule for a lady to lay aside her French dresses for one season," Mrs. Archer conceded.

"It was Beaufort who started the new fashion by making his wife clap her new clothes on her back as soon as they arrived: I must say at times it takes all Regina's distinction not to look like . . . like . . ." Miss Jackson glanced around the table, caught Janey's bulging gaze, and took refuge in an unintelligible murmur.

ZONA GALE

ZONA GALE, a talented Wisconsin woman who had served an apprenticeship in journalism and short-story writing, won a deserved success when Appleton published Miss Lulu Bett in 1920. So brief a novel that it might perhaps be called a long short story, this sympathetic, realistic narrative of the emancipation of a household

drudge—the triumph of an individual over conventions—has sharply observed characters, controlled pathos, and quiet humor.

Lulu and Her Brother-in-law

THE EYE OF THE master of the house fell for the first time upon the yellow tulip in the centre of his table.

"Well, *well!*" he said. "What's this?"

Ina Deacon produced, fleetingly, an un-looked-for dimple.

"Have you been buying flowers?" the master inquired.

"Ask Lulu," said Mrs. Deacon.

He turned his attention full upon Lulu.

"Suitors?" he inquired, and his lips left their places to form a sort of ruff about the word.

Lulu flushed, and her eyes and their very brows appealed.

"It was a quarter," she said. "There'll be five flowers."

"You *bought* it?"

"Yes. There'll be five—that's a nickle apiece."

His tone was as methodical as if he had been talking about the bread.

"Yet we give you a home on the supposition that you have no money to spend, even for the necessities."

His voice, without resonance, cleft air, thought, spirit, and even flesh.

Mrs. Deacon, indeterminately feeling her guilt in having let loose the dogs of her husband upon Lulu, interposed: "Well, but, Herbert—Lulu isn't strong enough to work. What's the use. . ."

She dwindled. For years the fiction had been sustained that Lulu, the family beast of burden, was not strong enough to work anywhere else.

"The justice business—" said Dwight Herbert Deacon—he was a justice of the peace—"and the dental profession—" he was also a dentist—"do not warrant the purchase of spring flowers in my home."

"Well, but, Herbert—" It was his wife again.

"No more," he cried briefly, with a slight bend of his head.

"Lulu meant no harm," he added, and smiled at Lulu.

Bobby Larkin and Di Deacon

IN THE DEACONS' parlour sat Bobby Larkin, eighteen. He was in pain all over. He was come on an errand which civilisation has contrived to make an ordeal.

Before him on the table stood a photograph of Diana Deacon, also eighteen. He hated her with passion. At school she mocked him, aped him, whispered about him, tortured him. For two years he had hated her. Nights he fell asleep planning to build a great house and engage her as its servant.

Yet, as he waited, he could not keep his eyes from this photograph. It was Di at her curliest, at her fluffiest, Di conscious of her bracelet, Di smiling. Bobby gazed, his basic aversion to her hard-pressed by a most reluctant pleasure. He hoped that he would not see her, and he listened for her voice.

Mr. Deacon descended upon him with an air carried from his supper hour, bland, dispensing. Well! Let us have it. "What did you wish to see me about?"—with the use of the past tense as connoting something of indirection and hence of delicacy—a nicety customary, yet unconscious. Bobby had arrived in his best clothes and with an air of such formality that Mr. Deacon had instinctively suspected him of wanting to join the church, and, to treat the time with due solemnity, had put him in the parlour until he could attend at leisure.

Confronted thus by Di's father, the speech which Bobby had planned deserted him.

"I thought if you would give me a job," he said defencelessly.

"So that's it!" Mr. Deacon, who always awaited but a touch to be either irritable or facetious, inclined now to be facetious. "Filling teeth?" he would know. "Marrying folks, then?" Assistant justice or assistant dentist—which?

Bobby blushed. No, no, but in that big building of Mr. Deacon's where his office was, wasn't there something. . . . It faded from him, sounded ridiculous. Of course there was nothing. He saw it now.

There was nothing. Mr. Deacon confirmed him. But Mr. Deacon had an idea. Hold on, he said—hold on. The grass. Would Bobby consider taking charge of the grass? Though Mr. Deacon was of the type which cuts its own grass and glories in its vigour and its energy, yet in the time after that which he called "dental hours"

Mr. Deacon wished to work in his garden. His grass, growing in late April rains, would need attention early next month... he owned two lots—"of course property is a burden." If Bobby would care to keep the grass down and raked... Bobby would care, accepted this business opportunity, figures and all, thanked Mr. Deacon with earnestness. Bobby's aversion to Di, it seemed, should not stand in the way of his advancement.

"Then that is checked off," said Mr. Deacon heartily.

Bobby wavered toward the door, emerged on the porch, and ran almost upon Di returning from her tea-party at Jenny Plow's.

"Oh, Bobby! You came to see me?"

She was as fluffy, as curly, as smiling as her picture. She was carrying pink, gauzy favours and a spear of flowers. Undeniably in her voice there was pleasure. Her glance was startled but already complacent. She paused in the steps, a lovely figure.

But one would say that nothing but the truth dwelt in Bobby.

"Oh, hullo," he said. "No, I came to see your father."

He marched by her. His hair stuck up at the back. His coat was hunched about his shoulders. His insufficient nose, abundant, loose-lipped mouth and brown eyes were completely expressionless. He marched by her without a glance.

She flushed with vexation. Mr. Deacon, as one would expect, laughed loudly, took the situation in his elephantine grasp and pawed at it.

"Mamma! Mamma! What do you s'pose? Di thought she had a beau—"

"Oh, papa!" said Di. "Why, I just hate Bobby Larkin and the whole *school* knows it."

Mr. Deacon returned to the dining-room, humming in his throat.

Lulu and Ninian Deacon

[Mr. Deacon's much-traveled, long-absent brother Ninian has turned up. He has sized up the situation. He and Lulu talk together while on a family picnic by the river.]

DO YOU KNOW something?" he began. "I think you have it pretty hard around here."

"I?" Lulu was genuinely astonished.

"Yes, sir. Do you have to work like this all the time? I guess you won't mind my asking."

"Well, I ought to work. I have a home with them. Mother too."

"Yes, but glory! You ought to have some kind of a life of your own. You want it, too. You told me you did—that first day."

She was silent. Again he was investing her with a longing which she had never really had, until he had planted that longing. She had wanted she knew not what. Now she accepted the dim, the romantic interest of this rôle.

"I guess you don't see how it seems," he said, "to me, coming along—a stranger so. I don't like it."

He frowned, regarded the river, flicked away ashes, his diamond obediently shining. Lulu's look, her head drooping, had the liquid air of the look of a young girl. For the first time in her life she was feeling her helplessness. It intoxicated her.

"They're very good to me," she said.

He turned. "Do you know why you think that? Because you've never had anybody really good to you. That's why."

"But they treat me good."

"They make a slave of you. Regular slave." He puffed, frowning. "Damned shame, *I* call it," he said.

Her loyalty stirred Lulu. "We have our whole living—"

"And you earn it. I been watching you since I been here. Don't you ever go anywheres?"

She said: "This is the first place in—in years."

"Lord. Don't you want to? Of course you do!"

"Not so much places like this—"

"I see. What you want is to get away—like you'd ought to." He regarded her. "You've been a blamed fine-looking woman," he said.

She did not flush, but that faint, unsuspected Lulu spoke for her: "You must have been a good-looking man once yourself."

His laugh went ringing across the water. "You're pretty good," he said. He regarded her approvingly. "I don't see how you do it," he mused, "blamed if I do."

"How I do what?"

"Why come back, quick like that, with what you say."

Lulu's heart was beating painfully. The effort to hold her own in talk like this was terrifying. She had never talked in this fashion to anyone. It was as if some matter of life or death hung on her ability to speak an alien tongue.

DONN BYRNE

DONN BYRNE (*Brian Oswald Donn-Byrne*), Irish in blood though born in New York, spent his childhood and youth in Ireland. Returning to America, he wrote short stories and was for a time on the staff of the Century Dictionary. In 1921 the Century serialized his *Messer Marco Polo*, originally called *Marco Polo's Love Story*. The tale is told to a group of young New Yorkers by old Malachi of the Glen, a Scotch-Irishman of Ulster. Young Marco Polo traveled to China to convert Kubla Khan and his people to Christianity and to meet and wed the Khan's lovely daughter, Golden Bells. After three years of happiness she died, and after seventeen years in the Khan's service Marco returned to Venice. The Anglo-Irish idiom is charmingly in keeping with the theme, and the touch of magic is at once Oriental and Celtic.

The Desert of the Singing Sands

WHEREVER THEY went now was sand, and a dull haze that made the sun look like a copper coin. And a great silence fell on the caravan, and nothing was heard but the crunch of the camels' pads and the tinkle of the camels' bells. And no green thing was seen.

And a great terror fell on the caravan, so that one night a third of the caravan deserted. The rest went on in silence under the dull sun. And now they came across a village of white skeletons grinning in the silent sand. And at night there was nothing heard, not even the barking of a dog. And others of the caravan deserted, and others were lost.

And now they had come so far into the desert that they could not return, but must keep on their way, and on the fifth day they came to the Hill of the Drum. And all through the night they could not sleep for the booming of the Drum. And some of the caravan went mad there, and fled screaming into the waste.

And now there was only a great haze about them, and they looked at one another with terror, saying: "Were we ever any place where green was, where birds sang, or there was sweet water? Or maybe we are dead. Or maybe this was all our life, and the pleasant towns, and the lamplight in the villages, and the apricots in the garden, and our wives and children, maybe they were all a dream

that we woke in the middle of. Let us lie down and sleep that we may dream again."

But Marco Polo would not let them lie down, for to lie down was death. But he drove them onward. And again they complained: "Surely God never saw this place that He left it so terrible. Surely He was never here. He was never here."

And now that their minds were pitched to the height of madness, the warlocks of the desert took shape and jeered at them, and the white-sheeted ghosts flitted alongside of them, and the goblins of the Gobi harried them from behind. And the sun was like dull copper through the haze, and the moon like a guttering candle, and stars there were none.

And when the moon was at its full, they came to the Hill of the Bell. And through the night the Bell went *gongh, gongh, gongh*, until they could feel it in every fiber of their bodies, and their skin itched with it. They would stop their ears. But they would hear it in the palms of their hands and the soles of their feet. *Gongh, gongh, gongh*.

And when they left the Hill of the Bell there were only six of the caravan left, and a multitude of white-sheeted ghosts. And the caravan plodded onward dully. And now the warlocks of the desert played another cruelty. Afar off they would put a seeming of a lake, and the travelers would press on gladly, crying, "There is water! water! God lives! God lives!" But there was only sand. And now it would be a green vision, and they would cry: "We have come to the edge of the desert. After the long night, dawn. God lives! God lives!" But there would be only sand, sand. And now it would be a city of shining domes in the distance. And they would nudge one another and croak, "There are men there, brother, secure streets, and merchants in their booths; people to talk with, and water for our poor throats." But there would be only sand, sand, sand. . . . And they would cry like children. "God is dead! Haven't you heard? Don't you know? God is dead in His heaven, and the warlocks are loosed on the land!"

And on the last day of the moon they were all but in sight of the desert's edge though they didn't know. And the goblins and the warlocks took counsel, for they were now afraid Marco and his few people would escape. They gathered together and they read the runes of the Flowing Sand.

And suddenly the camels rushed screaming into the desert with

sudden panic, and a burning wind came, and the sands rose, and the desert heeled like a ship, and the day became night.

Marco Polo in the Presence of Kubla Khan

AND MARCO POLO was brought into the presence. And among all assembled there you could hear a pin drop.

At the north end of the great hall sat the Khan himself, and Marco Polo nearly dropped with surprise; for where he expected a great, magnificent figure of a man, with majesty shining from his eyes, he saw only a pleasant, bearded man, not quarter so well dressed as the meanest servant in the room, and a fine, welcoming smile on his face. His throne was elevated so that his feet were on the level of the heads of the kinsmen of the Blood Royal beneath him, and they in silk and ermine and fine brocades and jewels. And beneath these were the barons and dukes and knights. And beneath these were the captains of the fighting men, three thousand and three. And beneath these were the musicians and the sorcerers. And behind Kubla Khan, very big, very erect, stood his three great servants, the Keeper of the Hunting Leopards, the Keeper of the Speaking Drums, and the Keeper of the Khan's Swords.

And beside Kubla Khan, on a little throne, sat Golden Bells. . . . And it was the sight of her more than the sight of the great assembly that dumbed the words in his mouth. And Kubla was smiling at him, and she was smiling, too.

And Kubla saw there was something wrong with him, that there was embarrassment on him, and he rose from his throne.

"There is welcome for you here, Marco Polo, and no enmity. There is interest in and eagerness for your message. There is none here will criticize you or make it hard for you. Let there be no shame on you in speaking before so many people. Say what you have to say as if there were nobody here, if that will help you, barring myself and the little daughter beside me. . . ."

"O Emperor," the words came back to Marco Polo, "and ye, great princes, dukes, and marquises, counts, knights, and burgesses, and people of all degrees who desire the light of the world, grace be to you and peace, from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ!

"The message I have to give you, I shall give in the words of Him, Whose perfect message it is:

"*Beati pauperes spiritu*,—Blessed are the poor in spirit.

"*Quoniam ipsorum est regnum caelorum*,—for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

"*Beati mites*,—Blessed are the meek . . ."

And Marco Polo went on and quoted for them the words that were spoken on the Mount in Galilee. And they listened to him with great civility and attention. And little Golden Bells leaned forward, with her chin on her hands, and Kubla leaned back in his throne, with his eyes half closed.

"But I say unto you, that ye resist not evil, but whoever shall smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also.'" And at this the great Khan looked up puzzled, and a movement went through the fighting men in the hall. But wee Golden Bells never budged a minute, and Marco Polo went on:

"*Et factum est; cum consummasset Jesus verba haec*,—And it came to pass when Jesus had ended these sayings, the people were astonished at his doctrine."

"I shall now tell you of the life and death of the Lord Jesus. . .".

He told them of the birth in Bethlehem, and of the teaching on the hills, and the poets nodded their heads; and he told them of the cleansing of the lepers and of the casting out of devils and the raising of Lazarus from the dead, and the magicians wondered; and he told them of the betrayal by Judas with a kiss, and the captains-at-arms shuffled in their seats; and he told them of the scourging, and of the crowning with thorns, and the great Khan snicked his dagger in and out of the sheath. And a mist of tears came into the eyes of Golden Bells.

And he told them of the crucifixion between two thieves, and a great oath ripped from the beard of Kubla Khan, and the silver tears ran from the eyes of Golden Bells.

"And on the third day He arose from the dead. . .".

And a great shout came from the throat of Kubla Khan, and he stood up.

"He arose from among the dead men, I'll warrant; He showed himself to the Roman Pilate in all His power and majesty—"

"No," said Marco Polo.

"Then He showed Himself to the thousands who had seen Him die upon the gallows tree!"

"No," said Marco Polo.

"Who saw Him, then?"

"His twelve Apostles and they in a little room!"

And Kubla Khan sat down suddenly and said no more. There was a moment's murmur of wonder among the assembly, and then silence. And Marco's heart fell. And he was aware of two things, of the great politeness of the Chinese people and of Golden Bell's pitying eyes.

Marco Polo Grieves for the Loss of Golden Bells

YOU MUST SEE him now as he was seventeen years after he had come to China, and fourteen years after his wife, little Golden Bells, had died, a lean figure of a man, with his hair streaked with gray, a lean, hard face on him and savage eyes, and all the body of him steel and whalebone from riding on the great Khan's business, and riding fast and furious, so that he might sleep and forget; but forgetting never came to him. . . . You might think he was a harsh man from his face and eyes, but he was the straight man in administering justice, and he had the soft heart for the poor—the heart of Golden Bells. He was easily moved to anger, but the fine Chinese people never minded him, knowing he was a suffering man. Though never a word of Golden Bells came from his mouth, barring maybe that line of Dante's, the saddest line in the world, and that he used to repeat to himself and no one there:

. . . "*la bella persona*
Che mi fu tolta . . . che mi fu tolta;
who was taken from me; Taken! Taken from me!"

And oftentimes a look would come over his face as if he were listening for a voice to speak—listening, listening, and then a wee harsh laugh would come from him, very heartbreaking to hear, and whatever was in his hand, papers or a riding-whip, he would pitch down and walk away.

JUVENILES AND DIALECT POEMS

"LEWIS CARROLL"

HOW D. APPLETON and Company had the good fortune to become the American publishers of Alice's Adventures in Wonderland (1866) has been told in our Introduction. Everyone has his favorite episode in Alice, and if the "Mad Tea-Party" doesn't happen to be yours, make your own selection!—The Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll by Stuart Dodgson Collingwood was published by The Century Company in 1899. Two letters about three cats which "Lewis Carroll" addressed to a little girl are amusing examples of his spontaneous nonsense.

A Mad Tea-Party

THERE WAS A table set out under a tree in front of the house, and the March Hare and the Hatter were having tea at it: a Dormouse was sitting between them fast asleep, and the other two were using it as a cushion, resting their elbows on it, and talking over its head. "Very uncomfortable for the Dormouse," thought Alice; "only, as it's asleep, I suppose it doesn't mind."

The table was a large one, but the three were all crowded together at one corner of it: "No room! No room!" they cried out when they saw Alice coming. "There's *plenty* of room!" said Alice indignantly, and she sat down in a large arm-chair at one end of the table.

"Have some wine," the March Hare said in an encouraging tone.

Alice looked all round the table, but there was nothing on it but tea. "I don't see any wine," she remarked.

"There isn't any," said the March Hare.

"Then it wasn't very civil of you to offer it," said Alice angrily.

"It wasn't very civil of you to sit down without being invited," said the March Hare.

"I didn't know it was *your* table," said Alice; "it's laid for a great many more than three."

"Your hair wants cutting," said the Hatter. He had been looking at Alice for some time with great curiosity, and this was his first speech.

"You should learn not to make personal remarks," Alice said with some severity: "it's very rude."

The Hatter opened his eyes very wide on hearing this; but all he *said* was, "Why is a raven like a writing-desk?"

"Come, we shall have some fun now!" thought Alice. "I'm glad they've begun asking riddles—I believe I can guess that," she added aloud.



"'Your hair wants cutting,' said the Hatter."

From a drawing by John Tenniel

"Do you mean that you think you can find out the answer to it?" said the March Hare.

"Exactly so," said Alice.

"Then you should say what you mean," the March Hare went on.

"I do," Alice hastily replied; "at least—at least I mean what I say—that's the same thing, you know."

"Not the same thing a bit!" said the Hatter. "Why, you might just as well say 'I see what I eat' is the same thing as 'I eat what I see!'"

"You might just as well say," added the March Hare, "that 'I like what I get' is the same thing as 'I get what I like!'"

"You might just as well say," added the Dormouse, who seemed to be talking in his sleep, "that 'I breathe when I sleep' is the same thing as 'I sleep when I breathe!'"

"It is the same thing with you," said the Hatter, and here the conversation dropped, and the party sat silent for a minute, while Alice

thought over all she could remember about ravens and writing-desks, which wasn't much.

The Hatter was the first to break the silence. “What day of the month is it?” he said, turning to Alice: he had taken his watch out of his pocket, and was looking at it uneasily, shaking it every now and then, and holding it to his ear.

Alice considered a little, and said, “The fourth.”

“Two days wrong!” sighed the Hatter. “I told you butter wouldn't suit the works!” he added, looking angrily at the March Hare.

“It was the *best* butter,” the March Hare meekly replied.

“Yes, but some crumbs must have got in as well,” the Hatter grumbled: “you shouldn't have put it in with the bread-knife.”

The March Hare took the watch and looked at it gloomily: then he dipped it into his cup of tea, and looked at it again: but he could think of nothing better to say than his first remark, “It was the *best* butter, you know.”

Alice had been looking over his shoulder with some curiosity. “What a funny watch!” she remarked. “It tells the day of the month, and doesn't tell what o'clock it is!”

“Why should it?” muttered the Hatter. “Does *your* watch tell you what year it is?”

“Of course not,” Alice replied very readily: “but that's because it stays the same year for such a long time together.”

“Which is just the case with *mine*,” said the Hatter.

Alice felt dreadfully puzzled. The Hatter's remark seemed to her to have no sort of meaning in it, and yet it was certainly English. “I don't quite understand you,” she said, as politely as she could.

“The Dormouse is asleep again,” said the Hatter, and he poured a little hot tea on its nose.

The Dormouse shook its head impatiently, and said, without opening its eyes, “Of course, of course: just what I was going to remark myself.”

“Have you guessed the riddle yet?” the Hatter said, turning to Alice again.

“No, I give it up,” Alice replied: “what's the answer?”

“I haven't the slightest idea,” said the Hatter.

“Nor I,” said the March Hare.

Alice sighed wearily. “I think you might do something better with the time,” she said, “than wasting it in asking riddles that have no answers.”

"If you knew Time as well as I do," said the Hatter, "you wouldn't talk about wasting *it*. It's *him*."

"I don't know what you mean," said Alice.

"Of course you don't!" the Hatter said, tossing his head contemptuously. "I dare say you never even spoke to Time!"

"Perhaps not," Alice cautiously replied: "but I know I have to beat time when I learn music."

"Ah! that accounts for it," said the Hatter. "He won't stand beating. Now, if you only kept on good terms with him, he'd do almost



"Twinkle, twinkle, little bat"

From a drawing by John Tenniel

anything you liked with the clock. For instance, suppose it were nine o'clock in the morning, just time to begin lessons: you'd only have to whisper a hint to Time, and round goes the clock in a twinkling! Half-past one, time for dinner!"

("I only wish it was," the March Hare said to itself in a whisper.)

"That would be grand, certainly," said Alice thoughtfully: "but then—I shouldn't be hungry for it, you know."

"Not at first, perhaps," said the Hatter: "but you could keep it to half-past one as long as you liked."

"Is that the way *you* manage?" Alice asked.

The Hatter shook his head mournfully. "Not I," he replied. "We quarrelled last March—just before *he* went mad, you know—" (pointing with his teaspoon at the March Hare,) "—it was at the great concert given by the Queen of Hearts, and I had to sing.

“LEWIS CARROLL”

*‘Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!
How I wonder what you’re at!’*

You know the song perhaps?”

“I’ve heard something like it,” said Alice.

“It goes on, you know,” the Hatter continued, “in this way:—

*‘Up above the world you fly,
Like a teatray in the sky.
Twinkle, twinkle—’*”

Here the Dormouse shook itself, and began singing in its sleep, “*Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle,—*” and went on so long that they had to pinch it to make it stop.

“Well, I’d hardly finished the first verse,” said the Hatter, “when the Queen bawled out ‘He’s murdering the time! Off with his head!’”

“How dreadfully savage!” exclaimed Alice.

“And ever since that,” the Hatter went on in a mournful tone, “he won’t do a thing I ask. It’s always six o’clock now.”

A bright idea came into Alice’s head. “Is that the reason so many tea-things are put out here?” she asked.

“Yes, that’s it,” said the Hatter with a sigh: “it’s always tea-time, and we’ve no time to wash the things between whiles.”

“Then you keep moving round, I suppose?” said Alice.

“Exactly so,” said the Hatter: “as the things get used up.”

“But when you come to the beginning again?” Alice ventured to ask.

“Suppose we change the subject,” the March Hare interrupted, yawning. “I’m getting tired of this. I vote the young lady tells us a story.”

“I’m afraid I don’t know one,” said Alice, rather alarmed at the proposal.

“Then the Dormouse shall!” they both cried. “Wake up, Dormouse!” And they punched it on both sides at once.

The Dormouse slowly opened his eyes. “I wasn’t asleep,” he said in a hoarse, feeble voice: “I heard every word you fellows were saying.”

“Tell us a story!” said the March Hare.

“Yes, please do!” pleaded Alice.

“And be quick about it,” added the Hatter, “or you’ll be asleep again before it’s done.”

"Once upon a time there were three little sisters," the Dormouse began in a great hurry; "and their names were Elsie, Lacie, and Tillie; and they lived at the bottom of a well—"

"What did they live on?" said Alice, who always took a great interest in questions of eating and drinking.

"They lived on treacle," said the Dormouse, after thinking a minute or two.

"They couldn't have done that, you know," Alice gently remarked: "they'd have been ill."

"So they were," said the Dormouse; "*very* ill."

Alice tried a little to fancy to herself what such an extraordinary way of living would be like, but it puzzled her too much, so she went on: "But why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

"Take some more tea," said the March Hare to Alice, very earnestly.

"I've had nothing yet," Alice replied in an offended tone, "so I can't take more."

"You mean, you can't take *less*," said the Hatter: "it's very easy to take more than nothing."

"Nobody asked *your* opinion," said Alice.

"Who's making personal remarks now?" the Hatter asked triumphantly.

Alice did not quite know what to say to this: so she helped herself to some tea and bread-and-butter, and then turned to the Dormouse, and repeated her question. "Why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

The Dormouse again took a minute or two to think about it, and then said, "It was a treacle-well."

"There's no such thing!" Alice was beginning very angrily, but the Hatter and the March Hare went "Sh! sh!" and the Dormouse sulkily remarked, "If you can't be civil, you'd better finish the story for yourself."

"No, please go on!" Alice said very humbly: "I won't interrupt you again. I dare say there may be *one*."

"One, indeed!" said the Dormouse indignantly. However, he consented to go on. "And so these little sisters—they were learning to draw, you know—"

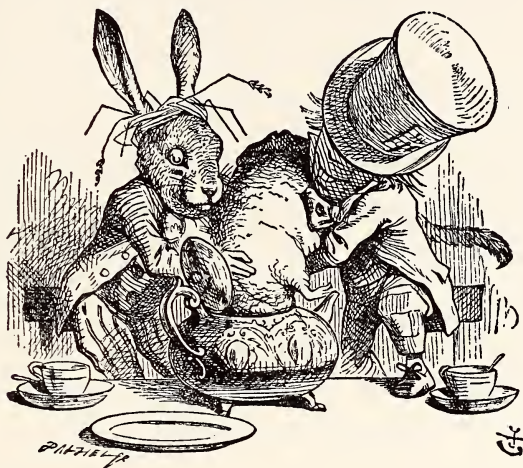
"What did they draw?" said Alice, quite forgetting her promise.

"Treacle," said the Dormouse, without considering at all this time.

“LEWIS CARROLL”

“I want a clean cup,” interrupted the Hatter: “let’s all move one place on.”

He moved on as he spoke, and the Dormouse followed him: the March Hare moved into the Dormouse’s place, and Alice rather unwillingly took the place of the March Hare. The Hatter was the only one who got any advantage from the change: and Alice was a good deal worse off than before, as the March Hare had just upset the milk-jug into his plate.



“They were trying to put the Dormouse into the teapot.”

From a drawing by John Tenniel

Alice did not wish to offend the Dormouse again, so she began very cautiously: “But I don’t understand. Where did they draw the treacle from?”

“You can draw water out of a water-well,” said the Hatter; “so I should think you could draw treacle out of a treacle-well—eh, stupid?”

“But they were *in* the well,” Alice said to the Dormouse, not choosing to notice this last remark.

“Of course they were,” said the Dormouse,—“well in.”

This answer so confused poor Alice, that she let the Dormouse go on for some time without interrupting it.

“They were learning to draw,” the Dormouse went on, yawning and rubbing its eyes, for it was getting very sleepy; “and they drew all manner of things—everything that begins with an M—”

"Why with an M?" said Alice.

"Why not?" said the March Hare.

Alice was silent.

The Dormouse had closed its eyes by this time, and was going off into a doze, but, on being pinched by the Hatter, it woke up again with a little shriek, and went on: "—that begins with an M, such as mousetraps, and the moon, and memory, and muchness—you know you say things are 'much of a muchness'—did you ever see such a thing as a drawing of a muchness?"

"Really, now you ask me," said Alice, very much confused, "I don't think—"

"Then you shouldn't talk," said the Hatter.

This piece of rudeness was more than Alice could bear: she got up in great disgust, and walked off: the Dormouse fell asleep instantly, and neither of the others took the least notice of her going, though she looked back once or twice, half hoping that they would call after her: the last time she saw them, they were trying to put the Dormouse into the teapot.

"At any rate I'll never go *there* again!" said Alice as she picked her way through the wood. "It's the stupidest tea-party I ever was at in all my life!"

Letters about Three Cats

... THAT REMINDS ME of a very curious thing that happened to me at half-past four yesterday. Three visitors came knocking at my door, begging me to let them in. And when I opened the door, who do you think they were? You'll never guess. Why, they were three cats! Wasn't it curious? However, they all looked so cross and disagreeable that I took up the first thing I could lay my hand on (which happened to be the rolling-pin) and knocked them all down as flat as pan-cakes! "If *you* come knocking at *my* door," I said, "I shall come knocking at *your* heads." That was fair, wasn't it?

My dear Agnes,—About the cats, you know. Of course I didn't leave them lying flat on the ground like dried flowers: no, I picked them up, and I was as kind as I could be to them. I lent them the portfolio for a bed—they wouldn't have been comfortable in a real bed, you know: they were too thin—but they were *quite* happy between the sheets of blotting-paper—and each of them had a pen-

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

wiper for a pillow. Well, then I went to bed: but first I lent them the three dinner-bells, to ring if they wanted anything in the night.

You know I have *three* dinner-bells—the first (which is the largest) is rung when dinner is *nearly* ready; the second (which is rather larger) is rung when it is quite ready; and the third (which is as large as the other two put together) is rung all the time I am at dinner. Well, I told them they might ring if they happened to want anything—and, as they rang *all* the bells *all* night, I suppose they did want something or other, only I was too sleepy to attend to them.

In the morning I gave them some rat-tail jelly and buttered mice for breakfast, and they were as discontented as they could be. They wanted some boiled pelican, but of course I knew it wouldn't be good for them. . . . Then I shook hands with them all, and wished them goodbye, and drove them up the chimney. They seemed very sorry to go, and they took the bells and portfolio with them. I didn't find this out till after they had gone, and then I was sorry too, and wished for them back again. What do I mean by "them"? Never mind.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

THE BEST LOVED of all Appleton books by American authors is Joel Chandler Harris's *Uncle Remus: His Songs and His Sayings* (1880). Harris knew the Negro dialect of Middle Georgia so intimately that, according to his friends, he could think in it. His memory was filled with tales told him ever since boyhood by the Negroes; and it needed but the chance reading of an article on plantation folklore to make him realize how rich a mine of material he possessed. He set himself deliberately to enlarge this store. He conceived his work to be that of a compiler. *Uncle Remus* was a composite portrait, or (as Harris phrased it) a syndicate, of three or four quaint and wise old darkies whom he knew. He provided the simple setting—the log cabin to which the "little boy" from the white man's big house comes to listen to the tales; and he supplied the occasional exchange of question and answer. But the fables themselves were, as Harris always insisted, "uncooked." His intention was to entertain and, by picturing the intimate relationship existing between the white child and the old colored man, to bespeak an affectionate sympathy for the life of the old South. He became interested in problems of folk-

lore only after the folklorists had become interested in him; and later he was a bit bored by the theories of origins, analogues, and authenticity of the animal fables. A few stories that are suspiciously elaborate may have come from the whites or are at any rate sophisticated; but it is generally agreed that the most characteristic were brought from Africa. If this was indeed their place of origin it blunts the point of Harris's remark that the Negro naturally "selects as his hero the weakest and most harmless of all animals"—Brer Rabbit—"and brings him out victorious in contest with the bear, the wolf, and the fox." But this reflects the situation on the slave plantation, not the situation in Africa. Moreover, Brer Rabbit is far from harmless, and it is really not his weakness and helplessness but his cleverness and infinite resource that constitute his charm.

The Wonderful Tar-Baby Story

DIDN'T THE fox *never* catch the rabbit, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy the next evening.



"Brer Fox . . . fix up a contrapshun wat he call
a Tar-Baby."

From a drawing by A. B. Frost

"He come mighty nigh it, honey, sho's you born—Brer Fox did. One day attar Brer Rabbit fool 'im wid dat calamus root, Brer Fox went ter wuk en got 'im some tar, en mix it wid some turkentime, en

fix up a contrapshun wat he call a Tar-Baby, en he tuck dish yer Tar-Baby en he sot 'er in de big road, en den he lay off in de bushes fer to see what de news wuz gwineter be. En he didn't hatter wait long, nudder, kaze bimeby here come Brer Rabbit pacin' down de road—lippity-clippity, clippity-lippity—dez ez sassy ez a jay-bird. Brer Fox, he lay low. Brer Rabbit come prancin' 'long twel he spy de Tar-Baby, en den he fotch up on his behime legs like he wus



“‘Mawnin’!’ sez Brer Rabbit, sezee.”

From a drawing by A. B. Frost

'stonished. De Tar-Baby, she sot dar, she did, en Brer Fox, he lay low.

“‘Mawnin’!’ sez Brer Rabbit, sezee—‘nice wedder dis mawnin’,’ sezee.

“Tar-Baby ain't sayin' nothin', en Brer Fox, he lay low.

“‘How duz yo' sym'tums seem ter segashuate?’ sez Brer Rabbit, sezee.

“Brer Fox, he wink his eye slow, en lay low, en de Tar-Baby, she ain't sayin' nothin'.

“‘How you come on, den? Is you deaf?’ sez Brer Rabbit, sezee. ‘Kaze if you is, I kin holler louder,’ sezee.

“Tar-Baby stay still, en Brer Fox, he lay low.

“‘Youer stuck up, dat's w'at you is,’ says Brer Rabbit, sezee, ‘en I'm gwineter kyore you, dat's w'at I'm a gwineter do,’ sezee.

JUVENILES AND DIALECT POEMS

"Brer Fox, he sorter chuckle in his stummick, he did, but Tar-Baby ain't sayin' nothin'.

"I'm gwineter larn you howter talk ter 'specttubble fokes ef hit's de las' ack,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee. 'Ef you don't take off dat hat en tell me howdy, I'm gwineter bus' you wide open,' sezee.

"Tar-Baby stay still, en Brer Fox, he lay low.

"Brer Rabbit keep on axin' 'im, en de Tar-Baby, she keep on sayin' nothin', twel present'y Brer Rabbit draw back wid his fis', he did, en blip he tuck 'er side er de head. Right dar's whar he broke his



"Brer Fox . . . he rolled on de groun', en laughed en laughed."

From a drawing by A. B. Frost

merlasses jug. His fis' stuck, en he can't pull loose. De tar hilt 'im. But Tar-Baby, she stay still, en Brer Fox, he lay low.

"Ef you don't lemme loose, I'll knock you agin,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, en wid dat he fotch 'er a wipe wid de udder han', en dat stuck. Tar-Baby, she ain't sayin' nothin', en Brer Fox, he lay low.

"Tu'n me loose, fo' I kick de natal stuffin' outen you,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, but de Tar-Baby, she ain't sayin' nothin'. She des hilt on, en den Brer Rabbit lose de use er his feet in de same way. Brer Fox, he lay low. Den Brer Rabbit squall out dat ef de Tar-Baby don't tu'n 'im loose he butt 'er cranksided. En den he butted, en his head got stuck. Den Brer Fox, he sa'ntered fort', lookin' des ez innercent ez one er yo' mammy's mockin'-birds.

"'Howdy, Brer Rabbit,' sez Brer Fox, sezee. 'You look sorter stuck up dis mawnin',' sezee, en den he rolled on de groun', en laughed en laughed twel he couldn't laugh no mo'. 'I speck you'll take dinner wid me dis time, Brer Rabbit. I done laid in some calamus root, en I ain't gwineter take no skuse,' sez Brer Fox, sezee."

Here Uncle Remus paused, and drew a two-pound yam out of the ashes.

"Did the fox eat the rabbit?" asked the little boy to whom the story had been told.

"Dat's all de fur de tale goes," replied the old man. "He mout, en den again he moutent. Some say Jedge B'ar come long en loosed 'im—some say he didn't. I hear Miss Sally callin'. You better run 'long."

"Uncle Remus," said the little boy one evening, when he had found the old man with little or nothing to do, "did the fox kill and eat the rabbit when he caught him with the Tar-Baby?"

"Law, honey, ain't I tell you 'bout dat?" replied the old darkey, chuckling slyly. "I 'clar ter grashus I ought er tole you dat, but old man Nod wuz ridin' on my eyeleds 'twel a leetle mo'n I'd a dis'member'd my own name, en den on to dat here come yo' mammy hollerin' atter you.

"W'at I tell you w'en I fus' begin? I tole you Brer Rabbit wuz a monstus soon creetur; leas'ways dat's w'at I laid out fer ter tell you. Well, den, honey, don't you go en make no udder calkalashuns, kaze in dem days Brer Rabbit en his fambly wuz at de head er de gang w'en enny racket wuz on han', en dar dey stayed. 'Fo' you begins fer ter wipe yo' eyes 'bout Brer Rabbit, you wait en see whar'bouts Brer Rabbit gwineter fetch up at. But dat's needer yer ner dar.

"W'en Brer Fox fine Brer Rabbit mixt up wid de Tar-Baby, he feel mighty good, en he roll on de groun' en laff. Bimeby he up'n say, sezee:

"'Well, I speck I got you dis time, Brer Rabbit,' sezee; 'maybe I ain't, but I speck I is. You been runnin' roun' here sassin' atter me a mighty long time, but I speck you done come ter de een' er de row. You bin cuttin' up yo' capers en bouncin' 'roun' in dis neighborhood ontwel you come ter b'leeve yo'se'f de boss er de whole gang. En den youer allers some'rs whar you got no bizness,' sez Brer Fox, sezee. 'Who ax you fer ter come en strike up a 'quaintance wid dish yer Tar-Baby? En who stuck you up dar whar you iz? Nobody in

de roun' worril. You des tuck en jam yo'se'f on dat Tar-Baby widout waitin' fer enny invite,' sez Brer Fox, sezee, 'en dar you is, en dar you'll stay twel I fixes up a bresh-pile and fires her up, kaze I'm gwineter bobby-cue you dis day, sho,' sez Brer Fox, sezee.

"Den Brer Rabbit talk mighty 'umble.

"I don't keer w'at you do wid me, Brer Fox,' sezee, 'so you don't fling me in dat brier-patch. Roas' me, Brer Fox,' sezee, 'but don't fling me in dat brier-patch,' sezee.



"Well, I speck I got you dis time, Brer Rabbit,' sezee."

From a drawing by A. B. Frost

"Hit's so much trouble fer ter kindle a fier,' sez Brer Fox, sezee, 'dat I speck I'll hatter hang you,' sezee.

"Hang me des ez high as you please, Brer Fox,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'but do fer de Lord's sake don't fling me in dat brier-patch,' sezee.

"I ain't got no string,' sez Brer Fox, sezee, 'en now I speck I'll hatter drown you,' sezee.

"Drown me des ez deep ez you please, Brer Fox,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'but do don't fling me in dat brier-patch,' sezee.

"Dey ain't no water nigh,' sez Brer Fox, sezee, 'en now I speck I'll hatter skin you,' sezee.

"Skin me, Brer Fox,' says Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'snatch out my eyeballs, t'ar out my years by de roots, en cut off my legs,' sezee, 'but do please, Brer Fox, don't fling me in dat brier-patch,' sezee.

"Co'se Brer Fox wanter hurt Brer Rabbit bad ez he kin, so he

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cotch 'im by de behime legs en slung 'im right in de middle er de brier-patch. Dar wuz a considerbul flutter whar Brer Rabbit struck de bushes, en Brer Fox sorter hang 'roun' fer ter see w'at wuz gwineter happen. Bimeby he hear somebody call 'im, en way up de hill he see Brer Rabbit settin' cross-legged on a chinkapin log koamin' de pitch ouden his har wid a chip. Den Brer Fox know



“Bred an bawn in a brier-patch, Brer Fox!”

From a drawing by A. B. Frost

dat he bin swop off mighty bad. Brer Rabbit wuz bleedzed fer ter fling back some er his sass, en he holler out:

“Bred en bawn in a brier-patch, Brer Fox—bred en bawn in a brier-patch!” en wid dat he skip out des ez lively ez a cricket in de embers.”

CHARLES E. CARRYL

THE ALICE BOOKS produced a crop of imitations. Of all these by far the most attractive is Charles E. Carryl's Davy and the Goblin, which appeared in St. Nicholas, volume XII, in 1884-5. Here is part of the chapter in which Davy's encounter with Robinson Crusoe is narrated.

Davy and Robinson Crusoe

CAN YOU shoot with *that* gun?” said Davy.

“Shoot? Why, it's a splendid gun!” said Robinson, gazing at it proudly. “I made it myself—out of a spy-glass.”

"It doesn't seem to go off," said Davy, doubtfully.

"That's the beauty of it!" exclaimed Robinson, with great enthusiasm. "Some guns go off, and you never see 'em again."

"But I mean that it doesn't make any noise," persisted Davy.

"Of course it doesn't," said Robinson. "That's because I load it with tooth-powder."

"But I don't see what you can shoot with it," said Davy, feeling that he was somehow getting the worst of the argument.

Robinson stood gazing thoughtfully at him for a moment, while the big bullet rolled out of the gun with a rumbling sound and fell into the sea.

"I see what you want," he said, at length. "You're after my personal history. Just take a seat in the family circle and I'll give it to you."

Davy looked around and saw that the dog, the goat, and the cat were seated respectfully in a semicircle, with the parrot, which had dismounted, sitting beside the goat. He seated himself on the sand at the other end of the line, and Robinson began as follows:

*"The night was thick and hazy
When the 'Piccadilly Daisy'
Carried down the crew and captain in the sea;
And I think the water drowned 'em,
For they never, never found 'em,
And I know they didn't come ashore with me.*

*"Oh, 't was very sad and lonely
When I found myself the only
Population on this cultivated shore;
But I've made a little tavern
In a rocky little cavern,
And I sit and watch for people at the door.*

*"I spent no time in looking
For a girl to do my cooking,
As I'm quite a clever hand at making stews;
But I had that fellow Friday,
Just to keep the tavern tidy
And to put a Sunday polish on my shoes.*

*"I have a little garden
That I'm cultivating lard in,
As the things I eat are rather tough and dry;
For I live on toasted lizards,
Prickly pears and parrot gizzards,
And I'm really very fond of beetle pie.*

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*"The clothes I had were furry,
And it made me fret and worry
When I found the moths were eating off the hair;
And I had to scrape and sand 'em,
And I boiled 'em and I tanned 'em,
'Till I got the fine morocco suit I wear.*

*"I sometimes seek diversion
In a family excursion
With the few domestic animals you see;
And we take along a carrot
As refreshment for the parrot,
And a little can of jungleberry tea.*

*"Then we gather as we travel
Bits of moss and dirty gravel,
And we chip off little specimens of stone;
And we carry home as prizes
Funny bugs of handy sizes,
Just to give the day a scientific tone.*

*"If the roads are wet and muddy,
We remain at home and study,—
For the goat is very clever at a sum,—
And the dog, instead of fighting,
Studies ornamental writing,
While the cat is taking lessons on the drum.*

*"We retire at eleven,
And we rise again at seven,
And I wish to call attention as I close
To the fact that all the scholars
Are correct about their collars
And particular in turning out their toes."*

Here Robinson called out in a loud voice, "First class in arithmetic!" but the animals sat perfectly motionless, sedately staring at him.

"Oh! by the way," said Robinson, confidentially to Davy, "this is the first class in arithmetic. That's the reason they didn't move, you see. Now, then!" he continued sharply, addressing the class, "how many halves are there in a whole?"

There was a dead silence for a moment, and then the Cat said gravely, "What kind of a hole?"

"That has nothing to do with it," said Robinson, impatiently.

"Oh! hasn't it though!" exclaimed the Dog, scornfully. "I should think a big hole could have more halves in it than a little one."

"Well, *rather*," put in the Parrot, contemptuously.

Here the Goat, who apparently had been carefully thinking the

matter over, said in a low, quavering voice: "Must all the halves be of the same size?"

"Certainly not," said Robinson, promptly; then nudging Davy with his elbow, he whispered, "He's bringing his mind to bear on it. He's prodigious when he gets started!"

"Who taught him arithmetic?" said Davy, who was beginning to think Robinson didn't know much about it himself.

"Well, the fact is," said Robinson, confidentially, "he picked it up from an old adder that he met in the woods."

Here the Goat, who evidently was not yet quite started, inquired, "Must all the halves be of the same shape?"

"Not at all," said Robinson, cheerfully. "Have 'em any shape you like."

"Then I give it up," said the Goat.

"Well!" exclaimed Davy, quite out of patience. "You are certainly the stupidest lot of creatures I ever saw."

At this, the animals stared mournfully at him for a moment, and then rose up and walked gravely away.

"Now you've spoiled the exercises," said Robinson, peevishly. "I'm sorry I gave 'em such a staggerer to begin with."

"Pooh!" said Davy contemptuously. "If they couldn't do that sum, they couldn't do anything."

Robinson gazed at him admiringly for a moment, and then, looking cautiously about him to make sure that the procession was out of hearing, said coaxingly:

"What's the right answer? Tell us, like a good fellow."

"Two, of course," said Davy.

"Is that all?" exclaimed Robinson, in a tone of great astonishment.

"Certainly," said Davy, who began to feel very proud of his learning. "Don't you know that when they divide a whole into four parts they call them fourths, and when they divide it into two parts they call them halves?"

"Why don't they call them tooth's?" said Robinson, obstinately. "The fact is, they ought to call 'em teeth. That's what puzzled the Goat. Next time I'll say, 'How many teeth in a whole?'"

"Then the Cat will ask if it's a rat-hole," said Davy, laughing at the idea.

"You positively convulse me, you're so very humorous," said Robinson, without a vestige of a smile. "You're almost as droll as Friday was. He used to call the Goat 'Pat'; because he said he was a little

butter. I told him that was altogether too funny for a lonely place like this, and he went away and joined the minstrels."

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY by Frances Hodgson Burnett was serialized in *St. Nicholas*, volume XIII, in 1885-6. Everyone remembers the "handsome, cheerful, brave little fellow in a black cloth suit," though R. B. Birch's drawings of him have perhaps kept him more clearly in memory than Mrs. Burnett's story.

Cedric and Mr. Hobbs

WHEN MR. HAVISHAM—who was the family lawyer of the Earl of Dorincourt, and who had been sent by him to bring Lord Fauntleroy to England—came the next day, Cedric heard many things. But, somehow, it did not console him to hear that he was to be a very rich man when he grew up, and that he would have castles here and castles there, and great parks and deep mines and grand estates and tenantry. He was troubled about his friend, Mr. Hobbs, and he went to see him at the store soon after breakfast, in great anxiety of mind.

He found him reading the morning paper, and he approached him with a grave demeanor. He really felt it would be a great shock to Mr. Hobbs to hear what had befallen him, and on his way to the store he had been thinking how it would be best to break the news.

"Hello!" said Mr. Hobbs. "Mornin'!"

"Good-morning," said Cedric.

He did not climb up on the high stool as usual, but sat down on a cracker-box and clasped his knee, and was so silent for a few moments that Mr. Hobbs finally looked up inquiringly over the top of his newspaper.

"Hello!" he said again.

Cedric gathered all his strength of mind together.

"Mr. Hobbs," he said, "do you remember what we were talking about yesterday morning?"

"Well," replied Mr. Hobbs—"seems to me it was England."

"Yes," said Cedric; "but just when Mary came for me, you know?"

Mr. Hobbs rubbed the back of his head.

"We *was* mentioning Queen Victoria and the aristocracy."

"Yes," said Cedric, rather hesitatingly, "and—and earls; don't you know?"

"Why, yes," returned Mr. Hobbs; "we did touch 'em up a little; that's so!"

Cedric flushed up to the curly bang on his forehead. Nothing so embarrassing as this had ever happened to him in his life. He was a little afraid that it might be a trifle embarrassing to Mr. Hobbs, too.

"You said," he proceeded, "that you wouldn't have them sitting 'round on your cracker-barrels."

"So I did!" returned Mr. Hobbs, stoutly. "And I meant it. Let 'em try it—that's all!"

"Mr. Hobbs," said Cedric, "one is sitting on this box now!"

Mr. Hobbs almost jumped out of his chair.

"What!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," Cedric announced, with due modesty; "I am one—or I am going to be. I sha'n't deceive you."

Mr. Hobbs looked agitated. He rose up suddenly and went to look at the thermometer.

"The mercury's got into your head!" he exclaimed, turning back to examine his young friend's countenance. "It *is* a hot day! How do you feel? Got any pain? When did you begin to feel that way?"

He put his big hand on the little boy's hair. This was more embarrassing than ever.

"Thank you," said Ceddie; "I'm all right. There is nothing the matter with my head. I'm sorry to say it's true, Mr. Hobbs. That was what Mary came to take me home for. Mr. Havisham was telling my mamma, and he is a lawyer."

Mr. Hobbs sank into his chair and mopped his forehead with his handkerchief.

"*One* of us has got a sunstroke!" he exclaimed.

"No," returned Cedric, "we haven't. We shall have to make the best of it, Mr. Hobbs. Mr. Havisham came all the way from England to tell us about it. My grandpapa sent him."

Mr. Hobbs stared wildly at the innocent, serious little face before him.

"Who is your grandfather?" he asked.

Cedric put his hand in his pocket and carefully drew out a piece

of paper, on which something was written in his own round, irregular hand.

"I couldn't easily remember it, so I wrote it down on this," he said. And he read aloud slowly: "'John Arthur Molyneux Errol, Earl of Dorincourt.' That is his name, and he lives in a castle—in two or



CEDRIC AND MR. HOBBS

From a drawing by R. B. Birch

three castles, I think. And my papa, who died, was his youngest son; and I shouldn't have been a lord or an earl if my papa hadn't died; and my papa wouldn't have been an earl if his two brothers hadn't died. But they all died, and there is no one but me—no boy—and so I have to be one; and my grandpapa has sent for me to come to England."

Mr. Hobbs seemed to grow hotter and hotter. He mopped his forehead and his bald spot and breathed hard. He began to see that something very remarkable had happened; but when he looked at

the little boy sitting on the cracker-box, with the innocent, anxious expression in his childish eyes, and saw that he was not changed at all, but was simply as he had been the day before, just a handsome, cheerful, brave little fellow in a black cloth suit and red neck-ribbon, all this information about the nobility bewildered him. He was all the more bewildered because Cedric gave it with such ingenuous simplicity, and plainly without realizing himself how stupendous it was.

"Wha—what did you say your name was?" Mr. Hobbs inquired.

"It's Cedric Errol, Lord Fauntleroy," answered Cedric. "That was what Mr. Havisham called me. He said when I went into the room: 'And so this is little Lord Fauntleroy!'"

"Well," said Mr. Hobbs, "I'll be—jiggered!"

This was an exclamation he always used when he was very much astonished or excited. He could think of nothing else to say just at that puzzling moment.

Cedric felt it to be quite a proper and suitable ejaculation. His respect and affection for Mr. Hobbs were so great that he admired and approved of all his remarks. He had not seen enough of society as yet to make him realize that sometimes Mr. Hobbs was not quite conventional. He knew, of course, that he was different from his mamma, but then, his mamma was a lady, and he had an idea that ladies were always different from gentlemen.

He looked at Mr. Hobbs wistfully.

"England is a long way off, isn't it?" he asked.

"It's across the Atlantic Ocean," Mr. Hobbs answered.

"That's the worst of it," said Cedric. "Perhaps I shall not see you again for a long time. I don't like to think of that, Mr. Hobbs."

"The best of friends must part," said Mr. Hobbs.

"Well," said Cedric, "we have been friends for a great many years, haven't we?"

"Ever since you was born," Mr. Hobbs answered. "You was about six weeks old when you was first walked out on this street."

"Ah," remarked Cedric, with a sigh, "I never thought I should have to be an earl then!"

"You think," said Mr. Hobbs, "there's no getting out of it?"

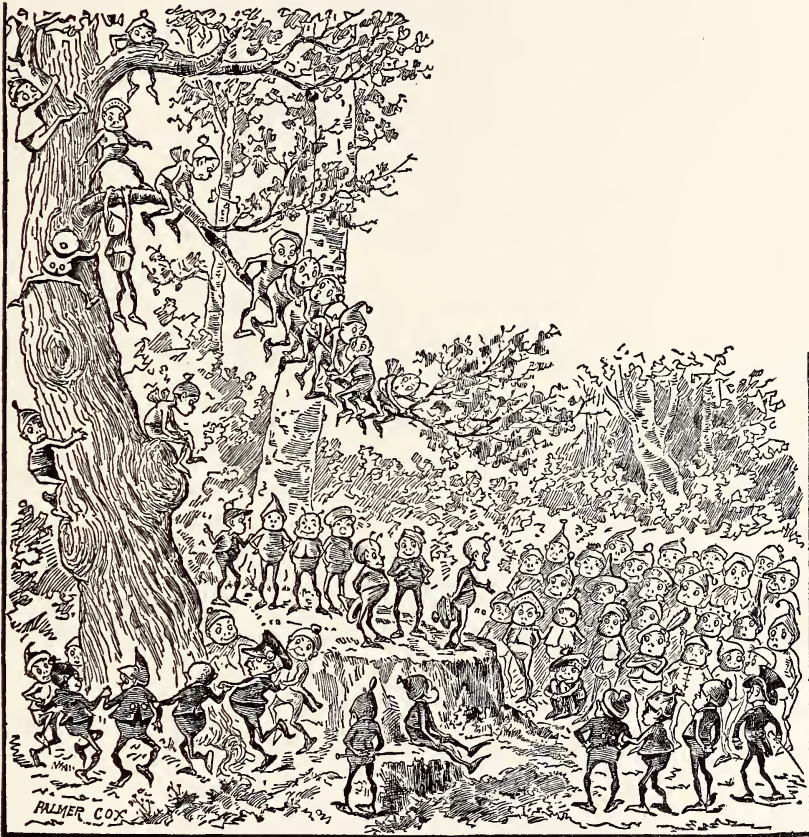
"I'm afraid not," answered Cedric. "My mamma says that my papa would wish me to do it. But if I have to be an earl, there's one thing I can do: I can try to be a good one. I'm not going to be a

PALMER COX

tyrant. And if there is ever to be another war with America, I shall try to stop it."

PALMER COX

AFTER APPEARING in St. Nicholas *"The Brownies at the Seaside"* became an episode in *The Brownies: Their Book* (The Century Company, 1887). Palmer Cox developed his little creatures out of Scot-



"Our home has been this forest old."

From a drawing by Palmer Cox

tish folklore. "Brownies," he explained to his readers, "like fairies and goblins, are imaginary little sprites, who are supposed to delight in harmless pranks and helpful deeds. They work and sport while weary householders sleep, and never allow themselves to be seen by mortal eyes." At first Cox made them all look alike; the first indi-

vidual to be introduced was the Irishman; later came the Chinese, the Red-skin, the jockey, the policeman, the dude (always a favorite), and various others. Little girls sometimes complained that there were no girl brownies; but that could not be helped—there were simply none in the tradition.

The Brownies at the Seaside

WITHIN a forest dark and wide,
 Some distance from the ocean side,
 A band of Brownies played around
 On mossy stone or grassy mound,
 Or, climbing through the branching tree,
 Performed their antics wild and free.
 When one, arising in his place
 With sparkling eyes and beaming face
 Soon won attention from the rest,
 And thus the listening throng addressed:
 "For years and years, through heat and cold,
 Our home has been this forest old;
 The saplings which we used to bend
 Now like a schooner's masts ascend.
 Yet here we live, content to ride
 A springing bough with childish pride,
 Content to bathe in brook or bog
 Along with lizard, leech, and frog;
 We're far behind the age you'll find
 If once you note the human kind.
 The modern youths no longer lave
 Their limbs beneath the muddy wave
 Of meadow pool or village pond,
 But seek the ocean far beyond.
 If pleasure in the sea is found
 Not offered by the streams around,
 The Brownie band at once should haste
 These unfamiliar joys to taste;
 No torch nor lantern's ray we'll need
 To show our path o'er dewy mead,
 The ponds and pit-falls in the swale,
 The open ditch, the slivered rail,
 The poison vine and thistle high
 Show clear before the Brownie's eye."
 —Next evening, as their plan they'd laid,
 The band soon gathered in the shade.
 All clustered like a swarm of bees
 They darted from the sheltering trees;

And straight across the country wide
 Began their journey to the tide.
 And when they neared the beach at last,—
 The stout, the lean, the slow, the fast,—
 'T was hard to say, of all the lot,
 Who foremost reached the famous spot.
 "And now," said one with active mind.
 "What proper garments can we find?
 In bathing costume, as you know,
 The people in the ocean go."

Another spoke, "For such demands,
 The building large that yonder stands,
 As one can see on passing by,
 Is full of garments clean and dry.
 There every fashion, loose or tight,
 We may secure with labor light."

Though Brownies never carry keys,
 They find an entrance where they please;
 And never do they chuckle more
 Than when some miser bars his door;
 For well they know that, spite of locks,
 Of rings and staples, bolts and blocks,
 Were they inclined to play such prank
 He'd find at morn an empty bank.
 So now the crafty Brownie crew
 Soon brought the bathing-suits to view;
 Some, working on the inner side,
 The waiting throng without supplied.—
 'T was busy work, as may be guessed,
 Before the band was fully dressed;
 Some still had cloth enough to lend,
 Though shortened up at either end;
 Some ran about to find a pin,
 While others rolled, and puckered in,
 And made the best of what they found,
 However strange it hung around.



JUVENILES AND DIALECT POEMS

Then, when a boat was manned with care
To watch for daring swimmers there,—
Lest some should venture, over-bold,
And fall a prey to cramp and cold,—
A few began from piers to leap
And plunge at once in water deep,
But more to shiver, shrink, and shout
As step by step they ventured out;
While others were content to stay
In shallow surf, to duck and play
Along the lines that people laid
To give the weak and timid aid.



It was a sight one should behold,
When o'er the crowd the breakers rolled;—
One took a header through the wave,
One floated like a chip or stave,
While others there, at every plunge,
Were taking water like a sponge.



But while the surf they tumbled through,
They reckoned moments as they flew,
And kept in mind their homeward race
Before the sun should show his face.
For sad and painful is the fate
Of those who roam abroad too late;
And well may Brownies bear in mind
The hills and vales they leave behind,
When far from native haunts they run,
As oft they do, in quest of fun.

RUDYARD KIPLING



But, ere they turned to leave the strand,
They made a vow with lifted hand
That every year, when summer's glow
Had warmed the ocean spread below,
They'd journey far from grove and glen
To sport in rolling surf again.

RUDYARD KIPLING

THE JUNGLE BOOK and The Second Jungle Book were both published in this country by The Century Company. Several of the stories, but not all, had already appeared in St. Nicholas, "Rikki-tikki-tavi" in 1893. In justification of the selection of this story for inclusion here, rather than one of the Mowgli tales, we can only plead (as in the case of our choice of an episode from Alice) sheer favoritism.

"Rikki-tikki-tavi"

THIS IS THE story of the great war that Rikki-tikki-tavi fought single-handed, through the bath-rooms of the big bungalow in Se-gowlee cantonment. Darzee, the tailor-bird, helped him, and Chuchundra, the muskrat, who never comes out into the middle of the floor, but always creeps round by the wall, gave him advice; but Rikki-tikki did the real fighting.

He was a mongoose, rather like a little cat in his fur and his tail, but quite like a weasel in his head and his habits. His eyes and the end of his restless nose were pink; he could scratch himself anywhere he pleased, with any leg, front or back, that he chose to use; he could fluff up his tail till it looked like a bottle-brush, and his war-cry as he scuttled through the long grass, was: "*Rikk-tikk-tikki-tikki-tchk!*"

One day, a high summer flood washed him out of the burrow where he lived with his father and mother, and carried him, kicking and clucking, down a roadside ditch. He found a little wisp of grass

floating there, and clung to it till he lost his senses. When he revived, he was lying in the hot sun on the middle of a garden path, very dragged indeed, and a small boy was saying: "Here's a dead mongoose. Let's have a funeral."

"No," said his mother; "let's take him in and dry him. Perhaps he isn't really dead."

They took him into the house, and a big man picked him up between his finger and thumb and said he was not dead but half choked; so they wrapped him in cotton-wool, and warmed him, and he opened his eyes and sneezed.

"Now," said the big man (he was an Englishman who had just moved into the bungalow); "don't frighten him, and we'll see what he'll do."

It is the hardest thing in the world to frighten a mongoose, because he is eaten up from nose to tail with curiosity. The motto of all the mongoose family is, "Run and find out"; and Rikki-tikki was a true mongoose. He looked at the cotton-wool, decided that it was not good to eat, ran all round the table, sat up and put his fur in order, scratched himself, and jumped on the small boy's shoulder.

"Don't be frightened, Teddy," said his father. "That's his way of making friends."

"Ouch! He's tickling under my chin," said Teddy.

Rikki-tikki looked down between the boy's collar and neck, snuffed at his ear, and climbed down to the floor, where he sat rubbing his nose.

"Good gracious," said Teddy's mother, "and that's a wild creature! I suppose he's so tame because we've been kind to him."

"All mongooses are like that," said her husband. "If Teddy doesn't pick him up by the tail, or try to put him in a cage, he'll run in and out of the house all day long. Let's give him something to eat."

They gave him a little piece of raw meat. Rikki-tikki liked it immensely, and when it was finished he went out into the veranda and sat in the sunshine and fluffed up his fur to make it dry to the roots. Then he felt better.

"There are more things to find out about in this house," he said to himself, "than all my family could find out in all their lives. I shall certainly stay and find out."

He spent all that day roaming over the house. He nearly drowned himself in the bath-tubs, put his nose into the ink on a writing-table, and burned it on the end of the big man's cigar, for he climbed up

in the big man's lap to see how writing was done. At nightfall he ran into Teddy's nursery to watch how kerosene lamps were lighted, and when Teddy went to bed Rikki-tikki climbed up too; but he was a restless companion, because he had to get up and attend to every noise all through the night, and find out what made it. Teddy's mother and father came in, the last thing, to look at their boy, and Rikki-tikki was awake on the pillow. "I don't like that," said Teddy's



"Rikki-tikki was awake on the pillow."

From a drawing by W. H. Drake

mother; "he may bite the child." "He'll do no such thing," said the father. "Teddy's safer with that little beast than if he had a blood-hound to watch him. If a snake came into the nursery now—"

But Teddy's mother wouldn't think of anything so awful.

Early in the morning Rikki-tikki came to early breakfast in the veranda riding on Teddy's shoulder, and they gave him banana and some boiled egg; and he sat on all their laps one after the other, because every well-brought-up mongoose always hopes to be a house-mongoose some day and have rooms to run about in, and Rikki-tikki's mother (she used to live in the General's house at Segowlee) had carefully told Rikki what to do if ever he came across white men.

Then Rikki-tikki went out into the garden to see what was to be seen. It was a large garden, only half cultivated, with bushes as big as summer-houses of Marshal Niel roses, lime and orange trees, clumps of bamboos, and thickets of high grass. Rikki-tikki licked his lips. "This is a splendid hunting-ground," he said, and his tail grew bottle-brushy at the thought of it, and he scuttled up and down the

garden, snuffing here and there till he heard very sorrowful voices in a thorn-bush.

It was Darzee, the tailor-bird, and his wife. They had made a beautiful nest by pulling two big leaves together and stitching them up the edges with fibers, and had filled the hollow with cotton and downy fluff. The nest swayed to and fro, as they sat on the rim and cried.

"What is the matter?" asked Rikki-tikki.

"We are very miserable," said Darzee. "One of our babies fell out of the nest yesterday and Nag ate him."



"I am Nag . . . Look, and be afraid!"

From a drawing by W. H. Drake

"H'm!" said Rikki-tikki, "that is very sad—but I am a stranger here. Who is Nag?"

Darzee and his wife only cowered down in the nest without answering, for from the thick grass at the foot of the bush there came a low hiss—a horrid cold sound that made Rikki-tikki jump back two clear feet. Then inch by inch out of the grass rose up the head and spread hood of Nag, the big black cobra, and he was five feet long from tongue to tail. When he had lifted one-third of himself clear of the ground, he stayed balancing to and fro exactly as a dandelion-tuft balances in the wind, and he looked at Rikki-tikki with the wicked snake's eyes that never change their expression, whatever the snake may be thinking of.

"Who is Nag?" he said. "I am Nag. The great god Brahm put his

mark upon all our people when the first cobra spread his hood to keep the sun off Brahm as he slept. Look, and be afraid!"

He spread out his hood more than ever, and Rikki-tikki saw the spectacle-mark on the back of it that looks exactly like the eye part of a hook-and-eye fastening. He was afraid for the minute; but it is impossible for a mongoose to stay frightened for any length of time,



"He jumped up in the air . . . and just under him whizzed by the head of Nagaina."

From a drawing by W. H. Drake

and though Rikki-tikki had never met a live cobra before, his mother had fed him on dead ones, and he knew that all a grown mongoose's business in life was to fight and eat snakes. Nag knew that too, and at the bottom of his cold heart he was afraid.

"Well," said Rikki-tikki, and his tail began to fluff up again, "marks or no marks, do you think it is right for you to eat fledglings out of a nest?"

Nag was thinking to himself, and watching the least little movement in the grass behind Rikki-tikki. He knew that mongooses in the garden meant death sooner or later for him and his family; but he wanted to get Rikki-tikki off his guard. So he dropped his head a little, and put it on one side.

"Let us talk," he said. "You eat eggs. Why should not I eat birds?"
 "Behind you! Look behind you!" sang Darzee.

Rikki-tikki knew better than to waste time in staring. He jumped up in the air as high as he could go, and just under him whizzed by the head of Nagaina, Nag's wicked wife. She had crept up behind him as he was talking, to make an end of him; and he heard her savage hiss as the stroke missed. He came down almost across her back, and if he had been an old mongoose he would have known that then was the time to break her back with one bite; but he was afraid of the terrible lashing return-stroke of the cobra. He bit, indeed, but did not bite long enough, and he jumped clear of the whisking tail, leaving Nagaina torn and angry.

"Wicked, wicked Darzee!" said Nag, lashing up as high as he could reach toward the nest in the thorn-bush; but Darzee had built it out of reach of snakes, and it only swayed to and fro.

Rikki-tikki felt his eyes growing red and hot (when a mongoose's eyes grow red, he is angry), and he sat back on his tail and hind legs like a little kangaroo, and looked all around him, and chattered with rage. But Nag and Nagaina had disappeared into the grass. When a snake misses its stroke, it never says anything or gives any sign of what it means to do next. Rikki-tikki did not care to follow them, for he did not feel sure that he could manage two snakes at once. So he trotted off to the gravel path near the house, and sat down to think. It was a serious matter for him.

If you read the old books of natural history, you will find they say that when the mongoose fights the snake and happens to get bitten, he runs off and eats some herb that cures him. That is not true. The victory is only a matter of quickness of eye and quickness of foot, —snake's blow against mongoose's jump,—and as no eye can follow the motion of a snake's head when it strikes, that makes things much more wonderful than any magic herb. Rikki-tikki knew he was a young mongoose, and it made him all the more pleased to think that he had managed to escape a blow from behind. It gave him confidence in himself, and when Teddy came running down the path, Rikki-tikki was ready to be petted.

But just as Teddy was stooping, something flinched a little in the dust, and a tiny voice said: "Be careful. I am death!" It was Karait, the dusty brown snakeling that lies for choice on the dusty earth; and his bite is as dangerous as the cobra's. But he is so small that nobody thinks of him, and so he does the more harm to people.

Rikki-tikki's eyes grew red again, and he danced up to Karait with the peculiar rocking, swaying motion that he had inherited from his family. It looks very funny, but it is so perfectly balanced a gait that you can fly off from it at any angle you please; and in dealing with snakes this is an advantage. If Rikki-tikki had only known, he was doing a much more dangerous thing than fighting Nag for Karait is so small, and can turn so quickly, that unless Rikki bit him close to the back of the head, he would get the return-stroke in his eye or lip. But Rikki did not know: his eyes were all red, and he rocked back and forth, looking for a good place to hold. Karait struck out. Rikki jumped sideways and tried to run in, but the wicked little dusty gray head lashed within a fraction of his shoulder, and he had to jump over the body, and the head followed his heels close.

Teddy shouted to the house: "Oh, look here! Our mongoose is killing a snake"; and Rikki-tikki heard a scream from Teddy's mother. His father ran out with a stick, but by the time he came up, Karait had lunged out once too far, and Rikki-tikki had sprung, jumped on the snake's back, dropped his head far between his fore legs, bitten as high up the back as he could get hold, and rolled away. That bite paralyzed Karait, and Rikki-tikki was just going to eat him up from the tail, after the custom of his family at dinner, when he remembered that a full meal makes a slow mongoose, and if he wanted all his strength and quickness ready, he must keep himself thin.

He went away for a dust-bath under the castor-oil bushes, while Teddy's father beat the dead Karait. "What is the use of that?" thought Rikki-tikki. "I have settled it all"; and then Teddy's mother picked him up from the dust and hugged him, crying that he had saved Teddy from death, and Teddy's father said that he was a providence, and Teddy looked on with big scared eyes. Rikki-tikki was rather amused at all the fuss, which, of course, he did not understand. Teddy's mother might just as well have petted Teddy for playing in the dust. Rikki was thoroughly enjoying himself.

That night, at dinner, walking to and fro among the wine-glasses on the table, he could have stuffed himself three times over with nice things; but he remembered Nag and Nagaina, and though it was very pleasant to be patted and petted by Teddy's mother, and to sit on Teddy's shoulder, his eyes would get red from time to time,

and he would go off into his long war-cry of "*Rikk-tikk-tikki-tikki-tchk!*"

Teddy carried him off to bed, and insisted on Rikki-tikki sleeping under his chin. Rikki-tikki was too well bred to bite or scratch, but as soon as Teddy was asleep he went off for his nightly walk round the house, and in the dark he ran up against Chuchundra, the muskrat, creeping round by the wall. Chuchundra is a broken-hearted little beast. He whimpers and cheeps all the night, trying to make up his mind to run into the middle of the room, but he never gets there.

"Don't kill me," said Chuchundra, almost weeping. "Rikki-tikki, don't kill me."

"Do you think a snake-killer kills muskrats?" said Rikki-tikki scornfully.

"Those who kill snakes get killed by snakes," said Chuchundra, more sorrowfully than ever. "And how am I to be sure that Nag won't mistake me for you some dark night?"

"There's not the least danger," said Rikki-tikki; "but Nag is in the garden, and I know you don't go there."

"My cousin Chua, the rat, told me—" said Chuchundra, and then he stopped.

"Told you what?"

"H'sh! Nag is everywhere, Rikki-tikki. You should have talked to Chua in the garden."

"I didn't—so you must tell me. Quick, Chuchundra, or I'll bite you!"

Chuchundra sat down and cried till the tears rolled off his whiskers. "I am a very poor man," he sobbed. "I never had spirit enough to run out into the middle of the room. H'sh! I mustn't tell you anything. Can't you *hear*, Rikki-tikki?"

Rikki-tikki listened. The house was as still as still, but he thought he could just catch the faintest *scratch-scratch* in the world,—a noise as faint as that of a wasp walking on a window-pane,—the dry scratch of a snake's scales on brickwork.

"That's Nag or Nagaina," he said to himself; "and he is crawling into the bath-room sluice. You're right, Chuchundra; I should have talked to Chua."

He stole off to Teddy's bath-room, but there was nothing there, and then to Teddy's mother's bathroom. At the bottom of the smooth plaster wall there was a brick pulled out to make a sluice for

the bath-water, and as Rikki-tikki stole in by the masonry curb where the bath is put, he heard Nag and Nagaina whispering together outside in the moonlight.

"When the house is emptied of people," said Nagaina to her husband, "*he* will have to go away, and then the garden will be our own again. Go in quietly, and remember that the big man who killed Karait is the first one to bite. Then come out and tell me, and we will hunt for Rikki-tikki together."

"But are you sure that there is anything to be gained by killing the people?" said Nag.

"Everything. When there were no people in the bungalow, did we have any mongoose in the garden? So long as the bungalow is empty, we are king and queen of the garden; and remember that as soon as our eggs in the melon-bed hatch (as they may to-morrow), our children will need room and quiet."

"I had not thought of that," said Nag. "I will go, but there is no need that we should hunt for Rikki-tikki afterward. I will kill the big man and his wife, and the child if I can, and come away quietly. Then the bungalow will be empty, and Rikki-tikki will go."

Rikki-tikki tingled all over with rage and hatred at this, and then Nag's head came through the sluice, and his five feet of cold body followed it. Angry as he was, Rikki-tikki was very frightened as he saw the size of the big cobra. Nag coiled himself up, raised his head, and looked into the bath-room in the dark, and Rikki could see his eyes glitter.

"Now, if I kill him here, Nagaina will know; and if I fight him on the open floor, the odds are in his favour. What am I to do?" said Rikki-tikki-tavi.

Nag waved to and fro, and then Rikki-tikki heard him drinking from the biggest water-jar that was used to fill the bath. "That is good," said the snake. "Now, when Karait was killed, the big man had a stick. He may have that stick still, but when he comes in to bathe in the morning he will not have a stick. I shall wait here till he comes. Nagaina—do you hear me?—I shall wait here in the cool till daytime."

There was no answer from outside, so Rikki-tikki knew Nagaina had gone away. Nag coiled himself down, coil by coil, round the bulge at the bottom of the water-jar, and Rikki-tikki stayed still as death. After an hour he began to move, muscle by muscle, toward the jar. Nag was asleep, and Rikki-tikki looked at his big back,

wondering which would be the best place for a good hold. "If I don't break his back at the first jump," said Rikki, "he can still fight; and if he fights—O Rikki!" He looked at the thickness of the neck below the hood, but that was too much for him; and a bite near the tail would only make Nag savage.

"It must be the head," he said at last; "the head above the hood; and, when I am once there, I must not let go."

Then he jumped. The head was lying a little clear of the water-jar, under the curve of it; and, as his teeth met, Rikki braced his back against the bulge of the red earthenware to hold down the head. This gave him just one second's purchase, and he made the most of it. Then he was battered to and fro as a rat is shaken by a dog—to and fro on the floor, up and down and round in great circles; but his eyes were red, and he held on as the body cart-whipped over the floor, upsetting the tin dipper and the soap-dish and the flesh-brush, and banged against the tin side of the bath. As he held he closed his jaws tighter and tighter, for he made sure he would be banged to death, and, for the honour of his family, he preferred to be found with his teeth locked. He was dizzy, aching, and felt shaken to pieces when something went off like a thunder-clap just behind him; a hot wind knocked him senseless and red fire singed his fur. The big man had been wakened by the noise, and had fired both barrels of a shot-gun into Nag just behind the hood.

Rikki-tikki held on with his eyes shut, for now he was quite sure he was dead; but the head did not move, and the big man picked him up and said: "It's the mongoose again, Alice; the little chap has saved *our* lives now." Then Teddy's mother came in with a very white face, and saw what was left of Nag, and Rikki-tikki dragged himself to Teddy's bedroom and spent half the rest of the night shaking himself tenderly to find out whether he really was broken into forty pieces, as he fancied.

When morning came he was very stiff, but well pleased with his doings. "Now I have Nagaina to settle with, and she will be worse than five Nags, and there's no knowing when the eggs she spoke of will hatch. Goodness! I must go and see Darzee," he said.

Without waiting for breakfast, Rikki-tikki ran to the thorn-bush where Darzee was singing a song of triumph at the top of his voice. The news of Nag's death was all over the garden, for the sweeper had thrown the body on the rubbish-heap.

"Oh, you stupid tuft of feathers!" said Rikki-tikki, angrily. "Is this the time to sing?"

"Nag is dead—is dead—is dead!" sang Darzee. "The valiant Rikki-tikki caught him by the head and held fast. The big man brought the bang-stick and Nag fell in two pieces! He will never eat my babies again."

"All that's true enough; but where's Nagaina?" said Rikki-tikki, looking carefully round him.

"Nagaina came to the bath-room sluice and called for Nag," Darzee went on; "and Nag came out on the end of a stick—the sweeper picked him up on the end of a stick and threw him upon the rubbish-heap. Let us sing about the great, the red-eyed Rikki-tikki!" and Darzee filled his throat and sang.

"If I could get up to your nest, I'd roll all your babies out!" said Rikki-tikki. "You don't know when to do the right thing at the right time. You're safe enough in your nest there, but it's war for me down here. Stop singing a minute, Darzee."

"For the great, the beautiful Rikki-tikki's sake I will stop," said Darzee. "What is it, O Killer of the terrible Nag?"

"Where is Nagaina, for the third time?"

"On the rubbish-heap by the stables, mourning for Nag. Great is Rikki-tikki with the white teeth."

"Bother my white teeth! Have you ever heard where she keeps her eggs?"

"In the melon-bed, on the end nearest the wall, where the sun strikes nearly all day. She had them there weeks ago."

"And you never thought it worth while to tell me? The end nearest the wall, you said?"

"Rikki-tikki, you are not going to eat her eggs?"

"Not eat exactly; no. Darzee, if you have a grain of sense you will fly off to the stables and pretend that your wing is broken, and let Nagaina chase you away to this bush! I must get to the melon-bed, and if I went there now she'd see me."

Darzee was a feather-brained little fellow who could never hold more than one idea at a time in his head; and just because he knew that Nagaina's children were born in eggs like his own, he didn't think at first that it was fair to kill them. But his wife was a sensible bird, and she knew that cobra's eggs meant young cobras later on; so she flew off from the nest, and left Darzee to keep the babies

warm, and continue his song about the death of Nag. Darzee was very like a man in some ways.

She fluttered in front of Nagaina by the rubbish-heap, and cried out, "Oh, my wing is broken! The boy in the house threw a stone at me and broke it." Then she fluttered more desperately than ever.

Nagaina lifted up her head and hissed, "You warned Rikki-tikki when I would have killed him. Indeed and truly, you've chosen a bad place to be lame in." And she moved toward Darzee's wife, slipping along over the dust.

"The boy broke it with a stone!" shrieked Darzee's wife.

"Well! It may be some consolation to you when you're dead to know that I shall settle accounts with the boy. My husband lies on the rubbish-heap this morning, but before night the boy in the house will lie very still. What is the use of running away? I am sure to catch you. Little fool, look at me!"

Darzee's wife knew better than to do *that*, for a bird who looks at a snake's eyes gets so frightened that she cannot move. Darzee's wife fluttered on, piping sorrowfully, and never leaving the ground, and Nagaina quickened her pace.

Rikki-tikki heard them going up the path from the stables, and he raced for the end of the melon-patch near the wall. There, in the warm litter about the melons, very cunningly hidden, he found twenty-five eggs, about the size of a bantam's eggs, but with whitish skin instead of shell.

"I was not a day too soon," he said; for he could see the baby cobras curled up inside the skin, and he knew that the minute they were hatched they could each kill a man or a mongoose. He bit off the tops of the eggs as fast as he could, taking care to crush the young cobras, and turned over the litter from time to time to see whether he had missed any. At last there were only three eggs left, and Rikki-tikki began to chuckle to himself, when he heard Darzee's wife screaming:

"Rikki-tikki, I led Nagaina toward the house, and she has gone into the veranda, and—oh, come quickly—she means killing!"

Rikki-tikki smashed two eggs, and tumbled backward down the melon-bed with the third egg in his mouth, and scuttled to the veranda as hard as he could put foot to the ground. Teddy and his mother and father were there at early breakfast; but Rikki-tikki saw that they were not eating anything. They sat stone-still, and their faces were white. Nagaina was coiled up on the matting by

Teddy's chair, within easy striking distance of Teddy's bare leg, and she was swaying to and fro singing a song of triumph.

"Son of the big man that killed Nag," she hissed, "stay still. I am not ready yet. Wait a little. Keep very still, all you three. If you move I strike, and if you do not move I strike. Oh, foolish people, who killed my Nag!"

Teddy's eyes were fixed on his father, and all his father could do was to whisper, "Sit still, Teddy. You mustn't move. Teddy, keep still."

Then Rikki-tikki came up and cried: "Turn round, Nagaina; turn and fight!"

"All in good time," said she, without moving her eyes. "I will settle my account with *you* presently. Look at your friends, Rikki-tikki. They are still and white; they are afraid. They dare not move, and if you come a step nearer I strike."

"Look at your eggs," said Rikki-tikki, "in the melon-bed near the wall. Go and look, Nagaina."

The big snake turned half round, and saw the egg on the veranda. "Ah-h! Give it to me," she said.

Rikki-tikki put his paws one on each side of the egg, and his eyes were blood-red. "What price for a snake's egg? For a young cobra? For a young king-cobra? For the last—the very last of the brood? The ants are eating all the others down by the melon-bed."

Nagaina spun clear round, forgetting everything for the sake of the one egg; and Rikki-tikki saw Teddy's father shoot out a big hand, catch Teddy by the shoulder and drag him across the little table with the tea-cups, safe and out of reach of Nagaina.

"Tricked! Tricked! Tricked! *Rikk-tck-tck!*" chuckled Rikki-tikki. "The boy is safe, and it was I—I—I that caught Nag by the hood last night in the bath-room." Then he began to jump up and down, all four feet together, his head close to the floor. "He threw me to and fro, but he could not shake me off. He was dead before the big man blew him in two. I did it. *Rikki-tikki-tck-tck!* Come then, Nagaina. Come and fight with me. You shall not be a widow long."

Nagaina saw that she had lost her chance of killing Teddy, and the egg lay between Rikki-tikki's paws. "Give me the egg, Rikki-tikki. Give me the last of my eggs, and I will go away and never come back," she said, lowering her hood.

"Yes, you will go away, and you will never come back; for you

will go to the rubbish-heap with Nag. Fight, widow! The big man has gone for his gun! Fight!"

Rikki-tikki was bounding all round Nagaina, keeping just out of the reach of her stroke, his little eyes like hot coals. Nagaina gathered herself together, and flung out at him. Rikki-tikki jumped up and backward. Again and again and again she struck, and each time her head came with a whack on the matting of the veranda and she gathered herself together like a watch-spring. Then Rikki-tikki danced in a circle to get behind her, and Nagaina spun round to keep her head to his head, so that the rustle of her tail on the matting sounded like dry leaves blown along by the wind.

He had forgotten the egg. It still lay on the veranda, and Nagaina came nearer and nearer to it, till at last, while Rikki-tikki was drawing breath, she caught it in her mouth, turned to the veranda steps, and flew like an arrow down the path, with Rikki-tikki behind her. When the cobra runs for her life, she goes like a whiplash flicked across a horse's neck.

Rikki-tikki knew that he must catch her, or all the trouble would begin again. She headed straight for the long grass by the thorn-bush, and as he was running Rikki-tikki heard Darzee still singing his foolish little song of triumph. But Darzee's wife was wiser. She flew off her nest as Nagaina came along, and flapped her wings about Nagaina's head. If Darzee had helped they might have turned her; but Nagaina only lowered her hood and went on. Still, the instant's delay brought Rikki-tikki up to her, and as she plunged into the rat-hole where she and Nag used to live, his little white teeth were clenched on her tail, and he went down with her—and very few mongooses, however wise and old they may be, care to follow a cobra into its hole. It was dark in the hole; and Rikki-tikki never knew when it might open out and give Nagaina room to turn and strike at him. He held on savagely, and struck out his feet to act as brakes on the dark slope of the hot, moist earth.

Then the grass by the mouth of the hole stopped waving, and Darzee said: "It is all over with Rikki-tikki! We must sing his death-song. Valiant Rikki-tikki is dead! For Nagaina will surely kill him underground."

So he sang a very mournful song that he made up all on the spur of the minute, and just as he got to the most touching part the grass quivered again, and Rikki-tikki, covered with dirt, dragged himself out of the hole leg by leg, licking his whiskers. Darzee stopped with

a little shout. Rikki-tikki shook some of the dust out of his fur and sneezed. "It is all over," he said. "The widow will never come out again." And the red ants that live between the grass stems heard him, and began to troop down one after another to see if he had spoken the truth.

Rikki-tikki curled himself up in the grass and slept where he was—slept and slept till it was late in the afternoon, for he had done a hard day's work.



"It is all over."

From a drawing by W. H. Drake

"Now," he said, when he awoke, "I will go back to the house. Tell the Coppersmith, Darzee, and he will tell the garden that Nagaina is dead."

The Coppersmith is a bird who makes a noise exactly like the beating of a little hammer on a copper pot; and the reason he is always making it is because he is the town-crier to every Indian garden, and tells all the news to everybody who cares to listen. As Rikki-tikki went up the path, he heard his "attention" notes like a tiny dinner-gong; and then the steady "*Ding-dong-tock! Nag is dead—dong! Nagaina is dead! Ding-dong-tock!*" That set all the birds in the garden singing, and the frogs croaking; for Nag and Nagaina used to eat frogs as well as little birds.

When Rikki got to the house, Teddy and Teddy's mother (she looked very white still, for she had been fainting) and Teddy's father came out and almost cried over him; and that night he ate all that was given him till he could eat no more, and went to

bed on Teddy's shoulder, where Teddy's mother saw him when she came to look late at night.

"He saved our lives and Teddy's life," she said to her husband. "Just think, he saved all our lives."

Rikki-tikki woke up with a jump, for all the mongooses are light sleepers.

"Oh, it's you," said he. "What are you bothering for? All the cobras are dead; and if they weren't I'm here."

Rikki-tikki had a right to be proud of himself; but he did not grow too proud, and he kept that garden as a mongoose should keep it, with tooth and jump and spring and bite, till never a cobra dared show its head inside the walls.

ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS

A BOY OF THE FIRST EMPIRE by Elbridge S. Brooks was serialized in St. Nicholas in 1894-5. It is a juvenile equivalent of the historical romances of the period. In it the character of Napoleon is so much idealized that young readers were inspired to a hero-worship as ardent as Philip's own. So recently as 1936 the story was included in D. Appleton-Century Company's "Thorndike Library" of texts "edited to fit the interests and abilities of young readers."

How Philip Baited the Russian Bear

THIS VERY DAY of the review of the Pupils of the Guard, there was a grand reception at the Tuileries. The Emperor received.

The splendid palace was thronged with guests—representatives of every nation in Europe—vassal kings, allied princes, titled ambassadors, peers and marshals of France, high officials, famous citizens, dashing soldiers, grand ladies, ushers and pages.

Among the pages was Philip. With a half-dozen of his brothers in livery, he stood by the big door that opened into the splendid Hall of the Marshals. Here they awaited the arrival of the Emperor, who was making the round of the palace and greeting the great ones who were present at the reception.

The pages were discussing everything—finding fault with this person, making fun of that, and getting food for talk in whatever came up, from the dresses of the ladies and the awkwardness of the people from small cities to the last game of "bars," the pole climbing

at the public sports in the Field of Mars, and the foreign policy of the Emperor; for in all ages boys have been the same—making talk out of everything.

In all such boy-talks Philip always stood as the champion of the Emperor. Boys who have faith in their heroes defend them hotly. Whether Napoleon stepped on the toes of Prussia, or snapped his fingers in the face of England, Philip was ready to approve without thinking why, and to shout: "Serves them right! Long live the Emperor!"

Especially was this true of our page when, with care, system, and determination, the Emperor of the French began to prepare the field for a great hunting of the Russian Bear. And, on the day of the reception, talk of this now historic hunt was common at Paris; for the relations between Emperor and Czar were daily growing more and more strained.

So, as the pages grouped themselves about the doorway of the great Hall of the Marshals, the conversation gradually turned toward this subject. One of the boys boldly declared that when England was whipped out of Spain—as of course England would be—that would end the war. For Prince Talleyrand, he said, wanted peace.

"Pouf! Old Limpfoot! What has he got to say about it?" Philip exclaimed indignantly.

"Careful, young Desnouettes," one of the pages whispered, with a not very gentle nudge. "Limpfoot's around somewhere. Not so loud, you, or your ears may smart."

"Well, it makes me mad, that!" Philip declared, but with lowered voice. "Much Talleyrand knows about it! He got his dismissal long ago. He's nothing to say. The Emperor, he's the one to decide; and the Emperor, I tell you, is bound to take it out of Russia. The Czar has been wild ever since he had to give in that day at Tilsit."

"That may be," the peace page replied; "but he's not mad enough to fight. If he were, he would have pitched into us when the Emperor said 'No, thank you,' at the time Russia offered him the princess for a wife. The Czar won't fight. Catch-a-Sneezy said so."

"Ah! did he? And what does Catch-a-Sneezy know about it?" Philip exclaimed. "He is but a spy."

"No, sir; he is a fine man, Catch-a-Sneezy is," declared Victor. "He gave me a big tip for slipping him into the Emperor's study one day."

"Yes, to listen and to spy," Philip replied, so forgetful as to raise his voice again. "I am surprised at you, you Victor. I tell you, Catch-a-Sneezy was a spy."

"And who, now, might this Catch-a-Sneezy be, young sir?"

The inquiry came from a big man wearing many decorations, close at Philip's elbow. The pages caught their breath, and nudged each other excitedly. "Young Desnouettes has got himself into a pretty fix," they whispered. The questioner was Prince Kourakin, the Russian ambassador.

Philip looked around, a trifle dismayed. But, with true boyish heedlessness, he went on: "Why—that's what we call Monsieur de Sneezy—Zernzy—Czernicheff, your highness," Philip explained, struggling with the foreign name of the Russian who, it was claimed, had played the spy in Paris.

"And you dare to call the envoy of the Czar a spy, you boy!" the Ambassador said indignantly. "Have a care, have a care, young sir! Such a word uttered at the court of the Czar would cost even you—boy though you are—your liberty, and cause you to feel the whip."

"But this is France, and not Russia, your highness," Philip replied with spirit. "Our Emperor does not beat his boys as Old Alec does."

"Old Alec? Rascally one! But this passes a joke," cried the angry Ambassador. "Be careful, young Impudence! You speak of the Czar of all the Russias. He is too great a man for a saucy boy like you to nickname thus."

"What if he is?" cried heedless Philip, while the other pages felt first pride and then terror at the daring of their companion. "Great as he is, our Little Corporal could eat him at a bite."

The quick temper of the Russian, vexed at the thought of being thus baited by a boy, and for the instant forgetful of his dignity and surroundings,—stirred, too, by other things that had come to his ears that day,—flamed up at this boyish impudence. The words had scarce passed the page's lips when the hand of the Ambassador flew out, and a sudden and stinging blow fell upon the boy's ear.

Then Philip lost his temper. He even forgot for an instant to be a gentleman—the thing upon which he most prided himself.

"Ah, Cossack!" he cried. "But that is like you Russians—to strike at those not your size. This is not Poland, sir; this is France. And you, Monsieur the Ambassador—you are a coward!"

The pages stood ready to back up their comrade, and in a ring about the minister stared at him like angry dogs holding a bear at

bay. But the Ambassador had recovered himself, and with a laugh of scorn turned on his heel and walked away to join his brother ambassadors. At that instant the voice of the usher announced, "The Emperor!"—and there, in the doorway, while the pages lined up on both sides to honor the entrance of their master, stood the little man in the chasseur's uniform—the Emperor Napoleon. Philip hoped the affair had escaped the imperial eye; for few indeed, save those concerned in it, had noticed the little drama. With an ear yet smarting, and a face yet hot with the flush of anger, but feeling, nevertheless, that he had the best of it, Philip bowed low among the other pages as the Emperor passed between them.

And Victor whispered, "My faith! but that was a narrow escape for you, my Philip. I only wish it were over. You'll catch it yet, I fear. The bear is sharpening his teeth for you; and he bites. If he growls at the Emperor, though—whoop!"

He must have growled a bit; for ere long the boys heard, as did every one else in the room, the voice of Napoleon rising loud and sharply, while the Russian statesman, concealing his discomfort under a smile, took the scolding with scarce a word of protest.

That scolding is now historic. It grew into a speech, and continued for full ten minutes. Philip indeed had baited the Russian Bear, and now Sir Bruin stood at bay before the chief of the pack. Over his back Napoleon barked at Russia and snapped at the Czar. "Choose," he said, "between the English and me. I alone can help you. If you threaten, I can fight; and where then will you be? You Russians are like a rabbit shot in the back; it gets up on its hind legs to look around, and bang! another shot takes the fool in its head." And so on, and so on, while Philip hugged himself with glee, and the other pages looked and listened with astonishment.

Prince Kourakin, when the Emperor's breath had spent itself in words, left in haste.

"I am smothered!" Philip heard the Russian declare to the Ambassador of Prussia. "I must get into the air. It is very hot in the audience-room of the Emperor."

As he passed he gave Philip an angry look, and the page, true to the boy-love for teasing, could not keep back a passing shot. "It is not Poland, it is France, your highness," he said. "But, now—who gets the whip?"

The next instant, however, he regretted his hasty speech. He

knew he had broken all the rules of court etiquette and dignity. And this, he was well aware, the Emperor never ignored.

A hand fell upon his shoulder, and he recognized the voice of Malvirade, the First Page.

"To the Emperor, young Desnouettes. He calls you. Come—quickly, quickly; he is in haste."

And Philip, preparing himself for a scene, faced about and went boldly forward "to take his medicine like a little man." For Philip, though heedless often, was never a coward.

The great Hall of the Marshals had almost emptied itself of guests as the Emperor had scored the Ambassador. When big nations quarrel, little states stand from under. After such a quarrel as was this, when France taunted Russia, none knew upon whom the imperial bolt might fall next; and both vassals and allies had business elsewhere.

Men whispered to one another: "It means war. Thus did the Emperor break out against Whitworth, the Englishman, before the war that ended in the conquest of Germany; thus did he score Metternich, the Austrian, before the campaign that ended in victory at Wagram. It is peace no longer."

But Philip thought not of the quarrels of states, as he stood before the Emperor. He knew he had been heedless. He expected a severe scolding.

"So, young Desnouettes," the Emperor broke out, "you forget yourself in the presence of my guests; is it not so? You dare to exchange words with the representative of a nation, do you? Feather-head! Can I, then, not trust my pages to learn manners?"

"Sire, the Russian angered me, and—I forgot myself," the boy confessed.

"And does that make matters right?" cried Napoleon. "Courtesy should never forget itself."

Then Philip looked squarely into the imperial eye. "Sire," he said, "I did but follow my Emperor."

At this bold declaration every listener looked horrified. None knew whether to smile or to frown. Pages held their breath. Only Victor whispered, "My faith! there goes boy Philip's head."

At Philip's words a gleam of anger filled Napoleon's eye; then, suddenly and strangely, it changed to a twinkle. He pulled the page's ear—that ear still smarting from the Russian blow.

"Monkey!" he said. "One might say the Emperor did but follow the page. What caused it all?"

"I said, Sire," Philip replied, "that Catch-a—that Monsieur de Czernicheff was a spy."

"My faith, boy, you spoke the truth. I tell you, gentlemen, the lad spoke the truth," Napoleon cried, turning to those about him, who now saw that it was policy to smile, and to cultivate this plucky young page. "That smooth Cossack was a spy, and none of you dared tell him so. But you did wrong, you page, to mix thus with what is not your concern. You are too honest, I fear, to succeed at court. You will be forever in the water that is hot. We must use you elsewhere. Report in the morning at my study. I will think up some return for your over-zeal. Go!"

And Philip went.

The Swarming of the Bees

IT IS TWO in the afternoon. The increasing throng grows more pressing. The growls of the veterans, the shouts of the soldiers, become threatening. Then a great cry goes up. The gates are thrown open. Another shout. Down goes the white flag; up goes the tricolor; and, as the Imperial banner once again streams from the great Clock Tower, all Paris knows that the Bourbons have given up the struggle, and that the Empire has won.

Evening came—that eventful evening of Monday, the twentieth of March, in the year 1815. The Tuileries was filled with guests dressed as if for a fête night. Those who were in hiding, and those who had deserted King Louis, met to await the coming of the Emperor. The great mansion blazed with lights, and a page of the palace, splendid in his imperial livery, was almost beside himself for joy.

It was Philip Desnouettes. He had seen the Emperor. He had been charged by him with messages to Paris. Philip was the lion of the waiting hours. He was petted and praised by every one. He began to feel very important once more.

He could scarcely contain himself. He wished to keep busy, to be doing something to prove his devotion.

The palace looked just the same. Philip could scarcely believe that a year had passed since he had been there. "Here are the same draperies," he said to himself, "the same stiff, straight furniture, the

same bureaus and cabinets, couches and chairs, richly decorated, and sprinkled with the—no! Halls! What is this? The lilies? Then where are the bees? Have the royalists dared remove from the palace decorations the bees of Napoleon, and put in their place the lilies of the Bourbons? Why, this will never do!”

Frantic with indignant loyalty, Philip shouted: “Off with the lilies—on with the bees!” and falling upon the decorations, Philip, helped by many ready hands, tore down the lilies from the tapestry, and stripped them from the coverings. From some hiding-place were brought the hangings that bore the bees, and loyalty was satisfied.

At nine o'clock a mighty shout was heard without.

“The Emperor! The Emperor!”

The palace echoed the cry, as across the Bridge of the Palace and along the Seine, in through the Tuileries gate, thronged about by a cheering crowd, and surrounded by his soldiers and his generals, Napoleon entered the courtyard of the great palace.

Then it seemed as if Paris had indeed gone mad. The veterans flung themselves at the Emperor's carriage. They seized their hero in their arms. They dragged him out; and, bearing him on their shoulders, they rushed with him through the doorway even to the foot of the great staircase.

The palace rocked with the shouts of welcome. The crowd bearing the Emperor, and the throng pouring down the staircase to greet him, blocked the way. Progress was impossible. People were everywhere, and Philip, standing at the top of the noble staircase, laughed as he cheered, to see Corporal Peyrolles sitting on the great silver statue of Peace, his hat waving at the end of his cane, his face red with shouting and wet with tears of joy.

At last a passage was broken through the crowd. Philip and Monsieur de Lavalette backed their way up the stairs to keep the passage open; and so, up the great staircase, along the Gallery of Diana, through the Blue Room, and into the Emperor's study, amid tears and cheers and shouts, and tossing of hats, and waving of handkerchiefs, the Emperor came to his own again. In twenty days after leaving Elba Napoleon had won back his empire. With but a thousand grenadiers he had conquered thirty millions of people. The swarming of the Bees closed in mad joy.

In the Emperor's study, breathless and weeping with the excitement of the home-coming, Napoleon looked about him. The closed doors of the study shut out the happy crowd. At his feet he saw a

kneeling figure, dressed in the crimson, green, and gold of a page of the palace.

"What, it is you again, my Philip!" exclaimed the Emperor. "And in your page's livery. Rise, my boy. You are a page no longer. Such devotion merits a higher service. See; my fortune shall be yours!



PHILIP WINS THE CROSS

From a drawing in St. Nicholas, 1895

Did I not tell you once that he who rides and he who writes merits often as much esteem as he who bears the musket or the sword? I make you a member of the Legion of Honor. Here, Bertrand, Lavalette, some one—give me a cross! What! none will spare me one?" No one would. Crosses of the Legion were to be displayed just then; they were treasured too highly to be given to a boy. "Here then!" and impulsively the Emperor tore the decoration from his own breast, pinned it on the lad's green coat, and pinching his ear

affectionately, cried to General Bertrand, who stood beside him, "Grand Marshal, here is a new officer of my household! *Captain Desnouettes*—page and lieutenant no longer,—you are an officer, specially attached to my person. Serve me as comrade as faithfully as you have as page, and France shall be proud of you."

And, while the boy trembled with delight and pride, the Emperor caught him to his breast and kissed him on the cheek.

So Philip, by a devotion that never varied, and a loyalty that never wavered, gained the prize all Frenchmen longed for.

Thus he won the Cross.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND HENRY CABOT LODGE

"DANIEL BOONE and the Founding of Kentucky" is one of the Hero Tales from American History by Theodore Roosevelt and Henry Cabot Lodge which, after appearing serially in *St. Nicholas*, were gathered into a volume, published by The Century Company, 1895.

Daniel Boone and the Founding of Kentucky

DANIEL BOONE will always occupy a unique place in our history as the archtype of the hunter and wilderness wanderer. He was a true pioneer, and stood at the head of that class of Indian-fighters, game-hunters, forest-fellers, and backwoods farmers who, generation after generation, pushed westward the border of civilization from the Alleghenies to the Pacific. As he himself said, he was "an instrument ordained of God to settle the wilderness." Born in Pennsylvania, he drifted south into western North Carolina, and settled on what was then the extreme frontier. There he married, built a log cabin, and hunted, chopped trees, and tilled the ground like any other frontiersman. The Allegheny Mountains still marked a boundary beyond which the settlers dared not go; for west of them lay immense reaches of frowning forests, uninhabited save by bands of warlike Indians. Occasionally some venturesome hunter or trapper penetrated this immense wilderness, and returned with strange stories of what he had seen and done.

In 1769 Boone, excited by these vague and wondrous tales, determined himself to cross the mountains and find out what manner of land it was that lay beyond. With a few chosen companions he set out, making his own trail through the gloomy forest. After weeks

of wandering, he at last emerged into the beautiful and fertile country of Kentucky, for which, in after years, the red men and the white strove with such obstinate fury that it grew to be called "the dark and bloody ground." But when Boone first saw it, it was a fair and smiling land of groves and glades and running waters, where the open forest grew tall and beautiful, and where innumerable herds of game grazed, roaming ceaselessly to and fro along the trails they had trodden during countless generations. Kentucky was not owned by any Indian tribe, and was visited only by wandering war-parties and hunting-parties who came from among the savage nations living north of the Ohio or south of the Tennessee.

A roving war-party stumbled upon one of Boone's companions and killed him, and the others then left Boone and journeyed home; but his brother came out to join him, and the two spent the winter together. Self-reliant, fearless, and possessed of great bodily strength and hardihood, they cared little for the loneliness. The teeming myriads of game furnished abundant food; the herds of shaggy-maned bison and noble-antlered elk, the bands of deer and the numerous black bear, were all ready for the rifle and they were tame and easily slain. The wolf and the cougar, too, sometimes fell victims to the prowess of the two hunters.

At times they slept in hollow trees, or in some bush lean-to of their own making; at other times, when they feared Indians, they changed their resting-place every night, and after making a fire would go off a mile or two in the woods to sleep. Surrounded by brute and human foes, they owed their lives to their sleepless vigilance, their keen senses, their eagle eyes, and their resolute hearts.

When the spring came, and the woods were white with the dog-wood blossoms, and crimsoned with the red-bud, Boone's brother left him, and Daniel remained for three months alone in the wilderness. The brother soon came back again with a party of hunters; and other parties likewise came in, to wander for months and years through the wilderness; and they wrought huge havoc among the vast herds of game.

In 1771 Boone returned to his home. Two years later he started to lead a party of settlers to the new country; but while passing through the frowning defiles of Cumberland Gap, they were attacked by Indians, and driven back—two of Boone's own sons being slain. In 1775, however, he made another attempt; and this attempt was successful. The Indians attacked the newcomers; but by this

time the parties of would-be settlers were sufficiently numerous to hold their own. They beat back the Indians, and built rough little hamlets, surrounded by log stockades, at Boonesborough and Harrodsburg; and the permanent settlement of Kentucky had begun.

The next few years were passed by Boone amid unending Indian conflicts. He was a leader among the settlers, both in peace and in war. At one time he represented them in the House of Burgesses of Virginia; at another time he was a member of the first little Kentucky parliament itself; and he became a colonel of the frontier militia. He tilled the land and he chopped the trees himself; he helped to build the cabins and stockades with his own hands, wielding the long-handled, light-headed frontier ax as skilfully as other frontiersmen. His main business was that of surveyor, for his knowledge of the country, and his ability to travel through it, in spite of the danger from Indians, created much demand for his services among people who wished to lay off tracts of wild land for their own future use. But whatever he did, and wherever he went, he had to be sleeplessly on the lookout for his Indian foes. When he and his fellows tilled the stump-dotted fields of corn, one or more of the party were always on guard, with weapon at the ready, for fear of lurking savages. When he went to the House of Burgesses he carried his long rifle, and traversed roads not a mile of which was free from the danger of Indian attack. The settlements in the early years depended exclusively upon game for their meat, and Boone was the mightiest of all the hunters, so that upon him devolved the task of keeping his people supplied. He killed many buffaloes, and pickled the buffalo beef for use in winter. He killed great numbers of black bear, and made bacon of them, precisely as if they had been hogs. The common game were deer and elk. At that time none of the hunters of Kentucky would waste a shot on anything so small as a prairie-chicken or wild duck; but they sometimes killed geese and swans when they came south in winter and lit on the rivers. But whenever Boone went into the woods after game, he had perpetually to keep watch lest he himself might be hunted in turn. He never lay in wait at a game-lick, save with ears strained to hear the approach of some crawling red foe. He never crept up to a turkey he heard calling, without exercising the utmost care to see that it was not an Indian; for one of the favorite devices of the Indians was to imitate the turkey call, and thus allure within range some inexperienced hunter.

Besides this warfare, which went on in the midst of his usual vocations, Boone frequently took the field on set expeditions against the savages. Once when he and a party of other men were making salt at a lick, they were surprised and carried off by the Indians. The old hunter was a prisoner with them for some months, but finally made his escape and came home through the trackless woods as straight as the wild pigeon flies. He was ever on the watch to ward off the Indian inroads, and to follow the war-parties, and try to rescue the prisoners. Once his own daughter, and two other girls who were with her, were carried off by a band of Indians. Boone raised some friends and followed the trail steadily for two days and a night; then they came to where the Indians had killed a buffalo calf and were camped around it. Firing from a little distance, the whites shot two of the Indians, and, rushing in, rescued the girls. On another occasion, when Boone had gone to visit a salt-lick with his brother, the Indians ambushed them and shot the latter. Boone himself escaped, but the Indians followed him for three miles by the aid of a tracking dog, until Boone turned, shot the dog, and then eluded his pursuers. In company with Simon Kenton and many other noted hunters and wilderness warriors, he once and again took part in expeditions into the Indian country, where they killed the braves and drove off the horses. Twice bands of Indians, accompanied by French, Tory, and British partizans from Detroit, bearing the flag of Great Britain, attacked Boonesborough. In each case Boone and his fellow-settlers beat them off with loss. At the fatal battle of the Blue Licks, in which two hundred of the best riflemen of Kentucky were beaten with terrible slaughter by a great force of Indians from the lakes, Boone commanded the left wing. Leading his men, rifle in hand, he pushed back and overthrew the force against him; but meanwhile the Indians destroyed the right wing and center, and got round in his rear, so that there was nothing left for Boone's men except to flee with all possible speed.

As Kentucky became settled, Boone grew restless and ill at ease. He loved the wilderness; he loved the great forests and the great prairie-like glades, and the life in the little lonely cabin, where from the door he could see the deer come out into the clearing at night-fall. The neighborhood of his own kind made him feel cramped and ill at ease. So he moved ever westward with the frontier; and as Kentucky filled up he crossed the Mississippi and settled on the borders of the prairie country of Missouri, where the Spaniards, who

ruled the territory, made him an alcalde, or judge. He lived to a great age, and died out on the border, a backwoods hunter to the last.

JOHN BENNETT

JOHN BENNETT's *Master Skylark* came out in St. Nicholas in 1897 and was published in book form by The Century Company in the same year. The tale of Nick Attwood, the boy whose fresh young voice was like a skylark's, is a charming introduction for young people into the life of Elizabethan England and the world of the theatre-folk. The illustrations by R. B. Birch harmonize very pleasantly with the text. The Century Company's edition of 1922 includes the music of the songs sung by Nick.

The May-Day Play

IT WAS SOON afternoon. All Coventry was thronged with people keeping holiday and at the Blue Boar a scene of wild confusion reigned.

Tap-room and hall were crowded with guests, and in the cobbled court horses innumerable stamped and whinnied. The players, with knitted brows, stalked about the quieter nooks, going over their several parts, and looking to their costumes, which were for the most part upon their backs; while the thumping and pounding of the carpenters at work upon the stage in the inn-yard were enough to drive a quiet-loving person wild.

Nick scarcely knew whether he were on his head or on his heels. The master-player would not let him eat at all after once breaking his fast, for fear it might affect his voice, and had him say his lines a hundred times until he had them pat. Then he was off, directing here, there, and everywhere, until the court was cleared of all that had no business there, and the last surreptitious small boy had been duly projected from the gates by Peter Hostler's hobnailed boot.

"Now, Nick," said Carew, coming up all in a gale, and throwing a sky-blue silken cloak about Nick's shoulders, "thou'lt enter here"; and he led him to a hallway door just opposite the gates. "When Master Whitelaw, as the Duke, calls out, 'How now, who comes?—I'll match him for the ale!' be quickly in and answer to thy part; and, marry, boy, don't miss thy cues, or—tsst, thy head's not worth a

peascod!" With that he clapped his hand upon his poniard and glared into Nick's eyes, as if to look clear through to the back of the boy's wits. Nick heard his white teeth grind, and was all at once very much afraid of him, for he did indeed look dreadful.

So Nicholas Attwood stood by the entry door, with his heart in his throat, waiting his turn.

He could hear the pages in the courtyard outside shouting for stools for their masters, and squabbling over the best places upon the stage. Then the gates creaked, and there came a wild rush of feet and a great crying out as the 'prentices and burghers trooped into the inn-yard, pushing and crowding for places near the stage. Those who had the money bawled aloud for farthing stools. The rest stood jostling in a wrangling crowd upon the ground, while up and down a girl's shrill voice went all the time, crying high, "Cherry ripe, cherry ripe! Who'll buy my sweet May cherries?"

Then there was another shout, and a rattling tread of feet along the wooden balconies that ran around the walls of the inn-yard, and cries from the apprentices below: "Good-day, fair Master Harrington! Good-day, Sir Thomas Parkes! Good-day, sweet Mistress Nettleby and Master Nettleby! Good-day, good-day, good-day!" for the richer folk were coming in at twopence each, and all the galleries were full. And then he heard the baker's boy with sugared cakes and ginger-nuts go stamping up the stairs.

The musicians in the balcony overhead were tuning up. There was a flute, a viol, a gittern, a fiddle, and a drum; and behind the curtain, just outside the door, Nick could hear the master-player's low voice giving hasty orders to the others.

So he said his lines all over to himself, and cleared his throat. Then on a sudden a shutter opened high above the orchestra, a trumpet blared, the kettledrum crashed, and he heard a loud voice shout:

"Good citizens of Coventry, and high-born gentles all: know ye now that we, the players of the company of His Grace, Charles, Lord Howard, High Admiral of England, Ireland, Wales, Calais, and Boulogne, the marches of Normandy, Gascony, and Aquitaine, Captain-General of the Navy and the Seas of Her Gracious Majesty the Queen—"

At that the crowd in the courtyard cheered and cheered again. "—will, with your kind permission, play forthwith the laughable comedy of 'The Three Grey Gowns,' by Master Thomas Heywood,

in which will be spoken many good things, old and new, and a brand-new song will be sung. Now, hearken all—the play begins!”

The trumpet blared, the kettledrum crashed again, and as a sudden hush fell over the throng without Nick heard the voices of the players going on.

It was a broad farce, full of loud jests and nonsense, a great thwacking of sticks and tumbling about; and Nick, with his eye to the crack of the door, listened with all his ears for his cue, far too excited even to think of laughing at the rough jokes, though the crowd in the inn-yard roared till they held their sides.

Carew came hurrying up, with an anxious look in his restless eyes.

“Ready, Nicholas!” said he, sharply, taking Nick by the arm and lifting the latch. “Go straight down front now as I told thee—mind thy cues—speak boldly—sing as thou didst sing for me—and if thou wouldst not break mine heart, do not fail me now! I have staked it all upon thee here—and we *must* win!”

“How now, who comes?” Nick heard a loud voice call outside—the door-latch clicked behind him—he was out in the open air and down the stage before he quite knew where he was.

The stage was built against the wall just opposite the gates. It was but a temporary platform of planks laid upon trestles. One side of it was against the wall, and around the three other sides the crowd was packed close to the platform rail.

At the ends, upon the boards, several wealthy gallants sat on high, three-legged stools, within arm’s reach of the players acting there. The courtyard was a sea of heads, and the balconies were filled with gentlefolk in holiday attire, eating cakes and chaffing gaily at the play. All was one bewildered cloud of staring eyes to Nick, and the only thing which he was sure he saw was the painted sign that hung upon the curtain at the rear, which in the lack of other scenery announced in large red print: “This is a Room in Master Jonah Jackdawe’s House.”

And then he heard the last quick words, “I’ll match him for the ale!” and started on his lines.

It was not that he said so ill what little he had to say, but that his voice was homelike and familiar in its sound, one of their own, with no amazing London accent to the words—just the speech of every-day, the sort that they all knew.

First, some one in the yard laughed out—a shock-headed iron-monger’s apprentice, “Whoy, bullies, there be hayseed in his hair.



"Nick . . . began to sing."

From a drawing by R. B. Birch

'T is took off pasture over-soon. I fecks! they've plucked him green!"

There was a hoarse, exasperating laugh. Nick hesitated in his lines. The player at his back tried to prompt him, but only made the matter worse, and behind the green curtain at the door a hand went "clap" upon a dagger-hilt. The play lagged, and the crowd began to jeer. Nick's heart was full of fear and of angry shame that he had dared to try. Then all at once there came a brief pause, in which he vaguely realized that no one spoke. The man behind him thrust him forward, and whispering wrathfully, "Quick, quick—sing up, thou little fool!" stepped back and left him there alone.

A viol overhead took up the time, the gittern struck a few sharp notes. This unexpected music stopped the noise, and all was still. Nick thought of his mother's voice singing on a summer's evening among the hollyhocks, and as the viol's droning died away he drew a deep breath and began to sing the words of "Heywood's newest song":

"Pack, clouds, away, and welcome, day;
With night we banish sorrow;
Sweet air, blow soft; mount, lark, aloft,
To give my love good-morrow!"

It was only a part of a madrigal, the air to which they had fitted the words,—the same air that Nick had sung in the woods,—a thing scarce meant ever to be sung alone, a simple strain, a few plain notes, and at the close one brief, queer, warbling trill like a bird's wild song, that rose and fell and rose again like a silver ripple.

The instruments were still; the fresh young voice came out alone, and it was done so soon that Nick hardly knew that he had sung at all. For a moment no one seemed to breathe. Then there was a very great noise, and all the court seemed hurling at him. A man upon the stage sprang to his feet. What they were going to do to him Nick did not know. He gave a frightened cry, and ran past the green curtain, through the open door, and into the master-player's excited arms.

"Quick, quick!" cried Carew. "Go back, go back! There, hark!—dost not hear them call? Quick, out again—they call thee back!" With that he thrust Nick through the door. The man upon the stage came up, slipped something into his hand—Nick, all bewildered, knew not what; and there he stood, quite stupefied, not knowing what to do. Then Carew came out hastily and led him down the stage, bowing, and pressing his hand to his heart, and

smiling like a summer sunrise; so that Nick, seeing this, did the same, and bowed as neatly as he could; though, to be sure, his was only a simple, country-bred bow, and no such ceremonious to-do as Master Carew's courtly London obeisance.

Every one was standing up and shouting so that not a soul could hear his ears, until the ironmonger's apprentice bellowed above the rest: "Whoy, bullies!" he shouted, amid a chorus of cheers and laughter, "didn't I say 't was catched out in the fields—it be a skylark, sure enough! Come, Muster Skylark, sing that song again, an' thou shalt ha' my brand-new cap!"

Then many voices cried out together, "Sing it again! The Skylark—the Skylark!"

Nick looked up, startled. "Why, Master Carew," said he, with a tremble in his voice, "do they mean me?"

Carew put one hand beneath Nick's chin and turned his face up, smiling. The master-player's cheeks were flushed with triumph, and his dark eyes danced with pride. "Ay, Nicholas Skylark; 't is thou they mean."

The viol and the music came again from overhead, and when they ceased Nick sang the little song once more. And when the master-player had taken him outside, and the play was over, some fine ladies came and kissed him, to his great confusion; for no one but his mother or his kin had ever done so before, and these had much perfume about them, musk and rose-attar, so that they smelled like rose-mallows in July. The players of the Lord Admiral's company were going about shaking hands with Carew and with each other as if they had not met for years, and slapping one another upon the back; and one came over, a tall, solemn, black-haired man, he who had written the song, and stood with his feet apart and stared at Nick, but spoke never a word, which Nick thought was very singular. But as he turned away he said, with a world of pity in his voice, "And I have writ two hundred plays, yet never saw thy like. Lad, lad, thou art a jewel in a wild swine's snout!" which Nick did not understand at all; nor why Master Carew said so sharply, "Come, Heywood, hold thy blabbing tongue; we are all in the same sty."

"Speak for thyself, Gat Carew!" answered Master Heywood, firmly. "I'll have no hand in this affair, I tell thee once for all!"

Master Carew flushed queerly and bit his lip, and, turning hastily away, took Nick to walk about the town. Nick then, for the first

time, looked into his hand to see what the man upon the stage had given him. It was a gold rose-noble.

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A GRIZZLY by Ernest Thompson Seton appeared in the Century in 1899-1900, but St. Nicholas would have been a more appropriate place in which to print it. Most adult readers must have agreed with Theodore Roosevelt's condemnation of this sort of thing as "nature-faking." But it deserves a place among our juvenilia.

Wahb's Sulphur-Bath

EVERYTHING has a smell of its own for those that have noses to smell. Wahb had been learning smells all his life, and knew the meaning of most of those in the mountains. It was as though each and every thing had a voice of its own for him; and yet it was far better than a voice, for every one knows that a good nose is better than eyes and ears together. And each of these myriads of voices kept on crying, "Here and such am I."

The juniper-berries, the rose-hips, the strawberries, each had a soft, sweet little voice, calling, "Here we are—Berries, Berries."

The great pine woods had a loud, far-reaching voice, "Here are we, the Pine-trees," but when he got right up to them Wahb could hear the low, sweet call of the piñon-nuts, "Here are we, the Piñon-nuts."

And the quamash beds in May sang a perfect chorus when the wind was right: "Quamash beds, Quamash beds."

And when he got among them he made out each single voice. Each root had its own little piece to say to his nose: "Here am I, a big Quamash, rich and ripe," or a tiny, sharp voice, "Here am I, a good-for-nothing, stringy little root."

And the broad, rich russulas in the autumn called aloud, "I am a fat, wholesome Mushroom," and the deadly amanita cried, "I am an Amanita. Let me alone, or you'll be a sick Bear." And the fairy harebell of the cañon-banks sang a song too, as fine as its thread-like stem and, as soft as its dainty blue; but the warden of the smells had learned to report it not, for this, and a million other such, were of no interest to Wahb.

So every living thing that moved, and every flower that grew, and

every rock and stone and shape on earth told out its tale and sang its little story to his nose. Day or night, fog or bright, that great, moist nose told him most of the things he needed to know, or passed unnoticed those of no concern, and he depended on it more and more. If his eyes and ears together reported so and so, he would not even then believe it until his nose said, "Yes; that is right."

But this is something that man cannot understand, for he has sold the birthright of his nose for the privilege of living in towns.

While hundreds of smells were agreeable to Wahb, thousands were indifferent to him, a good many were unpleasant, and some actually put him in a rage.

He had often noticed that if a west wind were blowing when he was at the head of the Piney Cañon there was an odd, new scent. Some days he did not mind it, and some days it disgusted him; but he never followed it up. On other days a north wind from the high Divide brought a most awful smell, something unlike any other, a smell that he wanted only to get away from.

Wahb was getting well past his youth now, and he began to have pains in the hind leg that had been wounded so often. After a cold night or a long time of wet weather he could scarcely use that leg, and one day, while thus crippled, the west wind came down the cañon with an odd message to his nose. Wahb could not clearly read the message, but it seemed to say, "Come," and something within him said, "Go." The smell of food will draw a hungry creature and disgust a gorged one. We do not know why, and all that any one can learn is that the desire springs from a need of the body. So Wahb felt drawn by what had long disgusted him, and he slouched up the mountain path, grumbling to himself and slapping savagely back at branches that chanced to switch his face.

The odd odor grew very strong; it led him where he had never been before—up a bank of whitish sand to a bench of the same color, where there was unhealthy-looking water running down, and a kind of fog coming out of a hole. Wahb threw up his nose suspiciously—such a peculiar smell! He climbed the bench.

A snake wriggled across the sand in front. Wahb crushed it with a blow that made the near trees shiver and sent a balanced boulder toppling down, and he growled a growl that rumbled up the valley like distant thunder. Then he came to the foggy hole. It was full of water that moved gently and steamed. Wahb put in his foot, and

found it was quite warm and that it felt pleasantly on his skin. He put in both feet, and little by little went in farther, causing the pool to overflow on all sides, till he was lying at full length in the warm, almost hot, sulphur-spring, and sweltering in the greenish water, while the wind drifted the steam about overhead.

There are plenty of these sulphur-springs in the Rockies, but this chanced to be the only one on Wahn's range. He lay in it for over an hour; then, feeling that he had had enough, he heaved his huge bulk up on the bank, and realized that he was feeling remarkably well and supple. The stiffness of his hind leg was gone.

He shook the water from his shaggy coat. A broad ledge in full sun-heat invited him to stretch himself out and dry. But first he reared against the nearest tree and left a mark that none could mistake. True, there were plenty of signs of other animals using the sulphur-bath for their ills; but what of it? Thenceforth that tree bore this inscription, in a language of mud, hair, and smell, that every mountain creature could read:

My bath. Keep away!

(Signed) WAHB

Wahn lay on his belly till his back was dry, then turned on his broad back and squirmed about in a ponderous way till the broiling sun had wholly dried him. He realized that he was really feeling very well now. He did not say to himself, "I am troubled with that unpleasant disease called rheumatism, and sulphur-bath treatment is the thing to cure it." But what he did know was, "I have dreadful pains; I feel better when I am in this stinking pool." So thenceforth he came back whenever the pains began again, and each time he was cured.

IRWIN RUSSELL

IRWIN RUSSELL, *who was born in Mississippi, was a pioneer in the field of verse written in Negro dialect. At first he wrote for his own amusement and then for local newspapers. His talent in music helped him to catch the Negro rhythms, and a gift for parody helped him with the dialect. Joel Chandler Harris questioned the accuracy of his renderings; but the dialect of Mississippi differed from that of Middle Georgia; and Russell stoutly defended his accuracy. Christmas-Night in the Quarters appeared in Scribner's*

Monthly in 1878. It is a sort of cantata, faintly reminiscent of Burns's Jolly Beggars—and Russell was a devoted admirer of Burns. Its fidelity to actuality in character, customs, humor, and religious sentiment and its discerning sympathy make it a landmark in the history of regional and dialect writing in this country. Russell's success was short-lived. To escape from memories of harrowing experiences in New Orleans during the epidemic of yellow fever in the summer of 1878 he came to New York, where he was encouraged by Gilder and Johnson and by Henry C. Bunner, the editor of Puck. But in this strange environment he could not work well. He tried to turn Irish types into poetry and he wrote a little serious verse. With funds exhausted and too proud to let kind friends know of his desperate situation, he worked his way as a fireman on a steamboat back to New Orleans, where he died in December, 1879.

Christmas-Night in the Quarters

WHEN MERRY Christmas-day is done
 And Christmas-night is just begun;
 While clouds in slow procession drift,
 To wish the moon-man "Christmas gift,"
 Yet linger overhead, to know
 What causes all the stir below;
 At Uncle Johnny Booker's ball
 The darkies hold high carnival.
 From all the country-side they throng,
 With laughter, shouts, and scraps of song,—
 Their whole deportment plainly showing
 That to the Frolic they are going.
 Some take the path with shoes in hand,
 To traverse muddy bottom-land;
 Aristocrats their steeds bestride—
 Four on a mule, behold them ride!
 And ten great oxen draw apace
 The wagon from "de odder place,"
 With forty guests, whose conversation
 Betokens glad anticipation.
 Not so with him who drives: old Jim
 Is sagely solemn, hard, and grim,
 And frolics have no joys for him.
 He seldom speaks but to condemn—
 Or utter some wise apothegm—
 Or else, some crabbed thought pursuing,
 Talk to his team, as now he's doing:

JUVENILES AND DIALECT POEMS

Come up heah, Star! Yee-bawee!
You alluz is a-laggin'—
Mus' be you think I's dead,
An' dis de huss you's draggin'—
You's mos' too lazy to draw yo' bref
Let 'lone drawin' de waggin.

Dis team—quit bel'rin', sah!
De ladies don't submit 'at—
Dis team—you ol' fool ox,
You heah me tell you quit 'at?
Dis team's des like de 'Nited States;
Dat's what I's tryin' to git at!

De people rides behin',
De pollytishners haulin'—
Sh'u'd be a well-bruk ox,
To foller dat ar callin'—
An' sometimes nuffin won't do dem steers,
But what dey mus' be stallin'!

Woo bahgh! Buck-kannon! yes, sar,
Sometimes dey will be stickin';
An' den, fus thing dey knows,
Dey takes a rale good lickin'.
De folks gits down: an' den watch out
For hommerin' an' kickin'

Dey blows upon dey hands,
Den flings 'em wid de nails up,
Jumps up an' cracks dey heels,
An' pruzntly dey sails up,
An' makes dem oxen hump deysef,
By twistin' all dey tails up!



In this our age of printer's ink
'T is books that show us how to think—
The rule reversed, and set at naught,
That held that books were born of thought.
We form our mind by pedants' rules,
And all we know is from the schools;
And when we work, or when we play,
We do it in an ordered way—
And Nature's self pronounce a ban on,
Whene'er she dares transgress a canon.
Untrammelled thus the simple race is
That "wuks the craps" on cotton places.

IRWIN RUSSELL

Original in act and thought,
Because unlearned and untaught.
Observe them at their Christmas party:
How unrestrained their mirth—how hearty!
How many things they say and do
That never would occur to you!
See Brudder Brown—whose saving grace
Would sanctify a quarter-race—
Out on the crowded floor advance,
To “beg a blessin’ on dis dance.”



O Mahsr! let dis gath’rin’ fin’ a blessin’ in yo’ sight!
Don’t jedge us hard fur what we does—you know it’s Chrismus-
night;
An’ all de balunce ob de yeah we does as right’s we kin.
Ef dancin’s wrong, O Mahsr! let de time excuse de sin!



“O Mahsr! let dis gath’rin’ fin’ a
blessin’ in yo’ sight!”

From a drawing by E. W. Kemble

JUVENILES AND DIALECT POEMS

We labors in de vineya'd, wukin' hard an' wukin' true;
Now, shorely you won't notus, ef we eats a grape or two.
An' takes a leetle holiday,—a leetle restin'-spell,—
Bekase, nex' week, we'll start in fresh, an' labor twicet as well.

Remember, Mahsr,—min' dis now,—de sinfullness ob sin
Is 'pendin' 'pon de sperrit what we goes an' does it in:
An' in a righchis frame ob min' we's gwine to dance an' sing,
A-feelin' like King David, when he cut de pigeon-wing.

It seems to me—indeed it do—I mebbe mout be wrong—
That people raly ought to dance, when Christmas comes along;
Des dance bekase dey's happy—like de birds hops in de trees,
De pine-top fiddle soundin' to de bowin' ob de breeze.

We has no ark to dance afore, like Isrul's prophet king;
We has no harp to soun' de chords, to help us out to sing;
But 'cordin' to de gif's we has we does de bes' we knows,
An' folks don't 'spise the vi'let-flower bekase it ain't de rose.

You bless us, please, sah, even ef we's doin' wrong to-night;
Kase den we'll need de blessin' more'n ef we's doin' right;
An' let de blessin' stay wid us, untel we comes to die,
An' goes to keep our Chrismus wid dem sheriffs in de sky!

Yes, tell dem preshis anjuls we's a-gwine to jine 'em soon:
Our voices we's a-trainin' fur to sing de glory tune;
We's ready when you wants us, an' it ain't no matter when—
O Mahsr! call yo' chillen soon, an' take 'em home! Amen.



The rev'rend man is scarcely through,
When all the noise begins anew,
And with such force assaults the ears,
That through the din one hardly hears
Old fiddling Josey "sound his A,"
Correct the pitch, begin to play,
Stop, satisfied, then, with the bow,
Rap out the signal dancers know:



Git yo' pardners, fust kwattilion!
Stomp yo' feet, an' raise 'em high;
Tune is: "Oh! dat water-million!
Gwine to git to home bime-bye."
S'lute yo' pardners!—scrape perlitley—
Don't be bumpin' gin de res'—
Balance all!—now, step out rightly;
Alluz dance yo' lebbel bes'.

IRWIN RUSSELL

Fo'wa'd foah!—whoop up, niggers!
Back ag'in!—don't be so slow!—
Swing cornahs!—min' de figgers!
 When I hollers, den yo' go.
Top ladies cross ober!
 Hol' on, till I takes a dram—
Gemmen solo!—yes, *I's* sober—
 Cain't say how de fiddle am.
Hands around!—hol' up yo' faces,
 Don't be lookin' at yo' feet!
Swing yo' pardners to yo' places!
 Dat's de way—dat's hard to beat.
Sides for'w'd!—when you's ready—
 Make a bow as low's you kin!
Swing acrost wid opp'site lady!
 Now we'll let you swap ag'in:
Ladies change!—shet up dat talkin';
 Do yo' talkin' arter while!
Right and lef!—don't want no walkin'—
 Make yo' steps, an' show yo' style!



And so the "set" proceeds—its length
 Determined by the dancers' strength;
 And all agree to yield the palm
 For grace and skill to "Georgy Sam,"
 Who stamps so hard, and leaps so high,
 "Des watch him!" is the wond'ring cry—
 "De nigger mus' be, for a fac',
 Own cousin to a jumpin'-jack!"
 On, on the restless fiddle sounds,
 Still chorused by the curs and hounds;
 Dance after dance succeeding fast,
 Till supper is announced at last.
 That scene—but why attempt to show it?
 The most inventive modern poet,
 In fine new words whose hope and trust is,
 Could form no phrase to do it justice!
 When supper ends—that is not soon—
 The fiddle strikes the same old tune;
 The dancers pound the floor again,
 With all they have of might and main;
 Old gossips, almost turning pale,
 Attend Aunt Cassy's gruesome tale
 Of conjurors, and ghosts, and devils,
 That in the smoke-house hold their revels;

Each drowsy baby droops his head,
 Yet scorns the very thought of bed:—
 So wears the night, and wears so fast,
 All wonder when they find it past,
 And hear the signal sound to go
 From what few cocks are left to crow.
 Then, one and all, you hear them shout:
 "Hi! Booker! fotch de banjo out,
 An' gib us one song 'fore we goes—
 One ob de berry bes' you knows!"
 Responding to the welcome call,
 He takes the banjo from the wall,
 And tunes the strings with skill and care,
 Then strikes them with a master's air,
 And tells, in melody and rime,
 This legend of the olden time:



Go 'way, fiddle! folks is tired o' hearin' you a-squawkin'.
 Keep silence fur yo' betters!—don't you heah de banjo talkin'?
 About de 'possum's tail she's gwine to lecter—ladies, listen!—
 About de ha'r whut isn't dar, an' why de ha'r is missin':

"Dar's gwine to be a' oberflow," said Noah, lookin' solemn—
 Fur Noah tuk the "Herald," an' he read de ribber column—
 An' so he sot his hands to wuk a-cl'arin' timber-patches,
 And 'lowed he's gwine to build a boat to beat the steamah
Natchez.

Ol' Noah kep' a-nailin' an' a-chippin' an' a-sawin';
 An' all de wicked neighbors kep' a-laughin' an' a-pshawin';
 But Noah didn't min' 'em, knowin' whut wuz gwine to happen;
 An' forty days an' forty nights de rain it kep' a-drappin'.

Now, Noah had done cotched a lot ob ebry sort o' beas'es—
 Ob all de shows a-trabbelin', it beat 'em all to pieces!
 He had a Morgan colt an' sebral head o' Jarsey cattle—
 An' druv 'em 'board de Ark as soon's he heered de thunder rattle.

Den sech anoder fall ob rain!—it come so awful hebby,
 De ribber riz immejitly, an' busted troo de lebbe;e;
 De people all wuz drowneded out—'cep' Noah an' de critters,
 An' men he'd hired to work de boat—an' one to mix de bitters.

De Ark she kep' a-sailin' an' a-sailin' an' a-sailin';
 De lion got his dander up, an' like to bruk de palin';
 De sarpents hissed; de painters yelled; tell, whut wid all de
 fussin',
 You c'u'd n't hardly heah de mate a-bossin' 'roun' an' cussin'.

Now, Ham, de only nigger whut wuz runnin' on de packet,
 Got lonesome in de barber-shop, an' c'u'd n't stan' de racket;
 An' so, fur to amuse he-se'f, he steamed some wood an' bent it,
 An' soon he had a banjo made—de fust dat wuz invented.

He wet de ledder, stretched it on; made bridge an' screws an'
 aprin;
 An' fitted in a proper neck—'t wuz berry long an' tap'rin';
 He tuk some tin, an' twisted him a thimble fur to ring it;
 An' den de mighty question riz: how wuz he gwine to string it?

De 'possum had as fine a tail as dis dat I's a-singin';
 De ha'r's so long an' thick an' strong,—des fit fur banjo-stringin';
 Dat nigger shaved 'em off as short as wash-day-dinner graces;
 An' sorted ob 'em by de size, f'om little E's to basses.

He strung her, tuned her, struck a jig,—'t wuz "Nebber min' de
 wedder,"—
 She soun' like forty-lebben bands a-playin' all togedder;
 Some went to pattin'; some to dancin'; Noah called de figgers;
 An' Ham he sot an' knocked de tune, de happiest ob niggers!

Now, sence dat time—it's mighty strange—dere's not de slightes'
 showin'
 Ob any ha'r at all upon de 'possum's tail a-growin';
 An' curi's, too, dat nigger's ways: his people nebber los' 'em—
 Fur whar you finds de nigger—dar's de banjo and de 'possum!



The night is spent; and as the day
 Throws up the first faint flash of gray,
 The guests pursue their homeward way;
 And through the field beyond the gin,
 Just as the stars are going in,
 See Santa Claus departing—grieving—
 His own dear Land of Cotton leaving.
 His work is done; he fain would rest
 Where people know and love him best.
 He pauses, listens, looks about;
 But go he must: his pass is out.
 So, coughing down the rising tears,
 He climbs the fence and disappears.
 And thus observes a colored youth
 (The common sentiment, in sooth):
 "Oh! what a blessin' 't wud ha' been,
 Ef Santy had been born a twin!
 We'd hab two Chrismuses a yeah—
 Or p'r'aps one brudder'd settle heah!"

The Rev. Henry's War-Song

WHO'S GWINE to fight in de battle, in de battle?
 Who's gwine to march wid de army ob the King?
 Listen at de drums, how dey rattle, rattle, rattle:
 Hark to de bullets, how dey sing!
 Close up, saints, in de center!
 Fall in, sinnahs, on de flanks!
 'Tention! right dress! eyes front! steady!—
 All stand quiet in de ranks.

Dat's right, men keep a-standin', keep a-standin'—
 Not a bit o' danger ob an inimy behin':
 De ahmy's at de front, an' ouah Ginerol Commandin'
 Has got out a pow'ful pickit-line!
 Wait for yo' orders till dey come, den;
 Keep up patience; rendah thanks
 Dat you has nuffin fur to do—onless it's suffin
 To stan' up waitin' in de ranks.

'T won't be so long 'fore de orders, 'fore de orders—
 Soon we'll be gittin' 'em—de orders to advance;
 Den, ebry man in de column to his duty;
 Show what's de value ob de chance!
 Fight! an' we'll oberturn de debbil!
 Fight! an' we'll hab de country's thanks!
 An' all'll git a pension an' a' honorable mention,
 What stood up steady in de ranks!

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

THIS "REVIVAL HYMN" is one of the "Songs" of *Uncle Remus* in the *Appleton* volume of 1880.

Revival Hymn

OH, WHAR shill we go w'en de great day comes,
 Wid de blowin' er de trumpits en de bangin' er de drums?
 How many po' sinners'll be kotched out late
 En fine no latch ter de golden gate?
 No use fer ter wait twel ter-morrer!
 De sun musn't set on yo' sorrer,
 Sin's ez sharp ez a bamboo-brier—
 Oh, Lord! fetch de mo'ners up higher!

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

W'en de nashuns er de earf is a stan'in all aroun',
Who's a gwineter be choosen fer ter w'ar de glory-crown?
Who's a gwine fer ter stan' stiff-kneed en bol',
En answer to der name at de callin' er de roll?

You better come now ef you comin'—
Ole Satun is loose en a bummin'—
De wheels er distruckshun is a hummin'—
Oh, come 'long, sinner, ef you comin'!

De song er salvashun is a mighty sweet song,
En de Pairidise win' blow fur en blow strong,
En Aberham's bosom, hit's saft en hit's wide,
En right dar's de place whar de sinners oughter hide!

Oh, you nee'nter be a stoppin' en a lookin';
Ef you fool wid ole Satun you'll git took in;
You'll hang on de aidge en get shook in,
Ef you keep on a stoppin' en a lookin'.

De time is right now, en dish yer's de place—
Let de sun er salvashun shine squar' in yo' face;
Fight de battles er de Lord, fight soon en fight late,
En you'll allers fine a latch ter de golden gate.

No use fer ter wait twel ter-morrer,
De sun musn't set on yo' sorrer—
Sin's ez sharp ez a bamboo-brier,
Ax de Lord fer ter fetch you up higher!

(1)



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